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The works of Lord Byron

Rowland E. (Rowland Edmund) Prothero

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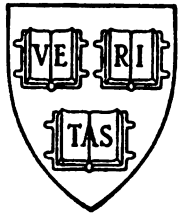

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FROM

Mrs. Henry G. Byng

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The Works

OF

LORD BYRON.

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Miss Milbanke.

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The Works

LORD BYRON.

A NEW, REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION,
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Letters and Journals. Vol. III.

EDITED BY

ROWLAND E. PROTHERO, M.A., M.V.O.,

FELLOW AND SUB-RECTOR OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

(SECOND IMPRESSION)

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

NEW YORK: CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

1904.

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LONDON:

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PREFACE.

BETWEEN January, 1814, and November, 1816, Halleck's American edition of Byron's *Works* (1849), hitherto the most complete collection, prints 115 letters. To this number the present edition adds 118.

Of the 233 letters contained in the text of Volume III., 146 have been collated with the originals. In this number are included all the new letters, with the exception of those to Miss Milbanke.

There remain 87 letters, the originals of which have not been obtained. These are the letters to Moore (49), Leigh Hunt (11), Miss Milbanke (6), Ashe (1), Merivale (1), Dallas (1), Hodgson (2), [Reynolds] (1), Cowell (1), Nathan (2), Dibdin (3), Taylor (2), Drury (1), Sotheby (2), Hogg (1), the Countess of —— (1), Lady Byron (1), Madame de Staël (1). All these letters, with the exception of those to Miss Milbanke, have been previously published.

The 15 letters, or extracts from letters, from Byron to Miss Milbanke, given in the text or in Appendix III., are printed, for the first time, from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace.

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In the Appendix to Chapter XII. the sources of the letters and documents bearing on the separation are indicated.

The letters from Hogg (Appendix II.), Leigh Hunt (Appendix V.), Walter Scott (Appendix VI.), and Jane Clairmont (Appendix VII.), are printed from the originals.

R. E. PROTHERO.

April 10, 1899.

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LIST OF LETTERS.

1814.

			PAGE
380.	Jan. 2.	To John Murray	1
381.	[Jan.]	,, ,,	2
382.	Jan.	,, ,,	3
383.	Jan. 4.	,, ,,	3
384.	Jan. 5.	To Thomas Ashe	4
385.	Jan.	To J. H. Merivale	5
386.	Jan. 6.	To Thomas Moore	5
387.	Undated.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	7
388.	Jan. 7.	To John Murray	8
389.	Jan. 8.	To Thomas Moore	9
390.	Jan. 11.	To John Murray	11
391.	Jan. 12.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	12
392.	Jan. 13.	To Thomas Moore	12
393.	Jan. 15.	To John Murray	13
394.	Jan. 16.	,, ,,	14
395.	Jan. 18.	To James Wedderburn Webster	14
396.	Jan. 22.	To John Murray	16
397.	Jan. 24.	To John Hanson	18
398.	Jan.-Feb. 1.	,, ,,	20
399.	Feb. 4.	To John Murray	21
400.	Feb. 5.	,, ,,	25
401.	Feb. 6.	,, ,,	26
402.	Feb. 7.	,, ,,	27
403.	Feb. 9.	To Leigh Hunt	27
404.	Feb. 10.	To Thomas Moore	32
405.	Feb. 10.	To John Murray	33
406.	Feb. 12.	,, ,,	35

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
407.	Feb. 14.	To John Murray	35
408.	Feb. 14.	,, ,,	36
409.	Feb. 16.	To Samuel Rogers	36
410.	Feb. 16.	,, ,,	38
411.	Feb. 16.	To Thomas Moore	38
412.	Feb. 17.	To R. C. Dallas	41
413.	Feb. 17.	To John Murray	43
414.	Feb. 18.	,, ,,	44
415.	Feb. 20.	To James Wedderburn Webster	44
416.	Feb. 20.	To [John Hamilton Reynolds]	45
417.	Feb. 25.	To John Murray	48
418.	Feb. 26.	,, ,,	49
419.	Feb. 26.	To Thomas Moore	50
420.	Feb. 28.	To Francis Hodgson	51
421.	Feb. 28.	To James Wedderburn Webster	52
422.	March 1.	To John Murray	53
423.	March 2.	,, ,,	53
424.	March 3.	To Thomas Moore	54
425.	March 12.	,, ,,	57
426.	March 12.	To John Murray	60
427.	March 30.	To Charles Hanson	61
428.	April 9.	To John Murray	61
429.	April 9.	To Thomas Moore	63
430.	April 10.	To John Murray	66
431.	April 10.	,, ,,	67
432.	April 11.	,, ,,	67
433.	April 12.	,, ,,	68
434.	April 12.	,, ,,	68
435.	Undated.	,, ,,	69
436.	April 20.	To Thomas Moore	69
437.	April 21.	To John Murray	72
438.	April 22.	,, ,,	73
439.	April 23.	,, ,,	74
440.	April 25.	,, ,,	74
441.	April 26.	,, ,,	75
442.	April 26.	,, ,,	76
443.	April 29.	,, ,,	77
444.	May 1.	,, ,,	78
445.	May 4.	To Thomas Moore	79
446.	May 4.	,, ,,	80

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
449.	Undated.	To Thomas Moore	82
450.	Undated.	,, ,,	83
451.	May 9.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	84
452.	May 18.	To Thomas Moore	84
453.	May 23.	,, ,,	84
454.	May 29.	To the Countess of Jersey	85
455.	May 31.	To Thomas Moore	86
456.	June 9.	To Samuel Rogers	87
457.	Undated.	,, ,,	89
458.	Undated.	,, ,,	91
459.	June 11.	To James Wedderburn Webster	91
460.	June 14.	To Thomas Moore	92
461.	June 14.	To John Murray	95
462.	June 18.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	96
463.	June 21.	To John Murray	98
464.	June 24.	,, ,,	99
465.	June 24.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	99
466.	June 27.	To Samuel Rogers	101
467.	July 8.	To Thomas Moore	102
468.	Undated.	,, ,,	103
469.	July 11.	To Charles Hanson	104
470.	July 15.	,, ,,	105
471.	July 17.	To John Hanson	106
472.	July 18.	To John Murray	107
473.	July 18.	,, ,,	107
474.	July 19.	To John Hanson	107
475.	July 23.	To John Murray	109
476.	Undated.	,, ,,	109
477.	July 24.	,, ,,	110
478.	July 28.	,, ,,	112
479.	July 31.	,, ,,	112
480.	Aug. 2.	,, ,,	113
481.	Aug. 3.	To John Hanson	114
482.	Aug. 3.	To John Murray	115
483.	Aug. 3.	To Thomas Moore	117
484.	Aug. 4.	To John Murray	121
485.	Aug. 5.	,, ,,	122
486.	Aug. 12.	To Thomas Moore	123

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
491.	Sept. 11.	To John Hanson	133
492.	Sept. 15.	To Thomas Moore	134
493.	Sept. 15.	,, ,,	136
494.	Sept. 16.	To Miss Milbanke	137
495.	Sept. 18.	To John Hanson	137
496.	Sept. 20.	To Thomas Moore	138
497.	Sept. 24.	To John Hanson	140
498.	Sept. 28.	,, ,,	141
499.	Oct. 1.	,, ,,	142
500.	Oct. 5.	,, ,,	143
501.	Oct. 5.	To the Countess of ——	144
502.	Oct. 7.	To Miss Milbanke	146
503.	Oct. 7.	To Thomas Moore	146
504.	Oct. 14.	To Miss Milbanke	151
505.	Oct. 14.	To Thomas Moore	152
506.	Oct. 15.	To Leigh Hunt	153
507.	Oct. 16.	To Miss Milbanke	154
508.	Oct. 18.	To Henry Drury	154
509.	Oct. 19.	To Francis Hodgson	155
510.	Oct. 20.	To Miss Milbanke	157
511.	Oct. 21.	To John Hanson	158
512.	Oct. 22.	To Miss Milbanke	159
513.	Oct. 22.	To John Cowell	160
514.	Oct. 24.	To John Hanson	161
515.	Oct. 25.	,, ,,	162
516.	Dec. 14.	To Thomas Moore	163
517.	Dec. 31.	To John Murray	164

1815.

518.	Jan. 6.	To John Murray	165
519.	Jan. 6.	,, ,,	166
520.	Jan.	To Isaac Nathan	167
521.	Jan. 10.	To Thomas Moore	168
522.	Jan. 19.	,, ,,	170
523.	Jan. 26.	To —— Hay	173
524.	Feb. 2.	To Thomas Moore	175

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
530.	March 8.	To Thomas Moore	183
531.	March 27.	,, ,,	186
532.	March 31.	To Samuel Taylor Coleridge	190
533.	April 9.	To John Murray	193
534.	April 23.	To Thomas Moore	194
535.	May 21.	To John Murray	198
536.	Undated.	,, ,,	199
537.	May–June 1.	To Leigh Hunt	199
538.	June 12.	To Thomas Moore	201
539.	July 7.	,, ,,	207
540.	July 18.	To —— ——	211
541.	Undated.	To Thomas Dibdin	212
542.	Undated.	,, ,,	213
543.	July 23.	To John Taylor	213
544.	Aug. 26.	To John Murray	215
545.	Sept. 3.	To the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb	215
546.	Sept. 15.	To William Sotheby	216
547.	Sept. 25.	,, ,,	217
548.	Sept. 25.	To John Taylor	220
549.	Sept. 25.	To John Murray	221
550.	Sept. 27.	,, ,,	222
551.	Sept. 23 [28].	To Thomas Dibdin	224
552.	Oct. 7.	To Leigh Hunt	224
553.	Oct. 15.	,, ,,	225
554.	Oct. 22.	,, ,,	226
555.	Oct. 27.	To Samuel Taylor Coleridge	228
556.	Oct. 28.	To Thomas Moore	230
557.	Sept.–Oct. 30.	To Leigh Hunt	238
558.	Oct. 31.	To Thomas Moore	242
559.	Nov. 4.	,, ,,	243
560.	Nov. 4.	To John Murray	245
561.	Nov. 4.	,, ,,	246
562.	Undated.	To Leigh Hunt	247
563.	Nov. 14.	To John Murray	249
564.	Dec. 25.	,, ,,	250
565.	Undated.	To Leigh Hunt	250

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
570.	Jan. 22.	To John Murray	257
571.	Jan. 23.	To Samuel Rogers	257
572.	Jan. 29.	To Leigh Hunt	258
573.	Feb. 3.	To John Murray	260
574.	Feb. 8.	To Samuel Rogers	261
575.	Feb. 16.	To John Murray	262
576.	Feb. 20.	,, ,,	263
577.	Feb. 26.	To Leigh Hunt	264
578.	Feb. 29.	To Thomas Moore	266
579.	March 1.	To James Hogg	268
580.	March 6.	To John Murray	270
581.	March 8.	To Thomas Moore	272
582.	March 22.	To John Murray	275
583.	March 25.	To Samuel Rogers	275
584.	Undated.	To John Murray	276
585.	March 29.	,, ,,	276
586.	March 30.	,, ,,	277
587.	April 2.	,, ,,	278
588.	April 2.	,, ,,	278
589.	April 2.	,, ,,	279
590.	April 6.	,, ,,	279
591.	Undated.	To Lady Byron	280
592.	April 15.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	281
593.	April 15.	To John Murray	282
594.	Undated.	To Isaac Nathan	283
595.	April 24.	To John Hanson	283
596.	April 25.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	285
597.	May 1.	,, ,, ,,	330
598.	June 27.	To John Murray	333
599.	July 22.	,, ,,	337
600.	July 29.	To Samuel Rogers	340
601.	Aug. 25.	To Madame De Staël	343
602.	Aug. 28.	To John Hanson	344
603.	Aug. 28.	To John Murray	345
604.	Sept. 8.	To the Hon. Augusta Leigh	347
605.	Sept. 29.	To John Murray	365
606.	Sept. 30.	,, ,,	367
607.	Oct. 5.	,, ,,	369
608.	Oct. 5.	,, ,,	371
609.	Oct. 9.	,, ,,	373
610.	Oct. 15.	,, ,,	374
611.	Nov. 1.	,, ,,	379
612.	Nov. 6.	To Thomas Moore	380

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
IX.	*The Corsair* and *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*	1
X.	*Lara*—Engagement to Miss Milbanke ...	79
XI.	Married Life—Drury Lane Management	165
XII.	Birth of Ada Byron—*The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina*—The Separation—Departure from England ...	249
	Appendix to Chapter XII. The Separation	287
	1. Lady Byron's Remarks on Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*	287
	2. Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh	291
	3. Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Dec. 11, 1815	291
	4. Lady Byron to Lady Melbourne. Jan. 4, 1816 ...	292
	5. „ „ to John Hanson. Jan. 9	293
	6. „ „ to „ „ Jan. 12	293
	7. „ „ to the Hon. Augusta Leigh	293
	8. „ „ to „ „ „	294
	9. „ „ to „ „ „ Jan. 16	295
	10. „ „ to „ „ „ Jan. 18	296
	11. „ „ to „ „ „ Jan. 18	296
	12. „ „ to „ „ „ Jan. 19	297
	13. „ „ to „ „ „	298

Digitized by Google

		PAGE
16.	Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Jan. 23	299
17.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Jan. 25	300
18.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Jan. 25	300
19.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Jan. 28	301
20.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Jan. 28	301
21.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Feb. 3	302
22.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. Feb. 3	302
23.	Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Feb. 4	303
24.	John Hanson to Lord Byron. Feb. 5	303
25.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Feb. 7	303
26.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson	304
27.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Feb. 9	304
28.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson	305
29.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Feb. 10	305
30.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. Feb. 10	306
31.	The Rev. Francis Hodgson to ,, ,, Feb. 11	306
32.	,, ,, ,, to Lady Byron ...	306
33.	Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Feb. 12	308
34.	Lord Byron to John Hanson. Feb. 12	308
35.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. Feb. 13	309
36.	,, ,, ,, to ,, ,,	309
37.	Lady Byron to Lord Byron. Feb. 13	309
38.	,, ,, to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Feb. 14	310
39.	John Hanson to William Hoar. Feb. 14 ...	311
40.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. Feb. 15	312
41.	Lady Byron to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Feb. 15	312
42.	The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. Feb. 17	313
43.	,, ,, ,, to the Rev. Francis Hodgson. Feb.	314
44.	William Hoar to John Hanson. Feb. 17 ...	314
45.	Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Feb. 19	314
46.	,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, Feb. 20	315

Digitized by Google

PAGE

51. Lord Holland to Lord Byron. March 3 ... 317
52. Dr. Lushington to Lord Holland. March 3 ... 318
53. Lord Byron to John Hanson. March 4 320
54. The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. March 5 320
55. Statement by Mrs. Fletcher 320
56. The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson. March 7 321
57. Lord Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh 322
58. The Hon. Augusta Leigh to Lord Byron ... 322
59. Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh 322
60. Lord Byron to John Hanson. March 9 322
61. Reference to Sir Samuel Shepherd 323
62. John Hanson to Sir Samuel Romilly. March 18 ... 324
63. Lord Byron to John Hanson. March 19 ... 325
64. ,, ,, to ,, ,, March 21 ... 325
65. Award of Sir Samuel Shepherd. March 27 ... 325
66. Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh 326
67. ,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, March 26 326
68. ,, ,, to ,, ,, ,, March 27 326
69. ,, ,, to the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb. April 1 327
70. John Cam Hobhouse to John Hanson. April 13 ... 327
71. Lord Byron to John Hanson. April 17 328
72. Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh. Sept. 21 328
73. Lord Byron's Statement. Aug. 9, 1817 329

CHAPTER

XIII. SWITZERLAND—*CHILDE HAROLD*, CANTO III. —*PRISONER OF CHILLON*—*MANFRED* ... 330

XIV. SIMPLON—MILAN—VERONA 373

APPENDIX I. "HIBERNICUS," AND "PERRY'S PARIS LETTER" 388

,, II. THREE LETTERS FROM JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD ... 392

,, III. CORRESPONDENCE WITH MISS MILBANKE. 1813–14 207

Digitized by Google

			PAGE
6.	To Miss Milbanke.	Nov. 29	406
7.	„ „	Feb. 19, 1814	408
8.	„ „	March 3	408
9.	„ „	March 15	409

APPENDIX IV. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON 410

„ V. LETTERS FROM LEIGH HUNT ... 416

„ VI. BYRON, SCOTT, AND MRS. HENRY SIDDONS 424

„ VII. LETTERS OF JANE CLAIRMONT TO BYRON 427

„ VIII. STENDHAL'S ACCOUNT OF BYRON AT MILAN 438

„ IX. A FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL BY BYRON 446

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

ANNA ISABELLA MILBANKE, LADY BYRON, FROM A MINIATURE BY CHARLES HAYTER, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF LOVELACE ... ... *Frontispiece*

JOHN MURRAY, FROM A PAINTING BY H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A., IN THE POSSESSION OF JOHN MURRAY, ESQ. ... ... *To face p.* 122

THE HON. AUGUSTA ADA BYRON, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF LOVELACE, FROM A MINIATURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE EARL OF LOVELACE ... ... ,, ,, 252

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, AFTERWARDS LORD BROUGHTON DE GYFFORD, FROM A MINIATURE BY SIR WM. J. NEWTON, IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS DAUGHTER, THE LADY DORCHESTER ... ... ,, ,, 350

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THE

LETTERS OF LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER IX.

JANUARY, 1814—MAY, 1814.

THE CORSAIR AND *ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.*

380.—To John Murray.

Sunday, Jan. 2, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Excuse this dirty paper—it is the *pen*-ultimate half-sheet of a quire. Thanks for your books and the *L^dn. Chron.*, which I return. *The Corsair* is copied, and now at Lord H[ollan]d's; but I wish Mr. Gifford to have it to-night.

Mr. D[alla]s is very *perverse;* so that I have offended both him and you, when I really meaned to do good, at least to one, and certainly not to annoy either.[1] But I

1. Byron gave the copyright of *The Corsair* (begun December 18, finished December 31, 1813, and published in February, 1814) to Dallas, who thus describes the manner of the gift—

"On the 28th of December, I called in the morning on Lord "Byron, whom I found composing *The Corsair*. He had been "working upon it but a few days, and he read me the portion he

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shall manage him, I hope.—I am pretty confident of the *tale* itself; but one cannot be sure. If I get it from Lord H., it shall be sent.

Yours ever, etc.,

B.

381.—To John Murray.

[Jan. 1814.]

I will answer your letter this evening; in the mean time, it may be sufficient to say, that there was no intention on my part to annoy you, but merely to *serve* Dallas, and also to rescue myself from a possible imputation that *I* had other objects than fame in writing so frequently. Whenever I avail myself of any profit arising from my pen, depend upon it, it is not for my own convenience; at least it never has been so, and I hope never will.

"that he never would take money for them, and that I should have "the whole advantage of all he wrote. This declaration became "morally void when the question was about thousands, instead of "a few hundreds; and I perfectly agree with the admired and "admirable author of Waverley, that 'the wise and good accept "not gifts which are made in heat of blood, and which may "be after repented of.' I felt this on the sale of *Childe Harold*, "and observed it to him. The copyright of *The Giaour* and *The* "*Bride of Abydos* remained undisposed of, though the poems were "selling rapidly, nor had I the slightest notion that he would ever "again give me a copyright. But as he continued in the resolution "of not appropriating the sale of his works to his own use, I did "not scruple to accept that of *The Corsair*, and I thanked him. "He asked me to call and hear the portions read as he wrote them. "I went every morning, and was astonished at the rapidity of his "composition. He gave me the poem complete on New Year's "Day, 1814, saying, that my acceptance of it gave him great "pleasure, and that I was fully at liberty to publish it with any "bookseller I pleased, independent of the profit."

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P.S.—I shall answer this evening, and will set all right about Dallas. I thank you for your expressions of personal regard which I can assure you I do not lightly value.

382.—To John Murray.

1814, Jan.

DEAR SIR,—If you will look over the loose MSS. (*not The Corsair* MS.) I think you will find there is another stanza in the song which I have inserted in Canto *1st;* if so copy, and send it in its right place to the press with the proof I am now correcting.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—You recollect *this* song was sent some time ago for *Childe Harold.* Correct the *punctuation* of this by Mr. G[ifford]'s proof—*this* must be for the press—because I have added and altered. There were some *sad* printer's blunders "lovely" for "lonely"—"life-less" for "listless," etc., etc. I wish one could find one *infallible* printer. I shall send the *Deds* to Mr. Moore to-morrow—and if I do not insert one of them, depend upon it *you* shall have it in a note. I shall state my intentions, your exquisite tory reasons, and my gentle compliance.

383.—To John Murray.

1814, Jan. 4.

DEAR SIR,—From Mr. G[ifford] every comma is an obligation for which thank him in my name and behalf.

I am at a loss to guess to what "*remarks*" he alludes

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in the note which I retain; *none* were in any of ye proofs, and the *MS. you* sent ye printers without shewing it to me *since*. They are (if any) probably there. But pray explain this to Mr. G., and tell him that, of course, I should have attended to them, and will *now* if I can find them.

Yours ever,

B^N^.

384.—To Thomas Ashe.

January 5, 1814.

SIR,—When you accuse a stranger of neglect, you forget that it is possible business or absence from London may have interfered to delay his answer, as has actually occurred in the present instance. But to the point. What is the sum you think will be of service to you? I am willing to do what I can to extricate you from your situation. Your first scheme[1] I was considering; but your own impatience appears to have rendered it abortive, if not irretrievable. I will deposit in Mr. Murray's hands (with his consent) the sum you mentioned, to be advanced for the time at ten pounds per month.

P.S.—I write in the greatest hurry, which may make my letter a little abrupt; but, as I said before, I have no wish to distress your feelings.

1. Ashe's first intention had been to go out as a settler to Botany Bay. In a letter to John Murray, dated January 21, 1814, and addressed from the Rainbow Coffee-house, Covent Garden, Ashe applies for his money. "I am engaged," he says, "on a Work

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385.—To J. H. Merivale.[1]

January, 1814.

MY DEAR MERIVALE,—I have redde *Roncesvaux* with very great pleasure, and (if I were so disposed) see very little room for criticism. There is a choice of two lines in one of the last cantos,—I think "Live and pro-"tect" better, because "Oh who?" implies a doubt of Roland's power or inclination. I would allow the—but that point you yourself must determine on—I mean the doubt as to where to place a part of the Poem, whether between the actions or no. Only if you wish to have all the success you deserve, *never listen to friends*, and—as I am not the least troublesome of the number—least of all to me.

I hope you will be out soon. *March*, sir, *March* is the month for the *trade*, and they must be considered. You have written a very noble Poem, and nothing but the detestable taste of the day can do you harm—but I think you will beat it. Your measure is uncommonly well-chosen and wielded.

386.—To Thomas Moore.

January 6, 1814.

I have got a devil of a long story in the press, entitled "*The Corsair*," in the regular heroic measure. It is a

1. John Herman Merivale (1779–1844) made friends, while at St. John's College, Cambridge, with Robert Bland, with whom he collaborated in *Collections from the Greek Anthology* (1806), and with Henry Drury and Francis Hodgson, with both of whom he

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pirate's isle, peopled with my own creatures, and you may easily suppose they do a world of mischief through the three cantos. Now for your dedication—if you will accept it. This is positively my last experiment on public *literary* opinion, till I turn my thirtieth year,—if so be I flourish until that downhill period. I have a confidence for you—a perplexing one to me, and, just at present, in a state of abeyance in itself. * * * * * * However, we shall see. In the mean time, you may amuse yourself with my suspense, and put all the justices of peace in requisition, in case I come into your county with "hackbut bent."

Seriously, whether I am to hear from her or him, it is a *pause*, which I shall fill up with as few thoughts of my own as I can borrow from other people. Any thing is better than stagnation; and now, in the interregnum of my autumn and a strange summer adventure, which I don't like to think of, (I don't mean * *'s, however, which is laughable only), the antithetical state of my lucubrations makes me alive, and Macbeth can "sleep no more:"[1]—he was lucky in getting rid of the drowsy sensation of waking again.

Pray write to me. I must send you a copy of the letter of dedication. When do you come out? I am sure we don't *clash* this time, for I am all at sea, and in action,—and a wife, and a mistress, etc.

Thomas, thou art a happy fellow; but if you wish us to be so, you must come up to town, as you did last

1. "Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!'

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year; and we shall have a world to say, and to see, and to hear. Let me hear from you.

P.S.—Of course you will keep my secret, and don't even talk in your sleep of it. Happen what may, your dedication is ensured, being already written; and I shall copy it out fair to-night, in case business or amusement—*Amant alterna Camœnæ.*

387.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Undated.]

My dearest A.,—I shall write tomorrow—but did *not* go to L^y^ M.'s twelfth cake banquet.[1]—M.[2] has written again—*all friendship*—and really very simple and pathetic—*bad usage—paleness—ill health*—old *friendship—once—good motive*—virtue—and so forth.

You shall hear from me tomorrow.

Ever, dearest Augusta,

Yours,

B.

1. Probably "L^y^ M." stands for Lady Melbourne. Twelfth Night entertainments, with a cake, and characters, were every year given to a party of children by Rogers. The characters were drawn by the children; the two who drew the King and Queen being made King and Queen of Twelfth Night. Mr. Clayden (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. pp. 207, 208) gives the recollections of an octogenarian lady, who drew the Queen, sat "in state on a sofa of "crimson silk," with the King by her side, and received the homage of Rogers, Sharp, Moore, Byron, and others.

2. Probably Mrs. Chaworth Musters. An undated letter from her, preserved among the Byron letters, seems to belong to this period.

"Your kind letter, my dear Friend, relieved me much," she writes to Byron, "and came yesterday, when I was by no means "well, and was a most agreeable remedy, for I fancied a thousand "things. . . . I shall set great value by your *seal*, and, if you "come down to Newstead before we leave Annesley, see no reason "why you should not call on us and bring it. . . . I have lately

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388.—To John Murray.

Jan. 7, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—You don't like the dedication—very well—there is another; but you will send the other to Mr. Moore, that he may know I *had* written it. I send also mottos for the cantos. I think you will allow that an elephant may be more sagacious, but cannot be more docile.

Yours,

BN.

The *name* is again altered to *Medora*.[1]

"suffered from a pain in my side, which has alarmed me; but I "will not, in return for your charming epistle, fill mine with com- "plaints. From *inclination*, I really believe I should never leave "my own *home*, for I am become very stupid, and have neither mind "nor strength to enjoy society, and it must be the presence of those "I very much esteem to afford me the *least amusement*. This was "not the case when I drove with you from G^{t}.(?), etc., etc. These "were indeed the *happiest* days of my life, and, believe me, they are "often thought of and regretted.

"I am not so sanguine as to look forward for any such in the "future, though I do think happiness depends very much upon "*ourselves*, and that our own follies occasion our miseries. I am "sure, for my own *part*, I might have acted better, but my *indifferent* "*health*, and a variety of *circumstances* have conspired against me, "and not improved my *temper*, which my connections say is "*intolerable*.

"I am surprised you have not seen Mr. C., as I hear of him "going about a good deal. We are now visiting very near Notting- "ham, but return to A. to-morrow, I *trust*, where I have left all my "little dears, except the eldest, whom *you* saw and who is with me. "We are very anxious to see you, and yet know not how we shall "feel on the occasion—*formal*, I dare say, at the *first*; but our meet- "ing must be confined to our *trio*, and then I think we shall be more "at our ease. *Do write* me, and make a *sacrifice* to *friendship*, "which I shall consider your visit. You *may* always address your "letters to Annesley perfectly safe.

"Your sincere friend,

"MARY ——"

1. The name of the heroine in *The Corsair* was at first Genevra —not Francesca, as Dallas asserts. Byron gives the name Genevra to Lady F. Wedderburn Webster, to whom the two sonnets "to "Genevra," written in December, 1813, were really addressed.

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389.—To Thomas Moore.

January 8, 1814.

As it would not be fair to press you into a dedication, without previous notice, I send you *two*, and I will tell you *why two*. The first, Mr. M., who sometimes takes upon him the critic (and I bear it from *astonishment*), says, may do you *harm*—God forbid!—this alone makes me listen to him. The fact is, he is a damned Tory, and has, I dare swear, something of *self*, which I cannot divine, at the bottom of his objection, as it is the allusion to Ireland to which he objects. But he be damned—though a good fellow enough (your sinner would not be worth a damn).

Take your choice;—no one, save he and Mr. Dallas, has seen either, and D. is quite on my side, and for the first.[1] If I can but testify to you and the world how

1. Moore preferred the first; the other ran as follows:—

"January 7, 1814.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I had written to you a long letter of "dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained some-"thing relating to you which every one had been glad to hear, "yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things "whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, "and none very amusing—*one's self*. It might have been re-written "—but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your "well-earned and firmly established fame; and with my most hearty "admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you "are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly per-"mission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering "were as worthy your acceptance as your regard is dear to

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

"BYRON."

Moore writes to Byron an undated letter, in which he says he had heard from Murray that "*The Corsair* was liked beyond measure, "which I could easily take for granted without his having the kind-"ness to inform me. . . . I may, perhaps, as God-father, be sus-"pected of undue partiality for the child; but certainly anything "more fearfully interesting, more wild, touching, and 'negligently "grand,' I never read even from *your* pen. You are careless, but

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truly I admire and esteem you, I shall
As to *prose*, I don't know Addison's frc
I will try to mend my cacology. F
nounce, and don't be offended with eit

My last epistle would probably pu
But the devil, who *ought* to be civil c
proved so, and took my letter to the ri

Is it not odd?—the very fate I saic
from * *, she has now undergone fro
Like Mr. Fitzgerald,[1] shall I not lay cla
of "Vates?"—as he did in the *M*
prophesying the fall of Buonaparte,—
don't think is yet fallen. I wish he w
your legitimate sovereigns, having a
royal entails.—But I am scrawling
night.

"you can afford to be so, and, whenever you
"albatross, *high in air and on the wing.*"
right; the Dedication provoked numerous
some of which will be found in *Letters*, vol. ii.

1. William Thomas Fitzgerald (circ. 175
"Fitzgerald" of *English Bards, etc.* (line 1;
vol. i. p. 297, *note* 3), and Cobbett's "Small
fame to Byron, and to *Rejected Addresses.*
January 13, 1814, appears a Poem, "'The V
"an Address to the French nation, by Willian
The conclusion is as follows:—

> "Then let the Bard his former strains
> Prophetic of THE CORSICAN'S defeat
> Heaven for a while permits THE TYR
> As awful judgments on flagitious tim
> But come there will, or soon or late,
> Shall hurl THE DESPOT headlong fro
> Pluck from his brow the transient pl
> AND GIVE TO DEATHLESS INFAMY

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390.—To John Murray.

January 11, 1814.

Correct this proof by Mr. G.'s (and from the MSS.), particularly as to the *pointing*. I have added a section for *Gulnare*, to fill up the parting, and dismiss her more ceremoniously. If Mr. G. or you dislike, 'tis but a *spunge* and another midnight better employed than in yawning over Miss Edgeworth; who, by the bye, may soon return the compliment.

Ever yours,
BN.

Wednesday or Thursday.

P.S.—I have redde *Patronage*.[1] It is full of praises of Lord Ellenborough ! ! !—from which I infer near and dear relations at the bar, and has much of her heartlessness and little of her humours (wit she has none), and she must live more than 3 weeks in London to describe *good* or (if you will) high society; the *ton* of her book is as vulgar as her father—and no more attractive than her eyes.

I do not love Madame de Stael; but, depend upon it, she beats all your Natives hollow as an Authoress, in my opinion; and I would not say this if I could help it.

P.S.—Pray report my best acknowledgments to Mr. G[d] in any words that may best express how truly his kindness obliges me. I won't bore him with *lip* thanks or *notes*.

1. Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* (1814) is a wearisome book, in

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391.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Wednesday], Jany. 12th, 1814.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—On Sunday or Monday next, with leave of your lord and president, you will be *well* and ready to accompany me to Newstead, which you *should* see, and I will endeavour to render as comfortable as I can, for both our sakes; as to time to stay there —suit your own convenience. I am at your disposal.

Claughton is, I believe, inclined to settle; if so, I shall be able to do something further for *yours* and *you*, which I need not say will give me ye greatest pleasure. More news from Mrs.—*all friendship*; you shall see her.

Excuse haste and evil penmanship.

Ever yours,

B.

392.—To Thomas Moore.

January 13, 1814.

I have but a moment to write, but all is as it should be. I have said really far short of my opinion, but if you think enough, I am content.[1] Will you return the proof by the post, as I leave town on Sunday, and have no

1. Moore writes to Rogers, January 13, 1814 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. viii. p. 169): "Lord Byron dedicates his *Corsair* to me, which I look "upon as a very high niche in the Temple indeed—to be placed so "near *you*, too! Between you and Lord Holland I fear I shall have "applied to me the *reverse* of the famous epigram—

"'Wisdom and Wit full-sized were seen,
And Folly, at *small length*, between.'

"I think there are few more *generous* spirits than Lord Byron's, and "the overflowing praise he has lavished on me in his dedication (if

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other corrected copy? I put "servant," as being less familiar before the public; because I don't like presuming upon our friendship to infringe upon forms. As to the other *word*, you may be sure it is one I cannot hear or repeat too often.

I write in an agony of haste and confusion.—*Perdonate.*

393.—To John Murray.

January 15, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Before any proof goes to Mr. G., it may be as well to revise this, where there are *words omitted*, faults committed, and the Devil knows what. As to the dedic^{n}., I cut out the parenthesis of *Mr.*,[1] but not another word shall move unless for a better. Mr. Moore has seen, and decidedly preferred the part your Tory bile sickens at. If every syllable were a rattle-snake, or every letter a pestilence, they should not be expunged. Let those who cannot swallow chew the expressions on Ireland; or (*sic*) Mr. Croker should array himself in all his terrors against them, I care for none of you, except Gifford; and he won't abuse me, unless I deserve it—which will at least reconcile me to his justice. As to the poems in H.'s volume ii., the translation from the Romaic is well enough; but the best of the other vol. (of *mine*, I mean) have been already printed.[2] But do as you please—only

1. Byron had at first, after the words "Scott alone," inserted, in a parenthesis, "He will excuse the *Mr.*—we do not say *Mr.*

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as I shall be absent when you come out, *do*, *pray*, let Mr. *Dallas* and *you* have a care of the *press*.

Yours ever,

B^N.

394.—To John Murray.

1814, January 16.

DEAR SIR,—I do believe that the Devil never created or perverted such a fiend as the fool of a printer.[1] I am obliged to inclose you, *luckily* for me, this *second* proof, *corrected*, because there is an ingenuity in his blunders peculiar to himself. Let the press be guided by the present sheet.

Yours, etc.

Burn the other.

Correct *this also* by the other, in some things which I may have forgotten. There is one mistake he made, which, if it had stood, I would most certainly have broken his neck.

395.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

January 18th, 1814.

MY DEAR W.,—Address your "*plan*" to town, where I shall return in a week. I like "plans" of all things, particularly where they are likely never to be realized. I am on my way to the country on rather a melancholy

1. "The amusing rages into which Byron was thrown by the "printer were vented not only in these notes, but frequently on "the proof sheets themselves. Thus, a passage in the dedication

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expedition; a very old and early connection,[1] or rather friend, of mine has desired to see me, and, as now we never can be more than friends, I have no objection. She is certainly unhappy and, I fear, ill, and the length and circumstances attending our acquaintance render her request and my visit neither singular nor improper. I mean to return to London in a few days, unless prevented by the weather, which is very impracticable even at present.

Your Papa and family are still in town. I see them occasionally, and of the youngest (Juliana) I should be glad to see more; but she is not yet *out*, and is generally —I don't exactly see why—kept out of sight. She will be very beautiful; as to *more*, I have never seen nor heard enough to judge.

It is said that you are coming to town in Spring. I shall be happy to see you, if I can be of any use to you in the mean time, the distance between us can make little difference, as business can be arranged without the parties meeting. I don't mean to press any offers of mine upon you; but I hope you know already that I will at least treat you in a *Christian*-like manner.

I wrote to you shortly before you left Aston on the subject you wished to hear upon; it is the last you shall hear upon it, till convenient to yourself.

If you are disposed to write—write; and, if not, I shall forgive your silence, and you will not quarrel with mine.

Believe me, yours very affectionately,

BN.

P.S.—I presume your illness is merely the cold compliment of the New Year; at all events I hope this will find you better.

1. Probably Mrs. Chaworth Musters.

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396.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, January 22, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to hear of my safe arrival here—the time of my return will depend upon the weather, which is so impracticable, that this letter has to advance through more Snows than ever opposed the Emperor's retreat. The roads are impassable, and return impossible for the present; which I do not regret, as I am much at my ease, and *six-and-twenty* complete this day—a very pretty age, if it would always last. Our coals are excellent, our fire-places large, my cellar full, and my head empty; and I have not yet recovered my joy at leaving London. If any unexpected turn occurred with my purchaser, I believe I should hardly quit the place at all; but shut my door, and let my beard grow.

I forgot to mention (and I hope it is unnecessary) that the lines beginning—*Remember him*, etc., must *not* appear with *The Corsair*. You may slip them in with the smaller pieces newly annexed to *Childe Harold;* but on *no* account permit them to be appended to *The Corsair*. Have the goodness to recollect this particularly.

The books I have brought with me are a great consolation for the confinement, and I bought more as we came along—in short, I never consult the thermometer, and shall not put up prayers for a *thaw*, unless I thought it would sweep away the rascally invaders of France. Was ever such a thing as Blucher's proclamation?

Just before I left town, Kemble paid me the compliment of desiring me to write a *tragedy;* I wish I could, but I find my scribbling mood subsiding—not before it was time; but it is lucky to check it at all. If I

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lengthen my letter, you will think it is coming on again; so good-by.

Yours alway,

B.

P.S.—If you hear any news of Battle or retreat on the part of the Allies (as they call them), pray send it. He has my best wishes to manure the fields of France with an *invading* army. I hate invaders of all countries, and have no patience with the cowardly cry of exultation over him, at whose name you all turned whiter than the Snow to which (under Providence and that special favourite of Heaven, Prince Regency) you are indebted for your triumphs.

I open my letter to thank you for yours just received. The "lines to a Lady Weeping" must go with *The Corsair*. I care nothing for consequences, on this point. My politics are to me like a young mistress to an old man—the worse they grow, the fonder I become of them. As Mr. G. likes the "Portuguese translation,"[1] pray insert it as an addition to *The Corsair*. Lady West[d] thought it so bad, that after making me translate it, she gave her *own version*—which is, for aught I know, the best of the two. But—I cannot give up my weeping lines, and I *do* think them good, and don't mind what "it looks like."

In all points of difference between Mr. G. and Mr. D.,

1. "His translation of the pretty Portuguese song, 'Tu mi "chamas.' He was tempted to try another version of this in- "genious thought, which is, perhaps, still more happy, and has "never, I believe, appeared in print.

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let the first keep his place; and in all points of difference between Mr. G. and Mr. Anybody-else, I shall abide by the former; if I am wrong, I can't help it. But I would rather not be right with any other person—so there is an end of that matter. After all the trouble he has taken about me and mine, I should be very ungrateful to feel or act otherwise—besides, in point of judgment, he is not to be lowered by a comparison. In *politics*, he may be right too; but that with me is a *feeling*, and I can't *torify* my nature.

397.—To John Hanson.

January 24th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—The roads are quite impracticable at present, and promise no better for some time to come; it would be useless to set out with the prospect of detention before a single stage was passed, and even the Mails, when they are forwarded, come on horseback. I don't think my carriage, though a stout one, could make way to Nottingham.

The moment it is possible I shall set out; but the weather, or rather roads, must fix the time.

I am willing to deal in course *fairly*, and at the same time *not* harshly, with Mr. Claughton, and to come into any arrangement most adapted to be tolerable to both parties. I suppose the question of *title* is pretty nearly decided.

The only thing is, that I wish to meet my *debts* and *Rochdale;* it is a pity to have the last lying fallow, and

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hundred thousand on this property is safe to ourselves, we can have no objection, and I feel no irritation against Mr. C. for any part of the past, though he must be aware that, if I have made good my *title*, the contract places him in an awkward situation. But let that pass. I will do as I would be done by; only whatever arrangement is made, let it be one, on which no further suits and cavils may arise, if possible.

I have (as I have always had) unreserved confidence in your integrity and judgement, and I now submit to your own consideration to decide upon our plan of proceeding. You can in the mean time go on *clearing up*, and he may be making his arrangements to complete. On the lesser points of wine, etc., on which Mr. C. and I held some correspondence, I shall be very glad to do every thing to conciliate and keep up good humour between us.

I wish, as much as you can wish me, to meet you in town, and I am sorry that the weather is so uncertain, or rather so *certain* against my immediate return. Buonaparte's Moscow retreat was much easier: you have no idea of the state of the roads. In the mean time, *use your discretion*. I shall, of course, as I have hitherto, abide by your advice, and arrangements.

Rochdale is the principal point, and my debts; with the last we can perhaps arrange, for Rochdale is surely the principal object.

Ever yours most truly,

BN.

P.S.—The first payment should doubtless be *thirty thousand*, *twenty* will not be sufficient for the objects I have stated.

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398.—To John Hanson.

Nottingham, January—February 1st, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—By all I hear, and some of it very tolerable authority, *Leigh*, and not Claughton, is the *real* purchaser. If so, he is well able to adhere to the contract, and the only question is have we made good our title? Leigh has certainly *been here* with Mr. C., and his *own* people talk openly of its being for him the purchase was made, and from Mr. C.'s asking him frequently, "would he like this, that and the other done," I think there can be little doubt of it. I submit this, however, to your own consideration; but, before we complete, it will be as well to *know* that we can not enforce the old conditions. I have acted openly and fairly by Mr. Claughton; *his* whole conduct to me has been a system of cavilling, and at any rate justifies some suspicion on my part, but more of this when we meet.

I suppose, and hope, you have hit upon some expedient for adjusting this business finally; if we take a mortgage, see that it be the firmest of all possible mortgages, and the interest enforceable.

What shall we do about Rochdale? must I sell or work it? I do believe this famous sale, which was to set all right, will perplex me more than ever.

From this place there is no stirring till the weather is better. Mrs. L. is with me, and being in the family way renders it doubly necessary to remain till the roads are quite safe.

Pray write. We desire our best remembrances to all.

Ever yours,

B.

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by no means repents his purchase, so that all this shuffling is simply to make a better bargain. If I was certain this was the case, by God I would make it personal with one of them, for I do abhor that low system of tricking. He is of age, and has ample funds to make good a much larger purchase.

399.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, February 4, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I need not say that your obliging letter[1] was very welcome, and not the less so for being

1. Murray had written, on February 3, 1814, a letter, from which the following passages are extracted :—

"I have been unwilling to write until I had something to say, an "occasion to which I do not always restrict myself.

"I am most happy to tell you that your Lordship's last poem *is*— "what Mr. Southey's is *called*—a *Carmen Triumphale*. Never in "my recollection has any work since the Letter of Burke to the Duke "of Bedford excited such a ferment,—a ferment which, I am happy "to say, will subside into lasting fame. I sold on the day of publi- "cation, a thing perfectly unprecedented, 10,000 copies—and I "suppose Thirty People who were purchasers (strangers) called to "tell the people in the Shop how much they had been delighted and "satisfied. Mr. Ward says it is masterly—wonderful performance ; "Mr. Hammond and Mr. Heber, D'Israeli, every one who comes, "and too many call for me to enumerate, declare their unlimited "approbation. Mr. Ward was here with Mr. Gifford yesterday, "and mingled their admiration. Mr. Ward is much delighted with "the unexpected charge of the Dervish—

"'Up rose the Dervish with that burst of Light,'

"and Gifford did, what I never knew him do before ; he repeated "several passages from memory, particularly the closing stanza—

"'His death yet dubious—deeds too widely known.'

"Indeed, from what I have observed from the very general and "unvarying sentiment which I have now gathered, his suffrages are "decidedly in favour of this poem in preference to the *Bride of Abydos*, "and are even now balancing with *The Giaour*. I have heard no one "pass without notice and without expressed regret the idea thrown "out by your Lordship of writing no more for a considerable time.

"I am really marking down without suppression or extention lite- "rally what I have heard. I was with Mr. Shee this morning, to

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unexpected. At the same time I received a very kind one from Mr. D'Israeli, which I shall acknowledge and thank him for to-morrow.

It doubtless gratifies me much that our *Finale* has pleased, and that the Curtain drops gracefully.[1] *You* deserve it should, for your promptitude and good nature in arranging immediately with Mr. D[alla]s; and I can assure you that I esteem your entering so warmly into the subject, and writing to me so soon upon it, as a personal obligation. We shall now part, I hope, satisfied with each other. I *was* and *am* quite in earnest in my prefatory promise not to intrude any more; and this not from any affectation, but a thorough conviction that it is the best policy, and is at least respectful to my readers, as it shows that I would not willingly run the risk of forfeiting their favour in future. Besides, I have other views and objects, and think that I shall keep *this* resolution; for, since I left London, though shut up, *snow*-bound, *thaw*-bound, and tempted with all kinds of paper, the dirtiest of ink, and the bluntest of pens, I have not even been haunted by a wish to put them to their

"whom I had presented the poem; he declared himself to have been "delighted, and swore he had long placed your lordship far beyond "any contemporary Bard; and indeed, this your last poem does, in "the opinion of almost all that I have conversed with; indeed, men, "women and children are delighted. I have the highest encomiums "in letters from Croker and Mr. Hay; but I rest most upon the "warmth it has created in Gifford's critic heart, and I do most "sincerely congratulate your Lordship, confessing that when you first "told me that you were writing another poem, that heart quaked for "your fame. The versification is thought highly of, indeed. After "printing the poems at the end of the first edition, I transplanted them "to *Childe Harold*, conceiving that your Lordship would have the "goodness to pardon this *ruse* to give additional impetus to that "poem, and to assist in making it a more respectable thickness."

Southey's *Carmen Triumphale, an Ode for the Commencement of the Year*, appeared in January, 1814.

1. Byron had announced *The Corsair* as "the last production "with which he should trespass on public patience for some years."

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combined uses, except in letters of business—my rhyming propensity is quite gone, and I feel much as I did at Patras on recovering from my fever—weak, but in health, and only afraid of a relapse. I do most fervently hope I never shall.

I see by the *Morning Chronicle* there hath been discussion in the *Courier;* and I read in the *Morning Post* a wrathful letter about Mr. Moore, in which some Protestant Reader has made a sad confusion about *India* and Ireland.[1]

You are to do as you please about the smaller poems; but I think removing them *now* from *The Corsair* looks like *fear;* and if so, you must allow me not to be pleased. I should also suppose that, after the *fuss* of these Newspaper Esquires, they would materially assist the circulation of *The Corsair;* an object I should imagine at *present* of more importance to *yourself* than *Childe Harold's* 7th appearance. Do as you like; but don't allow the withdrawing that *poem* to draw any imputation of *dismay* upon me. I care about as much for the *Courier* as I do for the Prince, or all princes whatsoever, except Kozlovsky.[2]

Pray make my respects to Mr. Ward, whose praise I value most highly, as you well know; it is in the approbation of such men that fame becomes worth having. To Mr. G. I am always grateful, and surely not less so now than ever. And so Good Night to my Authorship.

1. For the two letters of "Hibernicus," which appeared in the *Morning Post* for February 3 and 4, 1814, see Appendix I.

2. Prince Kozlovsky was Russian Minister at Turin, and afterwards resided at Rome. He was in frequent communication with Count (afterwards Prince) Worontzoff, the Russian Ambassador at London, and their correspondence has been published in Russian. No explanation of the allusion can be suggested; but the identification of the name seems probable.

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I have been sauntering and dozing here very quietly, and not unhappily. You will be happy to hear that I have completely established my title-deeds as *marketable*, and that the Purchaser has succumbed to the terms, and fulfils them, or is to fulfil them forthwith—he is now here, and we go on very amicably together,—one in each *wing* of the Abbey. We set off on Sunday—I for town, he for Cheshire.

Mrs. Leigh is with me—much pleased with the place, and less so with me for parting with it, to which not even the price can reconcile her. Your parcel has not yet arrived—at least the *Mags.* etc.; but I have received *Childe Harold* and the *Corsair*.

I believe both are very correctly printed, which is a great satisfaction.

I thank you for wishing me in town; but I think one's success is most felt at a distance, and I enjoy my solitary self-importance in an agreeable sulky way of my own—upon the strength of your letter for which I once more thank you, and am,

Very truly yours,

B.

P.S.—Don't you think Bonaparte's next *publication* will be rather expensive to the Allies? Perry's Paris letter of yesterday[1] looks very reviving. What a Hydra and Briareus it is! I wish they would pacify: there is no end to this campaigning.

1. For "Perry's Paris Letter," which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* for February 2, 1814, see Appendix I. Its genuineness was denied by the Government organs, the *Courier* stating that it

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400.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, February 5, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I quite forgot, in my answer of yesterday, to mention that I have no means of ascertaining whether the Newark *Pirate* has been doing what you say.[1] If so, he is a rascal, and a *shabby* rascal too; and if his offence is punishable by law or pugilism, he shall be fined or buffeted. Do you try and discover, and I will make some inquiry here. Perhaps some *other* in town may have gone on printing, and used the same deception.

The *fac-simile* is omitted in *Childe Harold*, which is very awkward, as there is a *note* expressly on the subject. Pray *replace* it as *usual*.

On second and third thoughts, the withdrawing the small poems from *The Corsair* (even to add to *Childe Harold*) looks like shrinking and shuffling after the fuss made upon one of them by the tories—pray replace them in *The Corsair* appendix. I am sorry that *Childe Harold* requires some and such abetments to make him move off; but, if you remember, I told you his popularity would not be permanent. It is very lucky for the author that he had made up his mind to a temporary reputation in time. The truth is, I do not think that any of the present day (and least of all, one who has not consulted the flattering side of human Nature) have much to hope from Posterity; and you may think it affectation very probably, but, to me, my present and past success has appeared very singular, since it was in the teeth of so many prejudices.

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I almost think people like to be contradicted. If *Childe Harold* flags, it will hardly be worth while to go on with the engravings: but do as you please; I have done with the whole concern; and the enclosed lines, written years ago, and copied from my Skull-cup, are among the last with which you will be troubled. If you like, add them to *Childe Harold*, if only for the sake of another outcry. You received so long an answer yesterday, that I will not intrude on you further than to repeat myself,

Yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—Of course, in reprinting (if you have occasion), you will take great care to be correct. The present E^ns^ seem very much so, except in the last note of *Childe Harold*, where the word *responsible* occurs twice nearly together; convert the second into *answerable*.

401.—To John Murray.

Newark, February 6, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am thus far on my way to town. Master Ridge I have seen, and he owns to having *reprinted* some *sheets*, to make up a few complete remaining copies! I have now given him fair warning, and if he plays such tricks again, I must either get an injunction, or call for an account of profits (as I never have parted with the Copyright), or, in short, any thing vexatious, to repay him in his own way. If the weather does not

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402.—To John Murray.

February 7, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—As you will not want to *reprint* for some time—I wish you would make an *errata page* from this *corrected copy*, and annex it to your own and to all copies in the hands of the trade. Let me find a note on my arrival to say merely that you have received this copy.

Yours ever,

B^N.

I see all the papers in a sad commotion with those 8 lines; and the *Morning Post*, in particular, has found out that I am a sort of Rd. III.—deformed in mind and *body*. The *last* piece of information is not very new to a man who passed five years at a public school.

I am very sorry you cut out those lines for *Childe Harold*. Pray re-insert them in their old place in *The Corsair*.

403.—To Leigh Hunt.

Feb. 9, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been snow-bound and thaw-swamped (two compound epithets for you) in the "valley "of the shadow" of Newstead Abbey for nearly a month, and have not been four hours returned from (*sic*) London. Nearly the first use I make of my benumbed fingers, is to thank you for your very handsome note in the volume[1]

1. Byron alludes to Leigh Hunt's *Feast of the Poets* (1814), which had appeared in the *Reflector* (No. IV. art. x.), and opens with the following lines:—

"T'other day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by starts,
He began to consider how long it had been
Since the bards of Old England a session had seen."

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you have just put forth, only, I trust, to be followed by others on subjects more worthy your notice than the works of contemporaries. Of myself you speak only too highly, and you must think me strangely spoiled, or perversely peevish, even to suspect that any remarks of yours, in the spirit of candid criticism, could possibly prove unpalatable. Had they been harsh, instead of being written as they are in the indelible ink of friendly admonition, had they been the harshest—as I knew and know that you are above any personal bias, at least *against* your fellow-bards, believe me they could not have caused a remembrance, nor a moment of rankling on my part. Your poem I read long ago in the *Reflector*, and it is not too much to say it is the best "Session" we have, and with a more difficult subject, for we are neither so good nor so bad (taking the best and worst) as the wits of the olden time.

To your smaller pieces I have not yet had time to do justice by perusal, and I have a quantity of unanswered, and I hope unanswerable letters to wade through before I sleep, but to-morrow will see me through your volume. I am glad to see you have tracked Gray among the Italians. You will perhaps find a friend or two of yours there also, though not to the same extent; but I have

Previous "sessions" of the poets had been written by Sir John Suckling, in his *Session of the Poets; a Poem* (1637); by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, in *The Trial of the Poets for the Bays;* and by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, in *The Election of a Poet Laureate.*

Byron is not mentioned in the text of the first edition, but a long note (*note* 28, pp. 119–133) is almost entirely devoted to him as "a young nobleman who has been lately rising into celebrity, and "who, as far as the world is concerned, is now moving in the very "thick of the lustre." Hunt considers the characteristics of Byron's poetry to be "a general vein of melancholy,—a fondness for pithy, "suggesting, and passionate modes of speech,—and an intensity of "feeling, which appears to seek relief in it's own violence" (pp. 130, 131).

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always thought the Italians the most poetical moderns; our Milton and Spenser and Shakespeare (the last through translations of their Tales) are very Tuscan, and surely it is far superior to the French school. You are hardly fair enough to Rogers. Why *tea*?[1] You might surely have given him supper, if only a sandwich. Murray has, I hope, sent you my last bantling, *The Corsair*. I have been regaled at every inn on the road by lampoons and other merry conceits on myself in the ministerial gazettes, occasioned by the republication of two stanzas, inserted in 1812 in Perry's paper. The hysterics of the *Morning Post* are quite interesting; and I hear (but have not seen) of something terrific in a last week's *Courier;* all which I take with the "calm indifference"[2] of Sir Fretful

1. In Hunt's *Feast of the Poets* (ed. 1814) occur the following lines:—

"Then gave mine host orders, who bow'd to the floor,
And presented three cards that were brought to the door;
Apollo just gave them a glance with his eye,
'Spencer—Rogers—Montgom'ry'—and, putting them by,
Begg'd the landlord to give his respects to all three,
And say he'd be happy to see them to tea."

2. In *The Critic* (act i. sc. 1) "Sir Fretful Plagiary" says to "Sneer" and "Dangle," "And then your disrespect will affect me no more "than the newspaper criticisms, and I shall treat it with exactly the "same calm indifference and philosophic contempt."

Byron was not indifferent. The following fragment appears to have been intended for an answer to the *Courier*:—

"In the reign of Richard 3d the following couplet is said to "have been written:—

"'The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel the Dog,
Rule all England under the Hog.'

"Catesby and Ratcliffe were the Cat and the Rat; history records "that the narrator of this simple fact paid the price of his untoward "allegory with his life.

"In the present day, though the 'Rats' may be in as high request "as ever, and the curs louder in their yelping, yet, as the Hog has "ceased to be an animal emblematic of Sovereignty, the courtly "Cats do not kill their mice, but merely play with them in the "agreeable feline and most approved method.

"If the present were not the best of all possible sovereigns, and

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Plagiary. The *Morning Post* has one copy of devices upon my deformity, which certainly will admit of no

"his favourites the most indulgent and respectable of their respective "species, it would not probably be in my power to recall the above "anecdote to the Reader's recollection, or to thank them as I ought "for being permitted to survive the two stanzas of what the *Courier* "calls 'impudent doggerel,' first published in the *Morning Chronicle* "early in 1812, now reprinted and annexed, with some other pieces, "to a production entitled *The Corsair*.

"The lines are doubtless very bad, since the *Courier* says so. "The most convincing proof of this lies in the indignation which "they have excited, and the still foaming torrent of abuse against "their author. Had they been good, so impartial a Critic would "never have condescended to stain his hitherto unsullied columns "with invective. The lines must have some peculiar demerit in "themselves, as the subject is simply 'a Lady's weeping;' she is "said to be of 'royal line' and to lament a 'Sire's disgrace, a realm's "decay;' but what realm, or what Sire, or who the weeper might "be, was not stated till the *Courier* thought proper to instruct all "whom it may concern, that this happy, unindebted, and untaxed "country,—and that most honoured of Princes were assailed in this "'insolent doggerel,' a discovery for which the publisher is much "indebted to the said *Courier*, inasmuch as the occasional propensity "of mankind to be curious when their attention is awakened has "led to a more extensive circulation of the obnoxious verses than "they might otherwise have obtained.

"They are said to be founded on an almost forgotten fact. It "was asserted, in the beginning of the year 1812, that a Prince dis- "carded his friends and his opinions, and that on one occasion his "daughter, whom he had educated in his former public principles "and private friendships, finding it difficult at that early period of "life when the heart is warm and the soul open, to revoke at once "the best feelings of our nature, was so astonished at a convivial "display of the new doctrines, that she shed tears—an unamiable "weakness and a formidable precedent for Heirs Apparent. Such "was the cause of the lines in question; the effect—is it not written "in the *Courier*?

"This 'doggerel' is said further to be calculated or intended to "raise dissention between and separate mother and—I beg pardon— "I mean *father* and daughter. A writer's intentions are but known "to himself, and the author of the lines knew that no such effect "could be produced, or he would never have written them. A child

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"historic doubt,"[1] like "Dickon my master's;"[2] another upon my atheism, which is not quite so clear; and another very downrightly says, "I am the *devil*" (*boiteux* they might have added), and a rebel, and what not; possibly, my accuser of diabolism may be Rosa Matilda, and if so, it would not be difficult to convince her that I am a mere man. I shall break in upon you in a day or two, distance has hitherto detained me; and I hope to find you well, and myself welcome.

Ever your obliged and sincere,

BYRON.

P.S.—Since this letter was written, I have been at your text, which has much *good* humour in every sense of the word. Your notes are of a very high order indeed, particularly on Wordsworth.

"as it now stands, though a Sovereign may be and must be per-
"fectly right in abjuring the friends and principles and promises of
"the Heir Apparent, yet an Heir Apparent may not be quite so
"justifiable in adopting and cherishing friends and principles and pro-
"mises for the purpose of denying them on his becoming Sovereign.
"Louis 12th said that it was beneath him to retain the enmities of
"the Duke of Orleans. It seems to have been above George (not
"yet) the 4th to recollect the friendships of the Prince of Wales.

"A Realm overwhelmed with debt may be fairly said to be a
"little out of repair, and, if the tax-paper and the obnoxious
"expression of a 'realm's decay' should happen to meet the reader's
"eye at the same time, he will probably be more disposed to quarrel
"with the Collector, than the Author.

"The tears are said to be 'Virtue's tears,' and the wish that they
"may be repaid by a people's smiles is not the best foundation for
"a charge of disloyalty. So much for these notorious verses. I
"have yet a few words to say, not as their author, but as the victim
"of a production now revived for the purpose of proving that I once
"was hostile to those with whom I am now reconciled. It is for
"higher stations to convert their friends into enemies."

1. H. Walpole's *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of King Richard the Third* (1768).

2. "'Jockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,
'For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'
A thing devised by the enemy."
King Richard III., act v. sc. 3.

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404.—To Thomas Moore.

February 10, 1814.

I arrived in town late yesterday evening, having been absent three weeks, which I passed in Notts. quietly and pleasantly. You can have no conception of the uproar the eight lines on the little Royalty's weeping in 1812 (now republished) have occasioned.[1] The Regent, who had always thought them *yours*, chose—God knows why—on discovering them to be mine, to be *affected* "in "sorrow rather than anger."[2] The *Morning Post*, *Sun*, *Herald*, *Courier*, have all been in hysterics ever since. M[urray] is in a fright, and wanted to shuffle; and the abuse against me in all directions is vehement, unceasing, loud—some of it good, and all of it hearty. I feel a little compunctious as to the Regent's *regret;*—"would he had been only angry! but I fear him "not."

Some of these same assailments you have probably

1. Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. viii. p. 170), writing to James Corry, February 28, 1814, says, "I suppose you have before this "seen Lord Byron's overflowing eulogium. He has got into a "tremendous scrape with the Carlton House faction, by the avowal of "his 'Lines to the Young Princess.' *The Courier*, *Morning Post*, "etc., etc., have been all, as he says himself, 'in hysterics' since "their appearance; and I have come in for my full share of the "bespatterment. When scavengers become assailants, there is no "coming very clean out of their hands. Indeed, *The Courier* has "taken the only method such dull dogs could hit upon for annoying "Byron, by raking up all his past and *suppressed* abuse of those he "is now friends with; and they have quoted the very passage upon "which I called him to account (and from which sprung our inti-"macy), to contrast it with his present praise of me. Byron tells "me that, till his avowal of those formidable lines to the young "Royalty, the Regent always thought they were *mine*."

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seen. My person (which is excellent for the "nonce") has been denounced in verses, the more like the subject, inasmuch as they halt exceedingly. Then, in another, I am an *atheist*, a *rebel*, and, at last, the *devil* (*boiteux*, I presume). My demonism seems to be a female's conjecture; * * * * *

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Seriously, I am in, what the learned call, a dilemma, and the vulgar, a scrape; and my friends desire me not to be in a passion; and, like Sir Fretful, I assure them that I am "quite calm,"—but I am nevertheless in a fury.

Since I wrote thus far, a friend has come in, and we have been talking and buffooning till I have quite lost the thread of my thoughts; and as I won't send them unstrung to you,—good morning, and

Believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—Murray, during my absence, *omitted* the Tears in several of the copies. I have made him replace them, and am very wroth with his qualms;—"as the wine is poured out, let it be drunk to the "dregs."

405.—To John Murray.

February 10, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am much better, and indeed quite well, this morning. I have received *two*, but I presume there are more of the *Ana*, subsequently, and also something

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previous, to which the *Morning Chronicle* replied.[1] You also mentioned a parody on the *Skull.*[2] I wish to see

1. The following lines appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, February 8, 1814 :—

"To the Right Hon. Lord Byron,

"On the recent calumnies occasioned by his stanzas in the "*Morning Chronicle.*

"Let servile scribblers, who maintain
The Father had no fault to weep—
Let such calumniate thy strain,
And on thee fierce invectives heap.

"The tear which falls from Virtue's eye
Could never boast a charm for them ;
No frailty could their sight espy,
In one who wore a diadem.

"But, though unmark'd by Courtier's gaze,
The Sire's offence, the Realm's decline ;
Though such can lend no voice of praise
To virtue's tears, or verse of thine ;

"Yet these shall charm a future age,
When they who shar'd that Sire's disgrace,
Shall live in History's faithful page,
The vilest of a servile race."

2. In the *Courier*, February 1, 1814, appears the following :—

"*On reading the lines written by Lord Byron, and engraven on the* "*Silver Mounting of a Human Skull, formerly used as a Goblet,* "*at his residence, Newstead Abbey.*

"Why hast thou bound around with silver rim
This once gay peopled 'palace of the soul ?'
Look on it now—deserted, bleach'd and grim—
Is this, thou feverish Man, thy festal bowl ?

"Is this the cup in which thou seek'st the balm
Each brighter chalice to thy breast denies ?
Is the oblivious bowl, whose floods becalm,
'The worm that will not sleep, and never dies ?'

"Woe to the lip to which this Cup is held ;—
The lip that's pall'd with every purer draught ;
For which alone, the rifled grave can yield,
A Goblet worthy to be deeply quaff'd.

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them all, because there may be things that require notice either by pen or person.

Yours truly,

B^N.

You need not trouble yourself to answer this; but send me the things when you get them.

406.—To John Murray.

February 12, 1814.

If you have copies of the *Intercepted Letters*,[1] L[ad]y H[ollan]d would be glad of a volume; and when you have served others, have the goodness to think of your humble servant.

You have played the Devil by that injudicious *suppression*, which you did totally without my consent. Some of the papers have exactly said what might be expected. Now I *do not*, and *will* not be supposed to, shrink, although myself and every thing belonging to me were to perish with my memory.

Yours, etc.,

BN.

P.S.—Pray attend to what I stated yesterday on *technical* topics.

407.—To John Murray.

Monday, February 14, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Before I left town yesterday, I wrote you a note, which I presume you received. I have heard

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so many different accounts of *your* proceedings, or rather of those of others towards *you*, in consequence of the publication of these everlasting lines, that I am anxious to hear from yourself the real state of the case. Whatever responsibility, obloquy, or effect is to arise from the publication, should surely *not* fall upon you in any degree; and I can have no objection to your stating, as distinctly and publicly as you please, *your* unwillingness to publish them, and my own obstinacy upon the subject. Take any course you please to vindicate *yourself*, but leave me to fight my own way; and, as I before said, do not *compromise* me by any thing which may look like *shrinking* on *my* part; as for your own, make the best of it.

Yours,

BN.

408.—To John Murray.

Monday night, Feb. 14, 1814.

I humbly conceive that the Admiralty,[1] in laying an embargo upon some of your publications (if it be so), did not extend it to an answer to a note. I have sent you two—one containing a question to which I have received no reply.

However—as you please—I shall not trouble you with another.

Yours,

BN.

409.—To Samuel Rogers.

February 16, 1814.

MY DEAR ROGERS,—I wrote to Lord Holland briefly, but I hope distinctly, on the subject which has lately

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occupied much of my conversation with him and you.[1] As things now stand, upon that topic my determination must be unalterable.

I declare to you most sincerely that there is no human being on whose regard and esteem I set a higher value than on Lord Holland's; and, as far as concerns himself and Lady Holland, I would concede even to humiliation without any view to the future, and solely from my sense of his conduct as to the past. For the rest, I conceive that I have already done all in my power by the suppression.[2] If that is not enough, they must act as they please; but I will not "teach my tongue a most inherent "baseness,"[3] come what may. I am sorry that I shall not be able to call upon you to-day, and, what disappoints me still more, to dine with you to-morrow. I forwarded a letter from Moore to you; he writes to me in good spirits, which I hope will not be impaired by any attack brought upon him by his friendship for me. You will probably be at the Marquess Lansdowne's to-night. I am asked, but I am not sure that I shall be able to go. Hobhouse will be there. I think, if you knew him well, you would like him.

Believe me, always yours very affectionately,

B.

1. Relative to a proposed reconciliation between Lord Carlisle and himself. (See *Byroniana*, Nos. 1 and 2, from the *Courier* of February 5 and 8, for allusions to Lord Holland and Lord Carlisle, in *Letters*, vol. ii. Appendix VII.)

2. Of *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers.*

3. *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 2—

"And by my body's action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness."

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410.—To Samuel Rogers.

February 16, 1814.

MY DEAR ROGERS,—If Lord Holland is satisfied, as far as regards himself and Lady Holland, and as this letter expresses him to be, it is enough.

As for any impression the public may receive from the revival of the lines on Lord Carlisle, let them keep it,—the more favourable for him, and the worse for me,—the better for all.

All the sayings and doings in the world shall not make me utter another word of conciliation to any thing that breathes. I shall bear what I can, and what I cannot I shall resist. The worst they could do would be to exclude me from society. I have never courted it, nor, I may add, in the general sense of the word, enjoyed it —and "there is a world elsewhere!"[1]

Any thing remarkably injurious, I have the same means of repaying as other men, with such interest as circumstances may annex to it.

Nothing but the necessity of adhering to regimen prevents me from dining with you to-morrow.

I am, yours most truly,

BN.

411.—To Thomas Moore.

February 16, 1814.

You may be assured that the only prickles that sting

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frequency of the assaults has weakened their effects,—if ever they had any;—and, if they had had much, I should hardly have held my tongue, or withheld my fingers. It is something quite new to attack a man for abandoning his resentments. I have heard that previous praise and subsequent vituperation were rather ungrateful, but I did not know that it was wrong to endeavour to do justice to those who did not wait till I had made some amends for former and boyish prejudices, but received me into their friendship, when I might still have been their enemy.

You perceive justly that I must *intentionally* have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead.[1] It were better if there were more merit in my independence, but it really is something nowadays to be independent at all, and the *less* temptation to be otherwise, the more uncommon the case, in these times of paradoxical servility. I believe that most of our hates and likings have been hitherto nearly the same; but from henceforth they must, of necessity, be one and indivisible,—and now for it! I am for any weapon,—the pen, till one can find something sharper, will do for a beginning.

You can have no conception of the ludicrous solemnity with which these two stanzas have been treated. The *Morning Post* gave notice of an intended motion in the House of my brethren on the subject, and God he knows what proceedings besides;—and all this, as Bedreddin in the *Nights* says,[2] "for making a cream tart

1. In *The Provoked Husband*, by Vanbrugh and Cibber.
2. Bedreddin Hassan, son of Noureddin Ali, was carried off by

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"without pepper." This last piece of intelligence is, I presume, too laughable to be true; and the destruction of the Custom-house [1] appears to have, in some degree, interfered with mine; added to which, the last battle of Buonaparte has usurped the column hitherto devoted to my bulletin.

I send you from this day's *Morning Post* the best which have hitherto appeared on this "impudent dog-"gerel," as the *Courier* calls it. There was another about my *diet* when a boy—not at all bad—some time ago; but the rest are but indifferent.

I shall think about your *oratorical* hint;[2]—but I have never set much upon "that cast," [3] and am grown as tired as Solomon of every thing, and of myself more than any thing. This is being what the learned call philosophical, and the vulgar lack-a-daisical. I am, however, always glad of a blessing;[4] pray, repeat yours soon,—at least your letter, and I shall think the benediction included.

Ever, etc.

"Son," and the cheese-cakes are "conserved pomegranate-grains," for the cooking of which without pepper "Hassan of Bassorah" was to be crucified. Byron's copy of the *Arabian Nights* is thus described in the Sale Catalogue of his books: "*Arabian Nights*, "by Scott, 6 vol. Largest paper, *with an additional set of plates* "*inserted, green morocco*, 1811."

1. The Custom House caught fire February 12, 1814, and was totally destroyed.

2. "I had endeavoured to persuade him to take a part in parlia-"mentary affairs, and to exercise his talent for oratory more "frequently" (Moore).

3. "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die."
King Richard III., act v. sc. 4.

4. "In concluding my letter, having said, 'God bless you!' I "added, 'that is, if you have no objection'" (Moore).

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412.—To R. C. Dallas.[1]

February 17, 1814.

The *Courier* of this evening accuses me of having "received and pocketed" large sums for my works. I

1. The following letter from Dallas appeared in the *Morning Post* of February 21, 1814, and the other morning papers:—

"Sir,—I have seen the paragraph in an Evening Paper, in which "Lord Byron is *accused* of 'receiving and pocketing' large sums for "his works. I believe no one who knows him has the slightest "suspicion of this kind; but the assertion being public, I think it a "justice I owe to Lord Byron to contradict it publicly. I address "this letter to you for that purpose, and I am happy that it gives me "an opportunity, at this moment, to make some observations which "I have for several days been anxious to do publicly, but from "which I have been restrained by an apprehension that I should be "suspected of being prompted by his Lordship.

"I take upon me to affirm, that Lord Byron never received a "shilling for any of his works. To my certain knowledge the "profits of the *satire* were left entirely to the Publisher of it. The "gift of the copyright of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, I have already "publicly acknowledged, in the dedication of the new edition of "my novels; and now I add my acknowledgment for that of *The* "*Corsair*, not only for the profitable part of it, but for the delicate "and delightful manner of bestowing it, while yet unpublished. "With respect to his two other poems, *The Giaour* and *The Bride* "*of Abydos*, Mr. Murray, the publisher of them, can truly attest "that no part of the sale of these has ever touched his hands, or been "disposed of for his use. Having said thus much as to facts, I "cannot but express my surprise, that it should ever be deemed a "matter of reproach that he should appropriate the pecuniary returns "of his works. Neither rank nor fortune seems to me to place any "man above this; for what difference does it make in honour and "noble feelings, whether a copyright be bestowed, or its value "employed in beneficent purposes? I differ with my Lord Byron "on this subject, as well as some others, and he has constantly, both "by word and action, shown his aversion to receiving money for his "productions.

"The pen in my hand, and affection and grateful feelings in my "heart, I cannot refrain touching upon a subject of a painful nature, "delicate as it is, and fearful as I am that I shall be unable to "manage it with a propriety of which it is susceptible, but of which "the execution is not easy. One reflection encourages me, for if "magnanimity be the attendant of rank (and all that I have "published proves such a prepossession in my mind), then I have "the less to fear from the Most Illustrious, in undertaking to throw

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have never yet received, nor wish to receive, a farthing for any. Mr. Murray offered a thousand for *The Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos*, which I said was too much, and that if he could afford it at the end of six months, I would then direct how it might be disposed of; but neither then, nor at any other period, have I ever availed myself of the profits on my own account. For the republication of the Satire I refused four hundred guineas;

"into its proper point of view a circumstance which has been "completely misrepresented or misunderstood.

"I do not purpose to defend the publication of the two stanzas at "the end of *The Corsair*, which has given rise to such a torrent of "abuse, and of the insertion of which I was not aware till it was "published: but most surely they have been placed in a light which "never entered the mind of the author, and in which men of dis- "passionate minds cannot see them. It is absurd to talk seriously "of their ever being meant to disunite the parent and child, or to "libel the Sovereign. It is very easy to descant upon such assumed "enormities; but the assumption of them, if not a loyal error, is an "atrocious crime. Lord Byron never contemplated the horrors that "have been attributed to him. The lines alluded to were an im- "promptu upon a single well-known fact; I mean the failure in the "endeavour to form an administration in the year 1812, according "to the wishes of the author's friends; on which it was reported that "tears were shed by an illustrious female. The very words in the "context show the verses to be confined to that one circumstance, "for they are in the singular number—*disgrace, fault.* What dis- "grace? What fault? Those (says the verse) of not saving a "sinking realm (and let the date be remembered—March, 1812) by "taking the writer's friends to support it. Never was there a more "simple political sentiment expressed in rhyme. If this be libel—if "this be the undermining of filial affection, where shall we find a "term for the language often heard in both Houses of Parliament?

"While I hope that I have said enough to show the hasty mis- "representation of the lines in question, I must take care not to be "misunderstood myself. The little part I take in conversing on "politics is well known among my friends to differ completely from "the political sentiment which dictated these verses; but knowing "their author better than most who pretend to judge of him, and, "with motives of affection and admiration, I am shocked to think "that the hasty collecting of a few scattered poems, to be placed at "the end of a volume, should have raised such clamour.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"R. C. DALLAS.

"February 18, 1814."

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and for the previous editions I never asked nor received a *sous*, nor for any writing whatever. I do not wish you to do any thing disagreeable to yourself; there never was nor shall be any conditions nor stipulations with regard to any accommodation that I could afford you; and, on your part, I can see nothing derogatory in receiving the copyright. It was only assistance afforded to a worthy man, by one not quite so worthy.[1]

Mr. Murray is going to contradict this; but your *name* will not be mentioned: for your own part, you are a free agent, and are to do as you please. I only hope that now, as always, you will think that I wish to take no unfair advantage of the accidental opportunity, which circumstances permitted me, of being of use to you.

Ever, etc.

413.—To John Murray.

Feb. 17, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—You must take care in stating D[allas]'s acknowledgment of the receipt of *Childe Harold* not to make a mistake, as if I had *purchased* this dedication; he mentioned it quite *uncalled for* and indeed unknown to me previous to publication—in his preface to his novels,[2] nearly a year afterwards.

Dear Sir, yours,

BN.

1. The statement of the *Courier*.

2. *The Miscellaneous Works and Novels of R. C. Dallas* (7 vols. London, 1813) is dedicated to Byron in a pompous letter, which begins thus—

"MY LORD,—In dedicating these volumes to your Lordship,

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414.—To John Murray.

Feb. 18, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—The Copy of *The Corsair*, entitled 5th Edn, just out—contains every *single error* which more than a fortnight ago I so particularly requested might be cancelled and altered. This is really too *bad*, and I will not permit it,—after so much as I have said upon the subject. I once more request that the alterations be made, and that an *Errata* be made for these copies which are out. Have you lost the alterations? If so, I will do it over again, but don't go on with these eternal errors.

Yours,

B.

415.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

Feb. 20, 1814.

MY DEAR W.,—Your arrival at Aston was unknown to me till my own in London, and, had it been otherwise, I could not have availed myself of your invitation from the state of the roads, etc., etc. But I am equally indebted to your Intended hospitality as if it had taken place. If you are serious in your Intention of visiting London, Fletcher shall look out for the abode you require, or I will do it myself if you think me more likely to obtain what will suit you. But you neither mention Terms, time, nor place, and I shall await your answer. I have been again in the Country, but for a shorter time and Distance, which has occasioned partly my Delay in answering your letter; you know that I am a very

"the grateful and proud feelings excited in my breast by your gift "of a Poem, the extensive and rapid celebrity of which are almost "without example," etc., etc.

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irregular Correspondent and I have lately been a good deal occupied with business of one kind or another.

There is a new actor named Kean come out; he is a wonder, and We are yet wise enough to admire him. He is Superior to Cooke certainly in many points, and will run Kemble hard; his Style is quite new, or rather *renewed*, being that of Nature.

Nobody knows as yet what is to become of Bonaparte. The reports are various—but the war party have it hollow at home; a few Days will probably see him all, or nothing. Hobhouse is returned to England, full of health, good humour and anecdote. I was most agreeably surprised by his arrival. I have been living very quietly and declined such invitations as have offered themselves. Lord Mountnorris, or his family I have not seen lately; Lady Julia seems to promise a splendid *Debût*, and will perhaps be the finest Pearl of the String. They are all very handsome; but there is more of the youngest, and her head is very *Greek*. I speak merely as a *Formarum Spectator*, for I have long passed the happy time when one's heart is turned by a pretty face, and can give my opinion as Impartially as I would of a Statue.

Believe me, yours very truly,

BIRON.

416.—To [John Hamilton Reynolds].

Feb. 20, 1814.

SIR,—My absence from London till within these last few days, and business since, have hitherto prevented my acknowledgment of the volume I have lately received,[1]

1. *Safie, an Eastern Tale* (1814), had been sent to Byron by the author, John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend, *collaborateur*, and

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and the inscription which it contains, for both of which I beg leave to return my thanks, and best wishes for the success of the book and its author. The poem itself, as the work of a young man, is creditable to your talents, and promises better for future efforts than any which I can now recollect. Whether you intend to pursue your poetical career, I do not know, and have no right to enquire—but, in whatever channel your abilities are directed, I think it will be your own fault if they do not eventually lead to distinction. Happiness must, of

correspondent of Keats, and the brother of Miss Charlotte Reynolds and of Jane Reynolds, who married Tom Hood. The poem bears the following dedication: "This Tale is inscribed with every "sentiment of gratitude and respect, to the Right Honourable Lord "Byron." It was to Reynolds, and in answer to his sonnets on Robin Hood, which were published in *The Garden of Florence* (1821), that Keats wrote the lines—

"Gone, the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the 'grenè shawe;'
All are gone away and past!"

To him also Keats wrote several sonnets and epistles. Many of his most interesting letters are addressed to Reynolds, with whom he projected a series of translations from Boccaccio. Two of the proposed set of tales were published in *The Garden of Florence*, a third was Keats's *Pot of Basil*. A bright and sparkling writer, a wit of no mean pretensions, Reynolds not only wrote charming verse, but achieved some success with his play of *One, Two, Three, Four, Five; By Advertisement* (1819). Reynolds became a solicitor, serving his articles with a Mr. Fladgate, and afterwards practising, first in Golden Square, and then in Adam Street, Adelphi. Some political services rendered by him to the Liberal cause gave him a claim upon Lord John Russell, who, in 1847, appointed him assistant clerk of the newly established County Court at Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In Newport Reynolds lived for the five years that elapsed before his death in 1852. He was buried in the churchyard of the town,—a broken-down, discontented man, whose great literary abilities had brought him no success in life. Few, probably, of the islanders were aware that the assistant County-Court clerk, who professed himself an Unitarian and a bitter Radical, and whose drunken habits placed him beyond the pale of society, had promised to be one of the stars of English literature at the period of its poetic revival.

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course, depend upon conduct,—and even fame itself would be but a poor compensation for self-reproach. You will excuse me for talking to a man, perhaps not many years my junior, with these grave airs of seniority; but though I cannot claim much advantage in that respect, it was my lot to be thrown very early upon the world, to mix a good deal in it in more climates than one, and to purchase experience which would probably have been of greater service to any one than myself. But my business with you is in your capacity of author, and to that I will confine myself.

The first thing a young writer must expect, and yet can least of all suffer, is *criticism*. I did not bear it—a few years, and many changes have since passed over my head, and my reflections on that subject are attended with regret. I find, on dispassionate comparison, my own revenge more than the provocation warranted. It is true, I was very young,—that might be an excuse to those I attacked—but to *me* it is none. The best reply to all objections is to write better, and if your enemies will not then do you justice, the world will. On the other hand, you should not be discouraged; to be opposed is not to be vanquished, though a timid mind is apt to mistake every scratch for a mortal wound. There is a saying of Dr. Johnson's, which it is as well to remember, that "no man was ever written down except "by himself."[1] I hope you will meet with as few obstacles as yourself can desire; but if you should, you will find that they are to be *stepped* over; to *kick* them down is the first resolve of a young and fiery spirit, a pleasant

1 "It was said to old Bentley, upon the attacks against him

thing enough at the time, but not so afterwards: on this point, I speak of a man's *own* reflections; what others think or say is a *secondary* consideration, at least, it has been so with me, but will not answer as a general maxim: he who would make his way in the world, must let the world believe that it was made for him, and accommodate himself to the minutest observance of its regulations. I beg once more to thank you for your pleasing present,

And have the honour to be,

Your obliged and very obedient servant,

BYRON.

417.—To John Murray.

Feb. 25, 1814.

Pray what the Devil may all this be? You never heard from me of any "letter," nor did I ever hear a word on the subject from D[allas], nor do I know that he is about to say any more on the subject. With regard to the truth and the "whole truth" which you speak of to him—to what do you allude? did any one ever require of you on my part any thing but the truth? and is there any thing in his former statement that you *can* contradict? I am quite in the dark, and really confounded between you and him.

Yours,

B^N.

Do you mean to tell *me*, as you did Mme. de Stael, that

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418.—To John Murray.

Feb. 26, 1814.

SIR,—The purpose for which the produce of the *Bride* and *Giaour* is to be appropriated—is for a friend, as you will perceive when the time comes. Our discussions upon that point took place, as you will perceive by *dates*, —before the publication of the *Bride*, which was never left in abeyance—as the *Giaour* had been until that period. With regard to the disposal of Copyrights, it is enough that I do not avail *myself* of any personal profit from them. If the works succeed, there is the fair advantage to the publisher from the residue, and if they do not, they would be of no service to you nor to any one else.

I have always, I believe, kept clear accounts with you, and settled all my bills regularly. There cannot be much now; but if there is, I should wish to discharge them immediately.

Your distinctions between "paid" and "given" seem to me without a difference. But as you had done neither one nor the other in the usual sense of those words, you will permit me to think that your statement to Mme. de Stael was a little premature.

Upon the subject of these last I shall merely say, that, if I had been anxious on the subject, I might have received the sum you offered at the time, and had it been on my own account I probably should. I declined it at that time, because I wished to accommodate you till the expiration of a period sufficient to ascertain your probable profit or loss.

What you mean by "the Gift" of the *Giaour* I do not know, unless you mean that, by not coming hastily to any arrangement, I never intended to arrange it at all. Had it been given, the Copyright would have been

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made over as in the other cases. I have now done with the subject, and I think you may as well follow the example.

Yours,
B.

419.—To Thomas Moore.

February 26, 1814.

Dallas had, perhaps, have better kept silence;—but that was *his* concern, and, as his facts are correct, and his motive not dishonourable to himself, I wished him well through it. As for his interpretations of the lines, he and any one else may interpret them as they please. I have and shall adhere to my taciturnity, unless something very particular occurs to render this impossible. Do *not you* say a word. If any one is to speak, it is the person principally concerned. The most amusing thing is, that every one (to me) attributes the abuse to the *man they personally most dislike!*—some say C * * r [Croker], some C * * e [Coleridge], others F * * d [Fitzgerald], etc., etc., etc. I do not know, and have no clue but conjecture. If discovered, and he turns out a hireling, he must be left to his wages; if a cavalier, he must "wink, and "hold out his iron." [1]

I had some thoughts of putting the question to C * * r [Croker], but Hobhouse, who, I am sure, would not dissuade me if it were right, advised me by all means *not*;—"that I had no right to take it upon suspicion," etc., etc. Whether H. is correct I am not aware, but he

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on that subject. This I am, at least, sure of, that he would never prevent me from doing what he deemed the duty of a *preux* chevalier. In such cases—at least, in this country—we must act according to usages. In considering this instance, I dismiss my own personal feelings. Any man will and must fight, when necessary, even without a motive. *Here*, I should take it up really without much resentment; for, unless a woman one likes is in the way, it is some years since I felt a *long* anger. But, undoubtedly, could I, or may I, trace it to a man of station, I should and shall do what is proper.

* * was angerly, but tried to conceal it. *You* are not called upon to avow the *Twopenny*, and would only gratify them by so doing. Do you not see the great object of all these fooleries is to set him, and you, and me, and all persons whatsoever, by the ears?—more especially those who are on good terms,—and nearly succeeded. Lord H. wished me to *concede* to Lord Carlisle—concede to the devil;—to a man who used me ill? I told him, in answer, that I would neither concede nor recede on the subject, but be silent altogether; unless any thing more could be said about Lady H. and himself, who had been since my very good friends;—and there it ended. This was no time for concessions to Lord C.

I have been interrupted, but shall write again soon. Believe me ever, my dear Moore, etc.

420.—To Francis Hodgson.

February 28, 1814.

There is a youngster, and a clever one, named Reynolds, who has just published a poem called *Safie* published by Cawthorne. He is in the most natural and fearful apprehension of the Reviewers; and as you and I

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both know by experience the effect of such things upon a *young* mind, I wish *you* would take his production into dissection, and do it *gently*.[1] *I* cannot, because it is inscribed to me; but I assure you this is not my motive for wishing him to be tenderly entreated, but because I know the misery, at his time of life, of untoward remarks upon first appearance.

Now for *self*. Pray thank your *cousin*—it is just as it should be, to my liking, and probably *more* than will suit any one else's. I hope and trust that you are well and well doing. Peace be with you.

Ever yours, my dear friend.

421.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

February 28, 1814.

MY DEAR W.,—I have but a few moments to write to you. *Silence* is the only answer to the things you mention; nor should I regard that man as my friend who said a word more on the subject. I care little for attacks, but I will not submit to *defences;* and I do hope and trust that *you* have never entertained a serious thought of engaging in so foolish a controversy. Dallas's letter was, to his credit, merely as to facts which he had a right to state; *I* neither have nor shall take the least *public* notice, nor permit any one else to do so. If I discover the writer, then I may act in a different manner; but it will not be in writing.

An expression in your letter has induced me to write this to you, to entreat you not to interfere in any way in

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such a business,—it is now nearly over, and, depend upon it, *they* are much more chagrined by my silence than they could be by the best defence in the world. I do not know any thing that would vex me more than any further reply to these things.

Ever yours, in haste,

B.

422.—To John Murray.

March 1st, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I have just heard, I trust falsely, of a letter purporting to be from me to Sir W. Garrow (?)! I wish you would enquire if such a forgery has appeared, as it must be some "invention of the enemy," of which I neither dreamed, nor can guess at its writer.

Yours ever truly,

B^N.

423.—To John Murray.

March 2nd, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am afraid that what you call "*trash*" is plaguily to the purpose, and very good sense into the bargain, and, to tell the truth, for some little time past I have been much of the same opinion, which serves to confirm me in my present resolution.

Are you fond of Cyder and Perry? I have a hogshead of each in Worcestershire which I don't know what to do with, and if you like it, it shall be sent Carriage free—and presented to you for your "bye drinkings"[1]

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without expence and as little trouble as I can give you with it.[1]

I want all my *boxes* of papers, and trunks that may contain others—Some I have at present or wish to refer to (*sic*); let them be sent down when convenient.

Ever yours,

B.

424.—To Thomas Moore.

March 3, 1814.

MY DEAR FRIEND,[2]—I have a great mind to tell you that I *am* "uncomfortable," if only to make you come to

1. The following is Murray's answer :—

"MY LORD,—I accept your donation with Melancholy, for really "*I* must confine myself to *Cyder* for ever, if *you* restrain yourself "from writing.

"I will send all the Boxes of Letters, and would advise the "indiscriminate and chaotic publication of the whole by way of "immolation.

"Ever, my Lord, your faithful servant,
"JOHN MURRAY."

2. The following letter from Moore explains the answer printed above :—

"MY DEAR BYRON,—If I were to guess from my *dislikes*, as your "other friends have done, I should certainly say that Croker was the "man, for, tho' he and I have made up our quarrel, it is something "like the reconciliation of Asmodeus with his brother-devil; 'we "embraced, and have hated each other ever since.' But notwith- "standing this, and that I think him quite enough of a *maligno* "*animaletto* to do such a thing, I do not believe it was he. It is not "his style; there would have been more of a brisk flippancy in the "attack, and besides, to give my brother-devil his due, I have heard "him speak of you in terms of admiration rather inconsistant (if any- "thing be inconsistant in such a lick-spittle) with the language of these "*Ana*. I quite agree with Hobhouse, that you are not called upon "to seek the toad in his lurking hole, but, if he should come across "your path, put your foot upon him most certainly. You mistook "me in supposing that I had any idea of avowing the *Bag;* my only "thoughts were about disavowing it for Rogers; without in any way "saddling it upon my shoulders more than it is at present.

"As to Dallas's letter, the statement with respect to the appropria- "tion of the profits of your writings was absolutely called for, and

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town; where no one ever more delighted in seeing you, nor is there any one to whom I would sooner turn for consolation in my most vapourish moments. The truth is, I have "no lack of argument" to ponder upon of the most gloomy description, but this arises from *other* causes. Some day or other, when we are *veterans*, I may tell you a tale of present and past times; and it is not from want of confidence that I do not now,—but—but—always a *but* to the end of the chapter.

There is nothing, however, upon the *spot* either to love or hate;—but I certainly have subjects for both at no very great distance, and am besides embarrassed between *three* whom I know, and one (whose name, at least) I do not know. All this would be very well if I had no heart; but, unluckily, I have found that there is such a thing still about me, though in no very good repair, and, also, that it has a habit of attaching itself to *one* whether I will or no. *Divide et impera*, I begin to think, will only do for politics.

"could not be withheld in justice both to himself and you; and "indeed the explanation gave me particular pleasure, for I may now "tell you that one of the stories, which I was told circulated with "most credit in town, was that you had given the proceeds of the "*Corsair* to me! Yet all this I bore 'well—very well,' rather than "break the sacred silence of contempt with which such things should "be heard by both of us. Indeed, I would not even to you, my "dear Byron, dignify this wretched nonsense with one more mention, "if it had not struck me, from your two last letters, that either this "or something else is making you uncomfortable and out of Spirits. "To tell you it ought not, will do you, I know, but little good, if it "*does*; and therefore all I shall say is that, if by my coming to town "to you, or by doing any thing else in the world that is in my power, "I can either amuse, serve, or in the slightest degree minister to "your comfort, I am heartily ready at a minute's notice—too happy "if you can discover (what I cannot flatter myself enough to find out) "any one way in which I can be made useful to you. If I am, after "all, mistaken, and you are not suffering any unusual uneasiness of "mind, pray lose no time in telling me so, for I feel very anxious "about you.

"Ever yours,
"T. MOORE."

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If I discover the "toad," as you call him, I shall "tread,"—and put spikes in my shoes to do it more effectually. The effect of all these fine things I do not inquire much nor perceive. I believe * * felt them more than either of us. People are civil enough, and I have had no dearth of invitations,—none of which, however, I have accepted. I went out very little last year, and mean to go about still less. I have no passion for circles, and have long regretted that I ever gave way to what is called a town life;—which, of all the lives I ever saw (and they are nearly as many as Plutarch's), seems to me to leave the least for the past and future.

How proceeds the poem? Do not neglect it, and I have no fears. I need not say to you that your fame is dear to me,—I really might say *dearer* than my own; for I have lately begun to think my things have been strangely over-rated; and, at any rate, whether or not, I have done with them for ever. I may say to you what I would not say to every body, that the last two were written, *The Bride* in four, and *The Corsair* in ten days, —which I take to be a most humiliating confession, as it proves my own want of judgment in publishing, and the public's in reading things, which cannot have stamina for permanent attention. "So much for Buck-"ingham."[1]

I have no dread of your being too hasty, and I have still less of your failing. But I think a *year* a very fair allotment of time to a composition which is not to be Epic; and even Horace's "*Nonum prematur*"[2] must have been intended for the Millennium, or some longer-lived

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the letter. Peace be with you! Remember that I am always and most truly yours, etc.

P.S.—I never heard the "report" you mention, nor, I dare say, many others. But, in course, you, as well as others, have "damned good-natured friends,"[1] who do their duty in the usual way. One thing will make you laugh. * * * *

425.—To Thomas Moore.

March 12, 1814.

Guess darkly, and you will seldom err. At present, I shall say no more, and, perhaps—but no matter. I hope we shall some day meet, and whatever years may precede or succeed it, I shall mark it with the "white "stone"[2] in my calendar. I am not sure that I shall not soon be in your neighbourhood again. If so, and I am alone (as will probably be the case), I shall invade and carry you off, and endeavour to atone for sorry fare by a sincere welcome. I don't know the person absent (barring "the sect") I should be so glad to see again.

I have nothing of the sort you mention but *the lines* (the Weepers), if you like to have them in the *Bag*. I wish to give them all possible circulation. The *Vault*[3]

1. *Sir Fretful Plagiary:* "And if it is abuse, why one is always "sure to hear of it from one damned good-natured friend or "another" (*The Critic*, act i. sc. 1).

2. "O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo!" (Pliny, *Ep.* 6. 11). See also Hor., *Sat.*, ii. 3. 246, "Cretâ an "carbone notandi?" and Persius, *Sat.*, ii. 1, "Hunc, Macrine, "diem numera meliore lapillo."

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reflection is downright actionable, and to print it would be peril to the publisher; but I think the Tears have a natural right to be bagged, and the editor (whoever he may be) might supply a facetious note or not, as he pleased.

I cannot conceive how the *Vault* has got about,—but so it is. It is too *farouche;* but, truth to say, my satires are not very playful. I have the plan of an epistle in my head, *at* him and *to* him; and, if they are not a little quieter, I shall embody it. I should say little or nothing of *myself.* As to mirth and ridicule, that is out of my way; but I have a tolerable fund of sternness and contempt, and, with Juvenal before me, I shall perhaps read him a lecture he has not lately heard in the Cabinet. From particular circumstances, which came to my knowledge almost by accident, I could "tell him what he is—"I know him well."

I meant, my dear M., to write to you a long letter, but I am hurried, and time clips my inclination down to

Yours, etc.

P.S.—*Think again* before you *shelf* your poem. There is a youngster, (older than me, by the by, but a younger poet,) Mr. G. Knight, with a volume of Eastern Tales, written since his return,—for he has been in the countries. He sent to me last summer, and I advised him to write one in *each measure,* without any intention, at that time, of doing the same thing. Since that, from a habit of writing in a fever, I have anticipated him in the variety of measures, but quite unintentionally. Of the stories, I know nothing, not having seen them;[1] but *he*

1. Byron was not yet aware, it appears, that the anonymous manuscript (see *Letters,* vol. ii. p. 299, *note* 1) sent to him by his publisher was from the pen of Knight. The following passage from

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has some lady in a sack, too, like *The Giaour*:—he told me at the time.

The best way to make the public "forget" me is to remind them of yourself. You cannot suppose that *I* would ask you or advise you to publish, if I thought you would *fail*. I really have *no* literary envy; and I do not believe a friend's success ever sat nearer another than yours does to my best wishes. It is for *elderly gentlemen* to "bear no brother near," and cannot become our disease for more years than we may perhaps number. I wish you to be out before Eastern subjects are again before the public.

Knight's letter to Byron, dated March 21, 1813, refers to the proposed poem:—

"You will doubtless be surprized at the receipt of a letter from "me, but, I trust, when you have read it, you will acquit me of the "charge of unwarrantable intrusion.

"Rumour has said that you have lately been employd in the "celebration of a *Janina* story. What is that to me? you will "naturally exclaim, and what business have I to ask any questions "on the subject? The point is this. During the long hours of a "wearisome confinement *I* have *also* been endeavouring to amuse "the time with the versification of a *Janina* story, and I am anxious "to know whether, as we ranged over the same manor, we have put "up the same Game? So far am I from having the vanity to wish "to enter the lists with you and break a lance in honor of the same "Lady, that if I found we had been engaged on the same subject, I "would at once fly further East, and chuse another. I don't ask "you to tell me *what* your subject *is*. I will tell you *mine*, and you "will perhaps have the goodness to inform me whether we have or "have not *clash'd*. My story is one which I dare say you heard, "as I did, in Albania—the adventures of a certain Miss Phrosyne, "whom Ali Pasha wish'd to get into his Haram, but her relations "put her to death, to save her from infamy. The said Ali's cruelties "have given rise to so many tragedies that very likely you have "chosen another."

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426.—To John Murray.

March 12, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have not time to read the whole MS.,[1] but what I have seen seems very well written (both *prose* and *verse*), and, though I am and can be no judge (at least a *fair* one on this subject), containing nothing which you *ought* to hesitate publishing upon *my* account. If the author is not Dr. *Busby*[2] himself, I think it a pity, on his *own* account, that he should dedicate it to his subscribers; nor can I perceive what Dr. B. has to do with the matter except as a translator of Lucretius, for whose doctrines he is surely not responsible. I tell you openly, and really most sincerely, that, if published at all, there is no earthly reason why you should *not;* on the contrary, I should receive it as the fairest compliment *you* could pay to your good opinion of my candour, to print and circulate that or any other work, attacking me in a manly manner, and without any malicious intention, from which, as far as I have seen, I must exonerate this writer.

He is wrong in one thing—*I* am no *Atheist;* but if he thinks I have published principles tending to such opinions, he has a perfect right to controvert them. Pray publish it; I shall never forgive myself if I think that I have prevented you.

Make my compliments to the Author, and tell him I wish him success: his verse is very deserving

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of it; and I shall be the last person to suspect his motives.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—If *you* do not publish it, some one else will. You cannot suppose me so *narrow*-minded as to shrink from discussion. I repeat once for all, that I think it a good poem (as far as I have redde); and that is the only point *you* should consider. How odd that *eight lines* should have given birth, I really think, to *eight thousand*, including *all* that has been said, and will be on the subject!

427.—To Charles Hanson.

March 30th, 1814.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—All words are useless,[1] but I think your own manliness of mind will support you, the more so as others will require the consolation from you which the helplessness of their sex more especially demands at such a moment.

Whenever your father and yourself feel it proper and desire to see me, I shall wait upon you.

Till then, believe me,

Your afflicted and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

428.—To John Murray.

April 9, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—All these news are very fine; but never-

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to be found for me,—if only to lend them to (Napoleon), in the "Island of Elba," during his retirement. I also (if convenient, and you have no party with you), should be glad to speak with you, for a few minutes, this evening, as I have had a letter from Mr. Moore, and wish to ask you, as the best judge, of the best time for him to publish the work he has composed. I need not say that I have his success much at heart; not only because he is my friend, but something much better—a man of great talent, of which he is less sensible than I believe any even of his enemies. If you can so far oblige me as to step down, do so; and if you are otherwise occupied, say nothing about it. I shall find you at home in the course of next week.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—I see Sotheby's tragedies[1] advertized. The D[eath] of Darnley is a famous subject—one of the best, I should think, for the Drama. Pray let me have a copy when ready.

Mrs. L[eigh] was very much pleased with her books, and desired me to thank you; she means, I believe, to write to you her acknowledgments.

1. Sotheby published, in 1814, *Five Tragedies*. The plays were "The Confession," "Orestes," "Ivan," "The Death of Darnley," "Zamorin and Zama." "Orestes" was, according to Byron, the best—

> "And Sotheby, with his 'Orestes,'
> (Which, by the by, the author's best is),

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429.—To Thomas Moore.

2, Albany, April 9, 1814.

Viscount Althorpe is about to be married,[1] and I have gotten his spacious bachelor apartments in Albany, to which you will, I hope, address a speedy answer to this mine epistle.

I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking, and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no *real* water being admitted therein. There was a night for you! without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so,—I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution.

I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry, if any one will have me. In the mean time, the other day I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and *in*digested for I don't know how long; but that is by the by. All this gourmandise was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year, but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast. I have been, and am, in very tolerable love; but of that hereafter as it may be.

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My dear Moore, say what you will in your preface; and quiz any thing or any body,—me if you like it. Oons! dost thou think me of the *old*, or rather *elderly* school? If one can't jest with one's friends, with whom can we be facetious? You have nothing to fear from * *, whom I have not seen, being out of town when he called. He will be very correct, smooth, and all that, but I doubt whether there will be any "grace beyond the reach of "art;"[1]—and, whether there is or not, how long will you be so damned modest? As for Jeffrey, it is a very handsome thing of him to speak well of an old antagonist,—and what a mean mind dared not do. Any one will revoke praise; but—were it not partly my own case—I should say that very few have strength of mind to unsay their censure, or follow it up with praise of other things.

What think you of the review of *Levis?*[2] It beats the *Bag* and my hand-grenade hollow, as an invective, and hath thrown the Court into hysterics, as I hear from very good authority. Have you heard from * * * * * *

No more rhyme for—or rather, *from*—me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer. I have had my day, and there's an end. The utmost I expect, or even wish, is to have it said in the *Biographia Britannica*, that I might perhaps have been a poet, had I gone on and amended. My great comfort is, that the temporary celebrity I have wrung from the world has been in the very teeth of all opinions and prejudices. I have flattered no ruling powers; I have never concealed a single thought that

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tempted me. They can't say I have truckled to the times, nor to popular topics, (as Johnson, or somebody, said of Cleveland,) and whatever I have gained has been at the expenditure of as much *personal* favour as possible; for I do believe never was a bard more unpopular, *quoad homo*, than myself. And now I have done;—*ludite nunc alios*.[1] Every body may be damned, as they seem fond of it, and resolve to stickle lustily for endless brimstone.

Oh—by the by, I had nearly forgot. There is a long poem, an *Anti-Byron*, coming out, to prove that I have formed a conspiracy to overthrow, by *rhyme*, all religion and government, and have already made great progress! It is not very scurrilous, but serious and ethereal. I never felt myself important, till I saw and heard of my being such a little Voltaire as to induce such a production. Murray would not publish it, for which he was a fool, and so I told him; but some one else will, doubtless. "Something too much of this."[2]

Your French scheme is good, but let it be *Italian;* all the Angles will be at Paris. Let it be Rome, Milan, Naples, Florence, Turin, Venice, or Switzerland, and "egad!" (as Bayes saith,) I will connubiate and join you; and we will write a new *Inferno* in our Paradise. Pray think of this—and I will really buy a wife and a ring, and say the ceremony, and settle near you in a summer-house upon the Arno, or the Po, or the Adriatic.

Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon, has walked off his pedestal. He has abdicated, they say. This would

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draw molten brass from the eyes of Zatanai.[1] What! "kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet and then "be baited by the rabble's curse!"[2] I cannot bear such a crouching catastrophe. I must stick to Sylla, for my modern favourites don't do,—their resignations are of a different kind. All health and prosperity, my dear Moore. Excuse this lengthy letter.

Ever, etc.

P.S.—The *Quarterly* quotes you frequently in an article on America;[3] and every body I know asks perpetually after you and yours. When will you answer them in person?

430.—To John Murray.

April 10, 1814.

I have written an ode on the fall of Napoleon,[4] which, if you like, I will copy out, and make you a present of. Mr. Merivale has seen part of it, and likes it. You may show it to Mr. G[iffor]d, and print it, or not, as you please —it is of no consequence. It contains nothing in *his* favour, and no allusion whatever to our own Government or the Bourbons.

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—It is in the measure of my stanzas at the end of

1. *I.e.* Satan. Compare *The Corsair*, Canto II. line 770.
2. *Macbeth*, act v. sc. 7.
3. An article on Inchiquin's *State of Society in America*, in which the reviewer quoted Moore's description of the city of Washington in 1806—

"That famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;

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Childe Harold, which were much liked, beginning, "And "thou art dead," etc., etc. There are ten stanzas of [it] —ninety lines in all.

431.—To John Murray.

April 10th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—If the enclosed is deemed worth printing by itself, let it be *without* a name, though I have no objection to it's being *said* to be mine. If you could also get it *stopped*, you will oblige,

Yours truly,

BN.

432.—To John Murray.

April 11, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you a letter*et* from Mrs. L[eig]h.

It will be best *not* to put my name to our *Ode;* but you may *say* as openly as you like that it is mine, and I can inscribe it to Mr. Hobhouse, from the *Author*, which will mark it sufficiently. After the resolution of not publishing, though it is a thing of little length and less consequence, it will be better altogether that it is anonymous; but we will incorporate it in the first *tome* of ours that you find time or the wish to publish.

Yours alway,

B.

P.S.—I hope you got a note of alterations, sent this

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Alter "*potent* spell" to "*quickening* spell:" the first (as Polonius says) "is a vile phrase,"[1] and means nothing, besides being common-place and *Rosa-Matildish*.[2]

433.—To John Murray.

April 12, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few notes and trifling alterations, and an additional motto from Gibbon, which you will find *singularly appropriate*. A "Good-natured "friend" tells me there is a most scurrilous attack on *us* in the *Anti-jac. Rw.*,[3] which you have *not* sent. Send it, as I am in that state of languor which will derive benefit from getting into a passion.

Ever yours,

B.

434.—To John Murray.

Al. 12th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad you like it—as I am anxious that the whole should be ready tomorrow perhaps I can have a proof early in the morning—or if you

1. *Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

2. See *Poems* (ed. 1898), vol. i. p. 358, *note* 1, on "Rosa Matilda" and the affectations of the Della Cruscan School.

3. In the *Anti-Jacobin Review* for March, 1814 (pp. 209–237), Byron's poetry is reviewed with great severity. The article begins with a recapitulation of the "Byroniana" in the *Courier*, notices the "fulsome adulation" of Moore in the dedication to *The Corsair*, and then examines in detail *The Corsair*, *The Bride of Abydos*, and the miscellaneous poems published with *The Corsair*. It notices Byron's "strange propensity to familiarize" his mind "with the "most odious characters that a depraved imagination can present;" congratulates "the public, that this is the last poem which they are "likely to be disgusted with, if there be any truth in Lord Byron, "for some years, from a man who writes so loosely, so objection-"ably;" and begs Byron "to examine, impartially, whether he has "written one single sentence worthy to be impressed on the mind "of youth, whether he has composed a single line serviceable to "the cause of religion, morality, or virtue."

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can thoroughly read my detestable scrawl—and could correct *very carefully* the whole yourself, it may save time and do as well without my superintendence.

Yours truly,

B.

435.—To John Murray.

[No date.]

DEAR SIR,—Thanks—if you can get the stanza enclosed in—do. I send you Hunt,[1] with his Ode; the thoughts are good, but the expressions *buckram* except here and there.

Ever yours,

B.

436.—To Thomas Moore.

Albany, April 20, 1814.

I *am* very glad to hear that you are to be transient from Mayfield so very soon, and was taken in by the first part of your letter.[2] Indeed, for aught I know, you

1. Byron refers to Leigh Hunt's "Ode for the Spring of 1814" (*Examiner*, April 17, 1814, p. 251), beginning—

> "The vision then is past,
> That held the eyes of nations,
> Swept in his own careering blast,
> That shook the earth's foundations."

2. "I had begun my letter in the following manner: 'Have you "seen the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*? I suspect it to be either "Fitzgerald's or Rosa Matilda's. Those rapid and masterly portraits "of all the tyrants that preceded Napoleon have a vigour in them "which would incline me to say that Rosa Matilda is the person—"but then, on the other hand, that powerful grasp of history,' etc., "etc. After a little more of this mock parallel, the letter went "on thus: 'I should like to know what *you* think of the matter? "Some friends of mine here will insist that it is the work of the

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may be treating me, as Slipslop says, with "ironing"[1] even now. I shall say nothing of the *shock*, which had nothing of *humeur* in it; as I am apt to take even a critic, and still more a friend, at his word, and never to doubt that I have been writing cursed nonsense, if they say so. There was a mental reservation in my pact with the public,[2] in behalf of *anonymes;* and, even had there not, the provocation was such as to make it physically impossible to pass over this damnable epoch of triumphant tameness. 'Tis a cursed business; and, after all, I shall think higher of rhyme and reason, and very humbly of your heroic people, till—Elba becomes a volcano, and sends him out again.[3] I can't think it all over yet.

My departure for the Continent depends, in some measure, on the *in*continent. I have two country invitations at home, and don't know what to say or do. In the mean time, I have bought a macaw and a parrot, and have got up my books; and I box and fence daily, and go out very little.

At this present writing, Louis the Gouty is wheeling

"forget that *you* promised, about a month or two ago, not to write "any more for years. Seriously,' etc., etc.

"I quote this foolish banter merely to show how safely, even on "his most sensitive points, one might venture to jest with him" (Moore).

1. Fielding's *Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, Bk. I. chap. vi. "Yes, madam!" replied Mrs. Slipslop, with some warmth, "Do "you intend to result my passion? Is it not enough, ungrateful as "you are, to make no return to all the favours I have done you, but "you must treat me with ironing? Barbarous monster! how have "I deserved that my passion should be resulted and treated with "ironing?"

2. "D'Argenson encouraged Voltaire to break a similar vow: "'Continue to write without fear for five and twenty years longer, "but write poetry, notwithstanding your oath in the preface to "Newton'" (Moore).

3. Buonaparte reached Elba the 4th of May, 1814, and escaped from it on the 26th of February, 1815.

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in triumph into Piccadilly,[1] in all the pomp and rabblement of royalty. I had an offer of seats to see them

1. On Wednesday, April 20, 1814, Louis XVIII. left Hartwell, escorted by the Prince Regent, and made his triumphal entry into London. The procession started from the Abercorn Arms Inn, where the prince met the king. The following description is taken from the *Examiner* for Sunday, April 24:—

"The Prince Regent arrived at the Abercorn Arms Inn, at Stanmore, about two o'clock, where the procession was to proceed from. The town of Stanmore exhibited a most novel sight,—there was hardly a house but exhibited the emblems of white,—some actually displayed sheets and pillow cases. The principal part of the Nobility and Gentry of that part of the country, went on horseback a mile out of the town to accompany Louis XVIII. into Stanmore; and when the King had got within a short distance of the town, the populace, who had become extremely numerous, took the horses from his carriage, and drew him into the town. On the arrival of the carriage at the Abercorn Arms Inn, the King was so infirm that he was lifted out of the carriage by his servants; the Prince Regent was at the door of the Inn in readiness to receive his Majesty: they conversed in French.—The King was dressed in the uniform of a Marshal of France. The Prince Regent was dressed in a Field-Marshal's uniform, with his Russian and English Orders. The procession began to move in the following order, at twenty minutes past three o'clock:—

"One Hundred Gentlemen on horseback.
"Horse Trumpeters, in their splendid gold lace dress.
"A numerous party of the Royal Horse Guards.
"Six Royal Carriages, the Servants with White Cockades.
"An Outrider to each carriage.
"A party of the Royal Horse Guards.

"*First Carriage.*—The great Officers of the French Crown, the Dukes of D'Havre and De Grammont, Captains of his Majesty's Guards: Count de Blacas, Grand Master of the Wardrobe; Chevalier de Riviere, his Majesty's First Equerry. *2d Carriage.*—The King of France, the Prince Regent, the Duchess of Angouleme, the Prince of Conde. *3d Carriage.*—The Duke of Bourbon. *4th Carriage.*—The Duchess of Angouleme's Ladies of Honour. *5th Carriage.*—Equerries of his Majesty. *6th Carriage.*—Other Officers of the Royal Household.

"An Officer of the Royal Horse Guards rode at each window, and a numerous party of horse closed the procession. They proceeded at a slow trot till they came to Kilburn, when they commenced a [illegible]

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pass; but, as I have seen a Sultan going to mosque, and been at *his* reception of an ambassador, the Most Christian King "hath no attractions for me:"—though in some coming year of the Hegira, I should not dislike to see the place where he *had* reigned, shortly after the second revolution, and a happy sovereignty of two months, the last six weeks being civil war.

Pray write, and deem me ever, etc.

437.—To John Murray.

April 21, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Many thanks with the letters which I return. You know I am a jacobin, and could not wear white, nor see the installation of Louis the gouty.

This is sad news, and very hard upon the sufferers at any, but more at *such* a time—I mean the Bayonne Sortie.[1]

You should *urge* Moore to come *out.*

Ever yours,

B.

"pace, amidst the shouts of the populace. A little before six the "cavalcade arrived at Greillon's Hotel, Albemarle-street. As the "carriage with the cream-coloured horses approached, in which were "his Majesty Louis the XVIII. and his Royal Highness the Prince "Regent, the people unanimously huzzaed, the ladies from the "windows waved their handkerchiefs. His Majesty had hold of the "Prince's arm, who conducted him to the principal parlour; on his "arrival there he found himself much overcome with fatigue; an "arm chair was brought, in which his Majesty seated himself, the "Duke of York on his left, his Royal Highness the Prince Regent "and the Duchess D'Angouleme on his right, the Prince de Conde and "the Duc de Bourbon facing him, with all his suite surrounding him. "The Marquis of Hertford and the Earl of Cholmondeley were "behind the chair; the Austrian, Spanish, Russian, and Portuguese "Ambassadors, with all the Ministers, were present," etc., etc.

1. The *sortie* from the citadel of Bayonne, April 14, 1814.

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P.S.—I want *Moreri*[1] to purchase for good and all. I have a Bayle,[2] but want M[oreri too].

P.S.—Perry hath a piece of compliment to-day; but I think the *name* might have been as well omitted.[3] No matter; they can but throw the old story of inconsistency in my teeth—let them,—I mean, as to *not* publishing. However, *now* I will keep my word. Nothing but the occasion, which was *physically* irresistible, made me swerve; and I thought an *anonyme* within my *pact* with the public. It is the only thing I have or shall set about.

438.—To John Murray.

April 22nd, 1814.

I think you told me that you wanted some smaller poems for the small Edition you intended some time or other to print. For this purpose I transmit you the

1. Louis Moreri (1643–1680) published his *Grand Dictionnaire historique* in 1674; an edition in ten folio volumes was published at Paris in 1759, and this is the one which Byron possessed, as is shown by his Sale Catalogue.

2. Pierre Bayle (1647–1706) published the first edition of his *Dictionnaire historique et critique* in 1697. Byron's copy is thus entered in the Sale Catalogue of his books, April 5, 1816: "General Dictionary, Historical and Critical, including Bayle, 10 "vol. half bound, uncut, 1734."

3. "Lord Byron has written a very beautiful *Ode to Napoleon* "*Buonaparte*. The noble poet speaks with becoming indignation "of the manner in which the tyrant has borne himself in his fall." —*Morning Chronicle* for April 21.

The *Ode* is highly praised in the *Anti-Jacobin* for May, 1814, where it is reviewed with two other publications of Murray—Stratford Canning's *Bonaparte, a Poem*, and J. H. Merivale's *Ode on the Deliverance of Europe*. Leigh Hunt, in the *Examiner* (April 24, 1814), combats Byron's condemnation of Buonaparte for not dying "as honour dies." "We have been induced," he writes, "to "say a word or two more upon this point by the publication of an "Ode to Napoleon, attributed to a celebrated young Nobleman, and "bearing evident marks of his strong way of putting things," etc., etc.

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enclosed, and if I can find, or create, any more, you shall have them.

Yours ever,

B.

439.—To John Murray.

April 23, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a poem as sent to me in MS. for criticism, with the Author's letter, and will feel obliged if you will send it back to the man tomorrow (see his address in the letter) with any or no answer.

The title and Subject would be thought original; but in Rochester's poems mention is made of a *play* with the like delicate appellation.

Who the man is I know not; by his letter he seems silly, and by his poem, insane.

Ever yours,

B.

440.—To John Murray.

April 25, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Let Mr. G[ifford] have the letter and return it at his leisure. I would have offered it, had I thought that he liked things of the kind.

Do you want the last page *immediately?* I have doubts about the lines being worth printing; at any rate, I must see them again and alter some passages, before

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or three for the Ode, that might answer the purpose better.[1] At all events, I *must* see the lines again *first*, as there be two I have altered in my mind's manuscript already. Has any one seen and judged of them? that is the criterion by which I will abide—only give me a *fair* report, and "nothing extenuate,"[2] as I will in that case do something else. Ever, etc.

I want *Moreri*, and an *Athenæus*.[3]

441.—To John Murray.

April 26, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I have been thinking that it might be as well to publish no more of the Ode separately, but incorporate it with any of the other things, and include the smaller poem too (in that case)—which I must previously correct, nevertheless. I can't, for the head of me, add a line worth scribbling; my "vein" is quite gone, and my present occupations are of the gymnastic order —boxing and fencing—and my principal conversation is with my Maccaw[4] and Bayle. I want my Moreri, and I want Athenæus.

Yours always,

B.

1. Murray had asked Byron to make some addition to the *Ode*, so as to save the stamp duty imposed upon publications not exceeding a single sheet; and he afterwards added, in successive editions, five or six stanzas, the original number being but eleven. Three more stanzas, which he never printed, contain a tribute to Washington.

2. *Othello*, act v. sc. 2.

3. Athenæus, born at Naucratis, in Egypt, flourished about the beginning of the third century. His *Deipnosophists* is one of the

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P.S.—I hope you sent back that poetical packet to the address which I forwarded to you on Sunday: if not, pray do; or I shall have the author screaming after his Epic.

442.—To John Murray.

April 26, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I have no guess at your author,—but it is a noble poem,[1] and worth a thousand odes of anybody's. I suppose I may keep this copy;—after reading it, I really regret having written my own. I say this very sincerely, albeit unused to think humbly of myself.

I don't like the additional stanzas *at all*, and they had better be left out. The fact is, I can't do any thing I am asked to do, however gladly I *would;* and at the end of a week my interest in a composition goes off. This will account to you for my doing no better for your "stamp duty" Postscript.

The S. R. is very civil—but what do they mean by *Childe Harold* resembling *Marmion?* and the next *two*, *G[iaou]r* and *B[rid]e*, *not* resembling Scott? I certainly never intended to copy him; but, if there be any

"beautiful parrots with which, during the intervals of his writing, he "(Byron) used commonly to amuse himself. . . . My attention was "one morning particularly attracted in witnessing the patience of "Lord Byron, when assailed by one of his favourite birds. I was "leaving the room, accompanied to the door by his Lordship, "when one of them lighted upon his foot, which it lacerated till the "blood flowed copiously; instead of being excited by the pain pro- "duced, his Lordship was only lost in admiration at the strong

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copyism, it must be in the two poems, where the same versification is adopted. However, they exempt *The Corsair* from all resemblance to any thing, though I rather wonder at his escape.

If ever I did any thing original, it was in *Childe Harold*, which *I* prefer to the other things always, after the first week. Yesterday I re-read *E[nglish] B[ar]ds*; —(bating the *malice*) it is the *best*.

Ever yours,

B.

443.—To John Murray.

2, Albany, April 29, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose a draft for the money; when paid, send the copyrights. I release you from the thousand pounds agreed on for *the Giaour* and *Bride*, and there's an end.

If any accident occurs to me, you may do then as you please; but, with the exception of two copies of each for *yourself* only, I expect and request that the advertisements be withdrawn, and the remaining copies of *all* destroyed; and any expense so incurred I will be glad to defray.

For all this, it may be as well to assign some reason. I have none to give, except my own caprice, and I do not consider the circumstance of consequence enough to require explanation.

In course, I need hardly assure you that they never shall be published with my consent, directly, or indirectly, by any other person whatsoever, and that I am perfectly satisfied, and have every reason so to be, with your conduct in all transactions between us as publisher and author.

It will give me great pleasure to preserve your

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acquaintance, and to consider you as my friend. Believe me very truly, and for much attention,

Your obliged and very obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—I do not think that I have overdrawn at Hammersley's; but if *that* be the case, I can draw for the superflux on Hoare's. The draft is 5*l.* short, but that I will make up. On payment—*not* before—return the copyright papers.

444.—To John Murray.

May 1, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—If your present note is serious, and it really would be inconvenient, there is an end of the matter; tear my draft, and go on as usual: in that case, we will recur to our former basis. That *I* was perfectly *serious*, in wishing to suppress all future publication is true; but certainly not to interfere with the convenience of others, and more particularly your own. Some day, I will tell you the reason of this apparently strange resolution. At present, it may be enough to say that I recall it at your suggestion; and as it appears to have annoyed you, I lose no time in saying so.

Yours truly,

B.

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CHAPTER X.

MAY—DECEMBER, 1814.

LARA—ENGAGEMENT TO MISS MILBANKE.

445.—To Thomas Moore.

May 4, 1814.

"Last night we supp'd at R—fe's [1] board," etc.[2]

* * * * * * * I wish people would not shirk their *dinners*—ought it not to have been a dinner?[3]—and that damned anchovy sandwich!

That plaguy voice of yours made me sentimental, and almost fall in love with a girl who was recommending herself, during your song, by *hating* music. But the song is past, and my passion can wait, till the *pucelle* is more harmonious.

Do you go to Lady Jersey's to-night? It is a large

1. George Augustus Henry Anne Parkyns, second Baron Rancliffe, at this time M.P. for Nottingham, died in 1850, without issue, and the peerage became extinct. He married, in 1807, Lady Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of the sixth Earl of Granard. She died in 1852.

2. "An epigram here followed, which, as founded on a scriptural allusion, I thought it better to omit" (Moore).

3. "We had been invited by Lord R. to dine *after* the play.—

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party, and you won't be bored into "softening rocks,"[1] and all that. *Othello* is to-morrow and Saturday too. Which day shall we go? When shall I see you? If you call, let it be after three, and as near four as you please.

Ever, etc.

446.—To Thomas Moore.

May 4, 1814.

DEAR TOM,—Thou hast asked me for a song, and I enclose you an experiment, which has cost me something more than trouble, and is, therefore, less likely to be worth your taking any in your proposed setting.[2] Now, if it be so, throw it into the fire without *phrase*.

Ever yours,

BYRON.

447.—To Thomas Moore.

May 5, 1814.

Do you go to the Lady Cahir's[3] this even? If you do go—and whenever we are bound to the same follies

1. "For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones."
Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii. sc. 2.

2. "I had begged of him to write something for me to set to "music" (Moore). With the letter were enclosed the five stanzas beginning—

"I speak not, I trace not, I breathe not thy name;
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt in the fame;
But the tear which now burns on my cheek may impart
The deep thoughts that dwell in that silence of heart."

3. Emily, daughter of James St. John Jefferies, of Blarney Castle, co. Cork, married, in 1793, Richard Butler, Baron Caher of Ireland. Byron used to call her Lady Blarney. In 1816 Lord Caher was created Earl of Glengall. Lady Glengall died in 1836, at the age of 69.

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—let us embark in the same *Shippe of Fooles*.[1] I have been up till five, and up at nine; and feel heavy with only winking for the last three or four nights.

I lost my party and place at supper trying to keep out of the way of * * * *. I would have gone away altogether, but that would have appeared a worse affectation than t'other. You are of course engaged to dinner, or we may go quietly together to my box at Covent Garden, and afterwards to this assemblage. Why did you go away so soon?

Ever, etc.

P.S.—*Ought not* Rancliffe's supper to have been a dinner? Jackson is here, and I must fatigue myself into spirits.

448.—To Thomas Moore.

Sunday matin.

Was not Iago[2] perfection? particularly the last look. I was *close* to him (in the orchestra), and never saw an English countenance half so expressive.

I am acquainted with no *im*material sensuality so delightful as good acting; and, as it is fitting there should be good plays, now and then, besides Shakspeare's, I

1. *Das Narrenschyff* of Sebastian Brandt (1458–1521), published at Basle in 1494, was translated from Locher's Latin version (*Stultifera Navis*, 1497) by Alexander Barclay (1475?–1552), and published by Pynson in 1509, under the title of *The Shyp of Folys of the Worlde*.

2. Kean acted "Iago" in *Othello* at Drury Lane, May 7, 14, and 21. "In my humble opinion," writes Michael Kelly (*Remini-*

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wish you or Campbell would write one:—the rest of "us "youth" have not heart enough.

You were cut up in the *Champion*[1]—is it not so? this day so am I—even to *shocking* the editor. The critic writes well; and as, at present, poesy is not my passion predominant, and my snake of Aaron has swallowed up all the other serpents, I don't feel fractious. I send you the paper, which I mean to take in for the future. We go to M.'s together. Perhaps I shall see you before, but don't let me *bore* you, now nor ever.

Ever, as now, truly and affectionately, etc.

449.—To Thomas Moore.

[Undated.]

Will you and Rogers come to my box at Covent, then? I shall be there, and none else—or I won't be there, if you *twain* would like to go without me. You

1. The *Champion* published a series of literary portraits. That on Moore appeared February 27, 1814. The portrait of Byron, May 7, 1814 (p. 1501, *et seqq.*), is prefaced by an editorial note, in which the editor disagrees with the criticism of his correspondent, *Strada*. The following passages are extracted from the portrait:—

"It remained for Lord Byron to combine the hitherto incompatible "qualities of the selfish misanthrope and the lover of poetry, to "convert the best gift of Heaven into a vehicle of savage ill-nature, "and to change the muse of Parnassus into the furies of Tartarus. . . . "One cannot express sufficient scorn and indignation for the mock-"sorrows of a *Childe Harold*, who, in the full vigour of healthful "youth, is made to traverse the fairest scenes of creation, merely to "pollute them with the breathings of discontent; and who surveys "the noblest actions of man with the eye which Satan cast on the "innocence of Paradise. . . . His lordship's other poems have not "the same offensive peculiarities. Yet there is in all a very bad "moral taste. . . . The late poem on Bonaparte is still worse, for "it shows that his lordship's admiration of that unique, ceases at the "point where he begins to be at all admirable. . . . After all, this "puerile taste is the result of impetuous feeling rather than of calm "thinking; and as his lordship has promised to wait some years "before he again comes before the world, we may reasonably hope "that his passions will be somewhat abated, and his understanding "liberalized into juster views of things," etc., etc.

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will not get so good a place hustling among the publican *boxers*, with damnable apprentices (six feet high) on a back row. Will you both oblige me and come,—or one —or neither—or, what you will?

P.S.—An you will, I will call for you at half-past six, or any time of your own dial.

450.—To Thomas Moore.

[Undated.]

I have gotten a box for *Othello* to-night, and send the ticket for your friends the Rancliffes. I seriously recommend to you to recommend to them to go for half an hour, if only to see the third act—they will not easily have another opportunity. We—at least, I—cannot be there, so there will be no one in their way. Will you give or send it to them? it will come with a better grace from you than me.

I am in no good plight, but will dine at * *'s with you, if I can. There is music and Covent-g.

Will you go, at all events, to my box there afterwards, to see a *début* of a young 16[1] in the *Child of Nature*?

1. Maria Foote (circ. 1797–1867), after acting at Plymouth, made her first appearance in London on May 26, 1814, at Covent Garden, as "Amanthis" in Mrs. Inchbald's *Child of Nature* (first produced at Covent Garden, November 28, 1788). Miss Foote's beauty, dancing, and musical gifts made her a popular actress; but she never reached a high rank in her profession. Genest (*English Stage*, vol. ix. pp. 358, 359), describing the opposition which she met at Bath, in 1826, as "Letitia Hardy" in the *Belle's Stratagem*, and "Rosalind" in *As You Like It*, says, "She was a very pretty "woman and a very pleasing actress, but never would have travelled "about as a *Star*, if it had not been for circumstances totally uncon- "nected with the stage." She had two children by Colonel Berkeley, and the story is told in *Fits Allen of Berkeley, a Romance of the Present Times*, by Bernard Blackmantle (Westmacott), published

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451.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

May 9th, 1814.

DEAREST A.,—I enclose you Hammersley's answer. I have money at Hoare's, and more coming in soon, so don't mind me.[1] You can't be off of this sum now, and I heartily hope it may be useful and adequate to the occasion.

Now, don't "affront" me by any more scruples.

Ever yours,

B.

452.—To Thomas Moore.

May 18, 1814.

Thanks—and punctuality. *What* has passed at * * * *'s House? I suppose that *I* am to know, and "*pars fui*" of the conference. I regret that your * * * *s will detain you so late, but I suppose you will be at Lady Jersey's. I am going earlier with Hobhouse. You recollect that to-morrow we sup and see Kean.

P.S.—*Two* to-morrow is the hour of pugilism.

453.—To Thomas Moore.

May 23, 1814.

I must send you the Java government gazette[2] of July 3d, 1813, just sent to me by Murray. Only think of *our*

1. About this time Byron lent, or rather gave, Mrs. Leigh, whose

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(for it is you and I) setting paper warriors in array in the Indian seas. Does not this sound like fame—something almost like *posterity*? It is something to have scribblers squabbling about us 5000 miles off, while we are agreeing so well at home. Bring it with you in your pocket;—it will make you laugh, as it hath me.

Ever yours,

B.

P.S.—Oh the anecdote! * * *

454.—To the Countess of Jersey.[1]

May 29, 1814.

DEAR LADY JERSEY,—Don't be very angry with me. I send you something, of which, if ill done, the shame can only be mine. No one has seen them, and they were begun and finished since ten o'clock to-night, so that, whether good or bad, they were done in good

"Grey in Portman Square, I pulled out a *Java Gazette* (which "Murray had sent to me), in which there was a controversy on our "respective merits as poets. It was amusing enough that we should "be proceeding peaceably to the same table while they were "squabbling about us in the Indian seas (to be sure the paper was "dated six months before), and filling columns with Batavian "criticism. But this is fame, I presume."

1. With this letter was enclosed the *Condolatory Address* "On "the Occasion of the Prince Regent Returning her Picture to Mrs. "Mee." The lines were afterwards printed, without Byron's leave, in the *Champion* for July 31, 1814, and thence copied into the *Morning Chronicle*. The following letter from Lady Jersey suggests the way in which the lines may have reached the printers without her knowledge:—

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I am in such distress, but you and "you only can relieve me. Those beautiful verses you sent me I

earnest. Do with them what you please; whether they amuse your friends or light your fire, I shall be quite content, so they don't offend *you*.

Ever yours,

BYRON.

455.—To Thomas Moore.

May 31, 1814.

As I shall probably not see you here to-day, I write to request that, if not inconvenient to yourself, you will stay in town till *Sunday;* if not to gratify me, yet to please a great many others, who will be very sorry to lose you. As for myself, I can only repeat that I wish you would either remain a long time with us, or not come at all; for these *snatches* of society make the subsequent separations bitterer than ever.

I believe you think that I have not been quite fair with that Alpha and Omega of beauty, etc. with whom you would willingly have united me.[1] But if you consider what her sister said on the subject, you will less wonder that my pride should have taken the alarm; particularly as nothing but the every-day flirtation of every-day people ever occurred between your heroine and myself. Had Lady [Rancliffe?] appeared to wish it—or even *not* to oppose it—I would have gone on, and very possibly married (that is, *if* the other had been equally accordant) with the same indifference which has frozen over the "Black Sea" of almost all my passions. It is that very

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disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest even, *stop* me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have done some impudent things too, in my time; and in almost all cases, opposition is a stimulus. In mine, it is not; if a straw were in my way, I could not stoop to pick it up.

I have sent this long tirade, because I would not have you suppose that I have been *trifling* designedly with you or others. If you think so, in the name of St. Hubert (the patron of antlers and hunters) let me be married out of hand—I don't care to whom, so it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the day time.

Ever, etc.

456.—To Samuel Rogers.

June 9, 1814.

I am always obliged to trouble you with my awkwardnesses, and now I have a fresh one. Mr. W.[1] called

1. Francis Wrangham (1769–1843), the son of a large farmer near Malton, was in 1790 Third Wrangler, second Smith's Prizeman, and Chancellor's Senior Classical Medallist. Taking orders, he became Archdeacon of Cleveland (1820–28); Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire (1828); Prebend of York (1823) and of Chester (1825), in which diocese he also held the rectory of Dodleston. He was the author of numerous works—translations from Petrarch, Terence, Homer; original poems, sermons, and archidiaconal charges. The following may be mentioned: *The Destruction of Babylon, a Poem* (1795); *Epigrams* (signed X, *i.e.* F. W.) (1800); *Trafalgar, a Song* (1805); editions of *Langhorne's Plutarch's Lives* (1808), and of *The British Plutarch* (1812 and 1816); *The Death of Saul and Jonathan, a Poem* (1813); *Forty Sonnets from Petrarch* (1817); *The Lyrics of Horace* (1821), etc., etc. His letter to Byron, which probably elicited Byron's letter to Rogers, is as follows:—

"Hunmanby, nr. Bridlington, June 30, 1814.

"My Lord,—If I did not feel it to be presumptuous to complain of the remission of a kindness, of which I had not originally any right to expect the exercise, I perhaps should venture to ask your Lordship why, after flattering me with the assurance (most

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on me several times, and I have missed the honour of making his acquaintance, which I regret, but which *you*, who know my desultory and uncertain habits, will not wonder at, and will, I am sure, attribute to any thing but a wish to offend a person who has shown me much kindness, and possesses character and talents entitled to general respect. My mornings are late, and passed in fencing and boxing, and a variety of most unpoetical exercises, very wholesome, etc., but would be very disagreeable to my friends, whom I am obliged to exclude during their operation. I never go out till the evening,

"undeserved, indeed, on my part) of your wish to know me, you did "not indulge me with that opportunity of introduction which my "late visit to London afforded, and which in truth constituted in "anticipation one of its brightest features. It was not that I called "more than once at your door without admission; for that might "have arisen, not only from the rustic unseasonableness of my "calls, but also from the dislocated state of society during the "very tumultuous period of my short stay in town. Neither "could I count with certainty upon meeting your Lordship at any "of the three or four great houses, where alone I had either the "wish or the happiness to be received—Lord Grantham's or Lord "Lansdowne's, Lady Townshend's or the Archbishop of York's. "For to you so many great doors must be ever open, and you still "more probably enter so few, that I was prepared to rely, principally, "for the pleasure of becoming known to your Lordship, upon the "casualty of being let in at the Albany, or the kind intervention of "Mr. Rogers or some other common friend. But your neglect "of my note, which I trusted would have procured at least a "moment's attention, did, I own, disappoint as much as it hurt me. "If *this* should unfortunately experience a similar destiny, I fear I "must (however reluctantly) conclude that my poor Imitations of "Petrarch—now in Sir Egerton Brydges' hands—are exorcised by "you, as well as their author; and that you are anxious to be "released from the connexion, slight as it may be, implied by a "dedication. Perplexed as I should have found myself how to "characterise one, by whose matchless poetry I had found myself "so entirely fascinated, I shall in that case be spared no incon-

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and I have not been fortunate enough to meet Mr. W. at Lord Lansdowne's or Lord Jersey's, where I had hoped to pay him my respects.

I would have written to him, but a few words from you will go further than all the apologetical sesquipedalities I could muster on the occasion. It is only to say that, without intending it, I contrive to behave very ill to every body, and am very sorry for it.

Ever, dear R., etc.

457.—To Samuel Rogers.

Sunday.

Your non-attendance at Corinne's is very *à propos*, as I was on the eve of sending you an excuse. I do not feel well enough to go there this evening, and have been obliged to despatch an apology. I believe I need not add one for not accepting Mr. Sheridan's invitation on Wednesday, which I fancy both you and I understood in the same sense:—with him the saying of Mirabeau, that "*words* are *things*," [1] is not to be taken literally.

Ever, etc.

I will call for you at a quarter before *seven*, if that will suit you. I return you *Sir Proteus*,[2] and shall merely

1. The expression is used by Byron in *Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza lxxviii.—

"But words are things; and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

2. "Have you seen the dedication to *Sir Proteus?*" asks Rogers, in an undated letter. "These are the shadows of *Good Fame.*"

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add in return, as Johnson said of, and to, somebody or other, "Are we alive after all this censure?" [1]

Believe me, etc.

ΣΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗΑ ΠΟΛΤΤΡΟΠΟΝ. Hic est, quem requiris! London.—Printed for T. Hookham, Junr. and E. T. Hookham, 15 Old Bond Street; 1814.

The book bears the following inscription:—"This Ballad is "inscribed to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, with that deep "conviction of the high value of his praise, and of the fatal import "of his censure, which must necessarily be impressed by the profound "judgment with which his opinions are conceived, the calm delibera-"tion with which they are promulgated, the Protean consistency "with which they are maintained, and the total absence of all undue "bias on their formation from private partiality or personal resent-"ment; with that admiration of his poetical talents, which must be "universally and inevitably felt for versification undecorated with the "meretricious fascinations of harmony, for sentiments unsophisticated "by the delusive ardor of philanthropy, for narrative enveloped in "all the Cimmerian sublimity of the impenetrable obscure."

The satire itself is directed against many of the poets of the day, especially Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge—

"Here to psalm-tunes thy Coleridge sets
His serio-comic lay;
Here his grey Pegasus curvets
Where none can hear him bray."

Moore, Sir John Carr, Walter Scott, the *Quarterly Review*, and the literary world in general, are attacked. The *Edinburgh Review* comes in for its full share of abuse, and the satirist does not omit a reference to its criticism of Pindar's Greek—

"A yellow cap was on his head;
His jacket was sky-blue;

"He wore a cauliflower wig,
With Bubble filled and Squeak;
Where hung behind, like *tail of pig*,
Small Lollypop of Greek."

1. "Once when somebody produced a newspaper, in which there "was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, of which "Johnson himself came in for a share, 'Pray,' said he, 'let us have "it read aloud from beginning to end:' which being done, he with

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458.—To Samuel Rogers.

Tuesday.

MY DEAR ROGERS,—Sheridan was yesterday, at first, too sober to remember your invitation, but in the dregs of the third bottle he fished up his memory, and found that he had a party at home. I left and leave any other day to him and you, save Monday, and some yet undefined dinner at Burdett's. Do you go to-night to Lord Eardley's, and if you do, shall I call for you (anywhere)? it will give me great pleasure.

Ever yours entire,

B.

P.S.—The Staël out-talked Whitbread, overwhelmed his spouse, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphry, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the Red-book, nevertheless,) were mere segments of the circle. Ma'mselle[1] danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression.

459.—To James Wedderburn Webster.

June 11th, 1814.

DEAR W.,—My arrangements with Mr. Claughton are still so undefined, that I am not sure whether I can comply with your request or not. However I will enquire, and, if I have the power, you may depend upon the permission. I did but receive *one note* from you during your last visit to town, and I had been up all night for a week together, and, being at the same time in expectation of seeing you here, or meeting you somewhere, I delayed answering till you were gone. Our avocations seem to have led us different ways, and yet at that time I was a good deal *out*, as it is called.

1. Afterwards Duchesse de Broglie.

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I thank you for your invitation, which you may repeat with great safety, and ever am,

Very truly yours,

B.

P.S.—I hope you settled every thing to your wish with your *M.P.*, and that, if you go over to Newstead, you will pass your time pleasantly.

I shall always be happy to hear that you are doing well.

Your Lady Sitwell[1] has sent me a card for to night, but I shan't go. I have had enough of parties—for this summer at least.

460.—To Thomas Moore.

June 14, 1814.

I *could* be very sentimental now, but I won't. The truth is, that I have been all my life trying to harden my heart, and have not yet quite succeeded—though there are great hopes—and you do not know how it sunk with your departure. What adds to my regret is having seen so little of you during your stay in this crowded desert, where one ought to be able to bear thirst like a camel,—the springs are so few, and most of them so muddy.

1. Sarah Caroline, daughter of James Stovin of Whitgift Hall, Yorkshire, married Sir Sitwell Sitwell (created a baronet in 1808). "I *did* take him," says Wedderburn Webster, in a manuscript note to this letter, "to Lady Sitwell's Party in Seymour road. He there "for the first time saw his cousin, the beautiful Mrs. Wilmot. "When we returned to his rooms in the Albany, he said little, but "desired Fletcher to give him a *tumbler* of *Brandy*, which he drank "at once to Mrs. Wilmot's health, then retired to rest, and was, "I heard afterwards, in a sad state all night. The next day he "wrote those charming lines upon her—

"'She walks in Beauty like the Night
Of cloudless Climes, and starry Skies,' etc., etc."

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The newspapers will tell you all that is to be told of emperors, etc.[1] They have dined, and supped, and

1. From June 6 to June 27, 1814, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, with numerous distinguished foreigners, were in England. People flocked to see them in London from all parts of the country. "It is quite ridiculous how wild London is . . . "every street has its mob . . . No tradesman can get anything "done. . . . We can get no new bread of a morning; no milk "sometimes, as the cows are all frightened out of the Green Park by "the constant huzzas, and many people cannot get their clothes "washed, as the washerwomen work for Princes and Kings" (*Journal of Mary Frampton*, pp. 218–225). Huge crowds watched all day and night outside the Pulteney Hotel (105, Piccadilly), where the Emperor of Russia stayed, and Clarence House, St. James's, where the King of Prussia was lodged. Among the distinguished foreigners in London were Hardenberg, Nesselrode, Metternich, Blucher, and Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks. The two latter were the heroes of the mob. "As for Blucher, he was drawn about "various parts of the town yesterday by the people" (*ibid.*, p. 209). "Blucher and Platoff were the cry, and the populace appeared "ready to eat them up" (*ibid.*, p. 213). "In the evening," writes Miss Berry (*Journal*, vol. iii. pp. 31, 32), "at Lady Castlereagh's. "At the foot of the staircase we met Blucher, who came with Lord "Stuart from a dinner at Carlton House, and Blucher, being the "worse for it, had great difficulty in getting upstairs." "The "Emperor," says Lady Vernon (*Journal of Mary Frampton*, pp. 225, 226), "is fond of dancing, and at Lady Cholmondeley's ball "picked out Mrs. Arbuthnot, and danced two English country "dances with her. He afterwards waltzed with Lady Jersey, whom "he admires, to the great discomposure of the Regent, who has "quarrelled with her. The Emperor went to her ball at two o'clock "in the morning, after returning from Oxford."

In some verses sent to Moore at this time, Byron thus alludes to the foreign visitors—

"The papers have told you, no doubt, of the fusses,
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these Russes—
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coachman to Hetman,—
And what dignity decks the flat face of the great man.
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a party,—
For a prince, his demeanour was rather too hearty.
You know, *we* are used to quite different graces,
* * * * *
The Czar's look, I own, was much brighter and brisker,
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in kersey-
mere breeches whisk'd round in a waltz with the J**,
Who, lovely as ever, seem'd just as delighted
With majesty's presence as those she invited."

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shown their flat faces in all thoroughfares, and several saloons. Their uniforms are very becoming, but rather short in the skirts; and their conversation is a catechism, for which and the answers I refer you to those who have heard it.

I think of leaving town for Newstead soon. If so, I shall not be remote from your recess, and (unless Mrs. M. detains you at home over the caudle-cup and a new cradle) we will meet. You shall come to me, or I to you, as you like it;—but *meet* we will. An invitation from Aston has reached me, but I do not think I shall go. I have also heard of * * *—I should like to see her again, for I have not met her for years; and though "the light that ne'er can shine again" is set, I do not know that "one dear smile like those of old"[1] might not make me for a moment forget the "dulness" of "life's "stream."

I am going to R[ancliffe]'s to-night—to one of those suppers which "*ought* to be dinners." I have hardly seen her, and never *him*, since you set out. I told you, you were the last link of that chain. As for * *, we have not syllabled one another's names since.[2] The post will not permit me to continue my scrawl. More anon.

Ever, dear Moore, etc.

P.S.—Keep the Journal;[3] I care not what becomes of it; and if it has amused you, I am glad that I kept it.

1. "One dear smile like those of old" is the refrain of Moore's ballad, "One dear smile," beginning with—

"Couldst thou look as dear as when
First I sighed for thee!"

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Lara[1] is finished, and I am copying him for my third vol., now collecting;—but *no separate* publication.

461.—To John Murray.

June 14, 1814.

I return your packet of this morning. Have you heard that Bertrand[2] has returned to Paris with the account of Napoleon's having lost his senses? It is a *report;* but, if true, I must, like Mr. Fitzgerald and Jeremiah (of lamentable memory), lay claim to prophecy; that is to say, of saying, that he *ought* to go out of his senses, in the penultimate stanza of a certain Ode,[3]—the which, having been pronounced *nonsense* by several profound critics, has a still further pretension, by its unintelligibility, to inspiration.

Ever yours,
B.

1. *Lara* was published in August, 1814, in a volume with Rogers's *Jacqueline.*

2. Henri Gratien Bertrand (1773-1844) distinguished himself in Egypt, at Austerlitz, Friedland, and Wagram; was made a general, a count, and (1813) *maréchal du palais.* He followed Napoleon to Elba, served as his secretary at St. Helena, and (1840) returned to the island with the Prince de Joinville to bring back to Paris the emperor's remains. Through his wife Fanny, daughter of General Arthur Dillon and Marie de Girardin, he was connected with Mlle. de la Pagerie, afterwards the Empress Josephine. His name occurs frequently in *The Jerningham Letters,* edited by Egerton Castle (2 vols., 1896).

3. The 15th stanza of the *Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte*—

"Unless, like he of Babylon,
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,
Life will not long confine
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—
So long obey'd—so little worth!"

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462.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

June 18th, 1814.

DEAREST A.,—Well, I *can* "judge for myself," and a pretty piece of judgement it is! You shall hear. Last night at Earl Grey's,[1] or rather this *morning* (about 2 by the account of the said Aurora), in one of the cooler rooms, sitting in the corner of a great chair wherein was deposited Lady M., *she* talking Platonics and listening to a different doctrine, I observed Mr. Rogers not far off colloquizing with your friend. Presently he came up and interrupted our duet, and, after different remarks, began upon her and her's. What seized me I know not, but I desired him to introduce me, at which he expressed much good humour.

I stopped him, and said he had better ask her first, and in the mean time, to give her entire option, I walked away to another part of the room separated by a great Screen, so that she had the best opportunity of getting off without the awkwardness of being overheard or seen, etc., etc.; all which I duly considered.

My Goddess of the Arm-chair in the mean time was left to a soliloquy, as she afterwards told me, wondering what Rogers and I were about. To my astonishment, in a moment up comes R. with your little friend at the *pas de charge* of introduction; the bow was made, the curtsey returned, and so far "excellent well," all except the disappearance of the said Rogers, who immediately marched off, leaving us in the middle of a huge apart-

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to say, the Lady began—"a friend of mine,—a great friend "of yours," and stopped. Wondering what the Devil was coming next, I said, "perhaps you mean a relation"—"Oh yes—a relation——" and stopped *again*. Finding this would never do, and being myself beginning to break down into shyness,—she too confused,—I uttered your respectable name, and prattled I know not what syllables, and so on for about 3 minutes; and then how we parted I know not, for never did two people seem to know less what they said or did. Well! we met again 2 or 3 times in passages, etc., where I endeavoured to improve this dialogue into something like sense, still taking you and people she knew (and the dead Marquis of Granby, I believe) for the topics. In this interval she lost her party, and seemed in an agony. "Shall I get your "shawl?" "I have got it" (they were going; by the bye, *La Mère* was not there). "Is it your brother that you "want? he is not gone." "No—but have you seen Lady "or Mrs. Somebody? Oh! there she is"—and away she went!

She is shy as an Antelope, and unluckily as pretty, or we should not remark it. By the bye, I must say that it looked more like *dislike* than shyness; and I do not much wonder—for her first confusion in calling you a *friend*, forgetting the relationship, set me off—not laughing—but in one of our *glows* and stammers, and then all I had heard from you and others of *her* diffidence brought our own similar malady upon me in a double degree.

The only thing is that she might have not been introduced, unless she had liked, as I did not stand near as

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The Duchess of Somerset[1] also, to mend matters, insisted on presenting me to a Princess *Biron*, Duchess of Hohen—God-know's-what, and another person to her two sisters, Birons too. But I flew off, and *would* not, saying I had enough of introductions for that night at least.

Devonshire asked me *twice* (last night) to come to Chiswick[2] on Sunday!—is not *that* a little odd? I have seen Blucher, etc., etc., and was surprized into an introduction, after all, to a Prince Radzivil,[3] a Pole and a Potentate, a good and great man but very like a Butler.

God bless you, my dear.

Ever yours most affectionately,

BYRON.

463.—To John Murray.

June 21, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I suppose *Lara* is gone to the Devil,—which is no great matter, only let me know, that I may be saved the trouble of copying the rest, and put the first

1. Charlotte, second daughter of the ninth Duke of Hamilton, married, in 1800, the eleventh Duke of Somerset.

2. Georgiana, sister of the sixth Duke of Devonshire, married, in 1801, the eldest son of Lord Carlisle. In this relationship with Byron's former guardian lay the oddity of the pressing invitation. On Sunday, June 19, the Duke of Devonshire gave a party at Chiswick, at which were present the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia and his sons, and other celebrities. Miss Berry, who was present, says (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 29), "It rained all the morning, "and was very unsuitable for a *fête champêtre*. . . . On our arrival "we were told that the Duke of Devonshire was not able to appear "on account of his inflamed eye. His two sisters and their "husbands did the honours admirably, etc., etc."

3. Prince Radzivil belonged to the family of the Palatinate of Vilna. For his part in the Polish struggle of 1830–1, he was

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part into the fire. I really have no anxiety about it, and shall not be sorry to be saved the copying, which goes on very slowly, and may prove to you that you may *speak out*—or I should be less sluggish.

Yours truly,

B.

464.—To John Murray.

June 24, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I hope the next proof will be better—this was one which would have consoled Job had it been of his "enemy's book."[1] Let Mr. Dallas have the next for the *pointings* sake—and let me have a more correct revise for my own.

Yours truly,

B.

465.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

June 24th, 1814.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—"Certainly" is a strong word, particularly as applied to the most capricious of beings; but the probabilities are surely strong against any right feeling or action from a black heart and a foolish head. More I need not say, except that I have had *no* conversation with Lady M. on the subject. There is no occasion for so much scrupu*losity* about the transfer; I did it on your account, and that I would do for any one I know in a similar situation. He need not consider himself under the least obligation, nor in fact is there any. I must, and will, at all events get *you* out of debt, and in the meantime, while this is proceeding,

1. *Job* xxxi. 35.

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let him think well of some plan of regulating his expenditure. I will have no interest, nor bond, nor repayment, unless his father left him so rich as to make it easy and pleasant to himself. What is the whole amount of his debts now?—I mean after the sum at Hammersley's has liquidated a part. Do conceal nothing from me, and, for Godsake, let me have the satisfaction of at least relieving you from the most worrying and pressing of petty vexations. If this Prince should *come* forward at last, or the General *go*,—he can then repay it or not as he likes. I am sure I don't care —— —— —— if any accident happened to G. You know, my dearest A., that, as your father's son, I am more deeply interested than your Mamma's brothers can be. I am also unconnected, and less incumbered, and am merely doing now—what I must do then,—trying to make you less uncomfortable; and then consider the children—and my Georgina in particular—in short I need say no more.

Well, now for *nothings*.—Last night at Lady Jersey's, after as many movements as ever were upon a Chessboard, your friend and I got fairly checkmated in a corner, and talked a very good half-hour, and, by persuading her that I was in a greater fright than herself, she got over much of her shyness, and we prated something like you and me at our second or third interview. I only heard her say one disagreeable thing, and that is that Lady S[tafford?] and the whole family leave town very soon for Scotland. I think her so very pretty and pleasing. I think perhaps *you* might do something to improve our acquaintance.

God bless you, my dear,

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P.S.—You know that, some years ago, my only reason for not doing what was then required—was that it was not in my power. Now that it is, you hesitate. Were there ever such people? We are all mad.

P.S.—Last night a presentation to Princes Metternich,[1] Radziwil, and Czartoriski.[2] You may suppose my horror, as I have no French. Luckily they speak Italian which I once spoke fluently and have not quite forgotten. Radziwil says his Spouse (not in England) was a "great "*Englist*," and would admire poesy, etc., etc.

466.—To Samuel Rogers.

June 27, 1814.

MY DEAR ROGERS,—You could not have made me a more acceptable present than *Jacqueline*.[3] She is all grace and softness and poetry; there is so much of the last, that we do not feel the want of *story*, which is simple, yet enough. I wonder that you do not oftener unbend to more of the same kind. I have some sympathy with the *softer* affections, though very little in *my* way, and no one can depict them so truly and successfully as yourself. I have half a mind to pay you in kind, or rather *un*kind, for I have just "supped full of horror"[4] in two cantos of darkness and dismay.

1. Prince Metternich (1773–1859), Chancellor of the Austrian Empire from 1809 to the Revolution of 1848.

2. Probably Adam Czartoryski (1770–1861), who was for some time Foreign Minister to the Emperor Alexander I.; he took a prominent part in the struggle of Poland against Russia (November,

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Do you go to Lord Essex's [1] to-night? if so, will you let me call for you at your own hour? I dined with Holland-house yesterday at Lord Cowper's; my Lady very gracious, which she can be more than any one when she likes. I was not sorry to see them again, for I can't forget that they have been very kind to me.

Ever yours most truly,

BN.

P.S.—Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing reasonable or unreasonable to effect it? I would before, but for the *Courier*, and the possible misconstructions at such a time. Perpend, pronounce.

467.—To Thomas Moore.

July 8, 1814.

I returned to town last night, and had some hopes of seeing you to-day, and would have called,—but I have been (though in exceeding distempered good health) a little head-achy with free living, as it is called, and am now at the freezing point of returning soberness. Of course, I should be sorry that our parallel lines did not deviate into intersection before you return to the country, —after that same nonsuit,[2] whereof the papers have told

1. George, fifth Earl of Essex (1757-1839), was afterwards Byron's colleague on the Drury Lane Committee of Management.
2. "He alludes to an action for piracy brought by Mr. Power

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us,—but, as you must be much occupied, I won't be affronted, should your time and business militate against our meeting.

Rogers and I have almost coalesced into a joint invasion of the public. Whether it will take place or not, I do not yet know, and I am afraid *Jacqueline* (which is very beautiful) will be in bad company.[1] But in this case, the lady will not be the sufferer.

I am going to the sea, and then to Scotland; and I have been doing nothing,—that is, no good,—and am,

Very truly, etc.

468.—To Thomas Moore.

[Undated.]

I suppose, by your non-appearance, that the philosophy of my note, and the previous silence of the writer, have put or kept you in *humeur*. Never mind—it is hardly worth while.

This day have I received information from my man of law of the *non*—and never likely to be—performance of purchase by Mr. Claughton, of *im*pecuniary memory. He don't know what to do, or when to pay; and so all my hopes and worldly projects and prospects are gone to the devil. He (the purchaser, and the devil too, for aught I care), and I, and my legal advisers, are to meet to-morrow, the said purchaser having first taken special care to inquire "whether I would meet him with "temper?"—Certainly. The question is this—I shall

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I shall go on with him dawdling, which is rather worse. I have brought my pigs to a Mussulman market. If I had but a wife now, and children, of whose paternity I entertained doubts, I should be happy, or rather fortunate, as Candide or Scarmentado.[1] In the mean time, if you don't come and see me, I shall think that Sam's bank is broke too; and that you, having assets there, are despairing of more than a piastre in the pound for your dividend.

Ever, etc.

469.—To Charles Hanson.

July 11th, 1814.

DEAR CHARLES,—I called just now with some expectation of hearing further of Mr. Claughton and your conference with him. Whatever is done, must be done *now*. I cannot wait till your father's return, and have lost too much by delay already. Pray have the goodness to tell me if you have seen him, and what will be the conditions, supposing me to be disposed to relieve him and take back the property.

I must once more represent to *you* the necessity of some actual *conclusion*. For years and years, I have been sinking gradually deeper and deeper. I do not mean to exonerate myself; my own extravagance has doubtless been the principal cause, but at the same time I must add that *delay*,—never ending, still beginning delay,—has

1. Voltaire's *Candide, ou l'Optimisme* was written in 1759; his

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materially contributed to assist my own imprudence in adding to my involvements. It is now 2 months since I spoke of Rochdale; nothing has been done, nor even said. I am, and was, willing to sell it for what it will bring. Why can not this be attempted at least?—and immediately.

Let me hear something of Mr. Claughton, whom I am willing to meet any where, or any how, and come to something decisive, one way or the other.

Yours ever truly,

BYRON.

470.—To Charles Hanson.

July 15th, 1814.

DEAR CHARLES,—I presume that by this time Mr. Hanson is returned, at least I hope so, and should regard it as a little extraordinary that, at a time of such peculiar importance to one of his clients, and being already acquainted with Mr. C.'s arrival in London, he should allow him to return to the country, and myself to leave London (as I must on Monday), without meeting either, or even answering the letter I suppose you have addressed to him on the subject.

In case he should not be arrived, I must (however unwillingly) take it upon myself to meet Mr. Claughton *tomorrow*, and request you to be present, and to fix an hour for that purpose in Chancery Lane.

Ever yours truly,

BYRON.

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471.—To John Hanson.

July 17th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Whatever arrangements Mr. C. may mean to make, I trust that they will be *speedy*. When *he* talks of *sacrifices*, he forgets the confusion into which the non-performance of his engagements plunges my affairs, and, if he has involved his own, he should have recollected both *his* and *mine* before he began to purchase *Welsh* or other reversions. If he can complete his purchase in proper time, and method,—very well; if not, I humbly conceive, in law and equity, that the loss ought not to fall upon the person who is ready to fulfil *his engagements*, —on him who has given Mr. C. *time* and every accommodation in his power,—and to whom Mr. C. has refused a security upon his own property, for the safety of the seller. You will have the goodness to use your own discretion as to making him acquainted or not with my sentiments: surely *you* cannot be so sanguine—*now*—as to place much reliance on any *promises* after what has already passed.

I shall not leave town till Tuesday. I think you should see or *write* to him once more before Mr. Claughton leaves London.

Pray remember Rochdale, and let something be done directly about it. I have nothing else to trust to.

Believe me, yours ever truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—My respects to the Earl and Countess, I am glad to hear from Charles that he is better.

Do pray give a serious glance at my concerns, and don't let me be *fooled* any longer.

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472.—To John Murray.

July 18, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—You shall have one of the pictures. I wish you to send the proof of *Lara* to Mr. Moore, 33, Bury Street, *to-night*, as he leaves town to-morrow, and wishes to see it before he goes;[1] and I am also willing to derive the benefit of his remarks.

Yours truly,

B.

473.—To John Murray.

July 18, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I think *you* will be satisfied even to *repletion* with our Northern friends,[2] and I won't deprive you longer of what I think will give you pleasure; for my own part, my modesty, or my vanity, must be silent.

Ever yours truly,

B^N^.

P.S.—If you could spare it for an hour in the evening, I wish you to send it up to Mrs. L[eig]h, your neighbour, at the London Hotel, A^e^ S^t^.

474.—To John Hanson.

July 19th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I called in the hope of seeing you before I left town tomorrow, and to say that, if Mr. Cn. will give

1. "In a note which I wrote to him, before starting, next day,

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up £25,000, or even £20,000, I will close with him, and take back the estate. So much am I convinced that he is a man of neither property nor credit. He has never *once* kept his word since the sale was concluded, and, at all events, I will do any thing to be rid of him: so tell him, —in what words you please—for such I appeal to you if he has not proved himself, without faith, and, as far as I can perceive, without funds.

You will cling and cling to the fallacious hope of the fulfilment, already shewn to be so, till I am ruined entirely. In short it was a pity to let him go out of town again, without a conclusion; it was only to gain time. *Close* with him on any terms, and let us have done with the equivocator.

Pray think of Rochdale; it is the delay which drives me mad. I declare to God, I would rather have but ten thousand pounds clear and out of debt, than drag on the cursed existence of expectation, and disappointment, which I have endured for these last 6 years, for 6 months longer, though a million came at the end of them.

Address to me at *Hastings House*, Hastings.

And believe me,

Very truly yours,

B.

P.S.—I hope Charles is better. Tell Lord and Lady Portsmouth that Mrs. Chaworth is in town. I believe the Countess knows her; is it not so?

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475.—To John Murray.

July 23, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that the print[1] is by no means approved of by those who have seen it, who are pretty conversant with the original, as well as the picture from whence it is taken. I rather suspect that it is from the *copy*, and not the *exhibited* portrait, and in this dilemma would recommend a suspension, if not an abandonment, of the *prefixion* to the volumes which you purpose inflicting on the public.

With regard to *Lara*, don't be in any hurry. I have not yet made up my mind on the subject, nor know what to think or do till I hear from you; and Mr. Moore appeared to me in a similar state of indetermination. I do not know that it may not be better to *reserve* it for the *entire* publication you proposed, and not adventure in hardy singleness, or even backed by the fairy Jaqueline. I have been seized with all kinds of doubts, etc., etc., since I left London.

Pray let me hear from you, and believe me,

Yours ever,

B.

476.—To John Murray.

[No date], 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I have read the article and concur in opinion with Mr. Rogers and my friends that I have

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how more could have been said, though perhaps it might have been done more goodhumouredly.

Yours very truly,

B.

477.—To John Murray.

July 24, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—The minority must, in this case, carry it, so pray let it be so, for I don't care a sixpence for any of the opinions you mention, on such a subject: and P * * [Phillips] must be a dunce to agree with them. For my own part, I have no opinion at all; but Mrs. L. and my cousin must be better judges of the likeness than others; and they hate it; and so I won't have it at all.

Mr. Hobhouse is right as for his conclusion: but I deny the premises. The name only is Spanish;[1] the country is not Spain, but the Moon.

Waverley[2] is the best and most interesting novel I have redde since—I don't know when. I like it as much as I hate *Patronage*, and *Wanderer*, and *O'Donnell*,[3]

1. Alluding to *Lara*, the scene of which is laid in a wholly imaginary country.

2. *Waverley* was published July 7, 1814.

3. *O'Donnel*, published in 1814, was by Sydney Owenson (1783?–1859), who married, January 20, 1812, Sir Charles Morgan, a Dublin surgeon, recently knighted by the Duke of Richmond. The match was made up, according to Lady Morgan, by Lady Abercorn, with whom she was a favourite. She had already made her name as a writer, and was well known in Irish society for her vivacity and wit, her dancing, singing, and harp-playing. About her parentage she threw a halo of romance, and even became proud of her rollicking jovial parent, who would not, or could not, provide for his children. His bankruptcy, at the end of the eighteenth century, compelled her to become a governess in the families of Mrs. Featherstone of Bracklin, and Mrs. Crawford in the north of Ireland. Her first novel, *St. Clair* (1804), was translated into Dutch, with a preface stating that the author had strangled herself, in a fit of disappointed love, with a cambric pocket-handkerchief. Her *Novice*

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and all the feminine trash of the last four months. Besides, it is all easy to me, because I have been in Scotland so much (though then young enough too), and feel at home with the people, Lowland and Gael.

A note will correct what Mr. Hobhouse thinks an error (about the feudal system in Spain);—it is *not* Spain. If he puts a few words of prose any where, it will set all right.

of St. Dominick (1805) was, it is said, a favourite of Pitt, who read it during his last illness. *The Wild Irish Girl* (1806), a national novel full of sentimental rhapsodies, interspersed with striking pictures of local manners and customs, made her famous, and gave her her heroine's name of "Glorvina." *Woman, or Ida of Athens* (1809) began her feud with Croker.

Her marriage with Sir Charles Morgan was a happy one. Their house in Kildare Street, Dublin, was sufficiently famous to be hitched into Irish song—

> "Och, Dublin city, there's no doubting,
> Bates every city on the say;
> 'Tis there you'll hear O'Connell spouting,
> And Lady Morgan making tay."

To furnish this house, she wrote *O'Donnel, a National Tale* (1814), in which the heroine, an ex-governess who marries a duke, is, as usual, an idealized picture of herself. *Florence M'Carthy*, with its attack on Croker, appeared in 1816. Her *France* (1817) went through four editions, and her *Italy* (1821) struck Byron as "fearless and excellent." She continued to write, till, in 1839, she removed from Dublin to 11, William Street, Albert Gate, London. There she made a considerable figure in society, though Lady Cork said of her, "I like Lady Morgan very much as an Irish blackguard; but I can't endure her as an English fine lady."

Lady Morgan was a curious compound of strength and weakness: a vain, affected woman of genius, who courted the titled "oppressors" of her country, and remained a disinterested Irish patriot. With all her worldliness, she was capable of immense sacrifices for her family. Her sentimentality was as flowery as her feelings were deep; her wildest creations of fancy were raised on a solid basis of sound sense and shrewd observation. For her facts she did not always rely even on her memory. For dates she had a positive aversion: "What," she asks, "has a woman to do with dates? Cold, false, "erroneous, chronological dates—new style, old style?" She was a friend of Lady Caroline Lamb, whose cause she upholds against Byron in her autobiography (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 198-213), edited by Hepworth Dixon in 1862.

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I have been ordered to town to vote.[1] I shall disobey. There is no good in so much prating, since "certain issues strokes should arbitrate."[2] If you have any thing to say, let me hear from you.

Yours ever,

B.

478.—To John Murray.

July 28, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad indeed that Mr. G[d]. thinks so, and it shall be as he recommends. You had better not publish till the *E. R.* has been out at least a week, and it is not yet arrived.

In fact—wait till you hear from me again before you publish it at all. Remember *we positively will not have that same print* by Phillips' engraver. Your parcel of Clarke and letters has not arrived yet, but I suppose it will.

Ever yours,

B.

479.—To John Murray.

July 31, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—The parcel is come at last—it had made all sorts of circumvolution on y[e] way—but no matter.

1. Byron was probably urged to come to London from Hastings, where he was now staying with Hodgson, to vote against the Government Bill providing for the better execution of the laws in Ireland. The Bill, introduced by Peel, and debated in the House

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So the *E. R.* is out—I thought I had requested you to send me a copy for Mrs. L., which I beg you will immediately, and a little more carefully than the last. I shall expect it with the answer to this on Tuesday—and by the same *post* any letters at Albany—*not* in the parcel with the *E. R^w*—which can be sent separately.

Many thanks for Sir J. Malcolm.[1] I wish to the skies he had been of the party with R. and me. I can as yet give no positive answer about *Lara*. I will return *Persia* in a day or two; but I must read it at my leisure.

I send back the *Butlers*. You forget that I can only *frank* from Hastings.

Ever yours,

B.

P.S.—Don't forget the *E. R.* for I have given my copy to Mr. H[odgson ?].

480.—To John Murray.

August 2^d^, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed is a letter from Mr. Moore.

Thanks for the letters; but you have neither sent, nor said a word of sending, the *Edinburgh Review*, though I particularly requested it: pray send it, as I have not my copy. Ridgway generally saves one for me; and if you have none by you, you can obtain mine from him.

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I am sorry to see that the papers have by some means obtained and published a copy (an imperfect one by the bye) of some lines.[1] I cannot divine how, as none were ever given except to the person to whom they were addressed; but there they are, with some errors and my name to them: it cannot be helped now, but it is very unfair in the Press to do this without at least asking a writer's consent: besides, putting a name without permission is not much better—but no matter. It seems fated that I am never to be left quiet, even when disposed to remain so.

Do not forget the *E. R.* again; and present my best thanks to Sir Jno. Malcolm for a very beautiful poem.

Ever yours truly,

B.

481.—To John Hanson.

Hastings, August 3d, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Very well. Twenty five thousand is the forfeit; but there are little subordinate things of furniture expences on the estate—etc.; how have you discussed them? Whatever our agreement is to be, let it be such as may bring *no more law*, and, with regard to the business altogether, Mr. C. may be a loser, but I am certainly no great gainer by the concern altogether, when delay, confusion, and expence, consequent on his demurs, are considered.

The next thing *we* have to consider is something immediate in arrangement as to letting the property, etc. Somebody must go down and settle the rents; neither the *keeper*, nor Mealey, nor any of the old set must

1. The *Condolatory Address* to Lady Jersey (see p. 85, *note* 1).

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remain; the *first* (the keeper) is the greatest rascal and sells the game. In short, we must turn over a new leaf, and, since the property is still to be mine, at all events it shall not be as it has been.

Then Rochdale. I suppose you will look about for a purchaser there, no matter what, or who. I would sell it for half it's value, so that I could extricate myself once *clear* with the creditors.

I shall be in London early next week; in the mean time, let me hear from you.

Ever yours truly,

B.

482.—To John Murray.

August 3, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—It is certainly a little extraordinary that you have not sent the *Edinburgh Review*, as I requested, and hoped it would not require a note a day to remind you. I see *advertisements* of *Lara* and *Jaqueline;* pray, *why?* when I requested you to postpone publication till my return to town.

I have a most amusing epistle from the Ettrick Bard —Hogg;[1] in which, speaking of his bookseller, whom he

1. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd (1770-1835), was from 1790 to 1800 shepherd to Laidlaw of Blackhouse, whose son, William, was Scott's friend, and himself a poet. There he became known as the "poeter," from the songs which, in 1796, he began to write "for the lasses to sing in chorus." In the summer of that year (*Memorials of James Hogg*, by his daughter, Mrs. Garden, p. 25), the year of Burns's death, "a half-daft man, Jock Scott by "name," repeated to Hogg "the poem of 'Tam o' Shanter' . . . "over and over again till the Shepherd had it all by heart." Fired by the ambition to succeed Burns as the singer of Scotland, he set himself seriously to the task of writing poetry. His song "Donald "M'Donald" (1800) at once became popular; but his first volume of collected poems, *Scottish Pastorals, etc.* (1801), proved a failure. He helped Scott in the preparation of *Border Minstrelsy*, and,

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denominates the "shabbiest" of the *trade* for not "lifting "his bills," he adds, in so many words, "God damn him "and them both." This is a pretty prelude to asking you

through Scott's influence with Constable, published, in 1807, *The Mountain Bard.*

Whatever money he made by his pen he lost in farming, and in 1810 he settled at Edinburgh as a literary man. Of his numerous works it is unnecessary to give a complete list. Neither his miscellany, *The Forest Minstrel* (1810), nor his weekly journal, *The Spy* (started in 1810), succeeded; but in 1813 *The Queen's Wake* deservedly brought him poetic fame. He was at this time (1814) projecting a volume of poetry by the most distinguished writers of the day. The project, in which Byron aided him by a promise of help and an introduction to Murray, fell through; but it produced *The Poetic Mirror, or the Living Bards of Great Britain* (1816), in which Hogg parodies Scott, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Wilson, and himself. Byron comes first in "The "Guerilla," of which the last stanza runs as follows:—

"It was Alayni—dost thou wail his case?—
Beloved unhappy, restless unbeloved.
Oh, there are minds that not for happiness
Were fram'd here nor hereafter, who ne'er proved
A joy, save in some object far removed,
Who leave with loathing what they longed to win,
That evermore to that desired hath roved,
While the insatiate gnawing is within,
And happiness for aye beginning to begin."

Hogg's imitation of his own work is the admirable poem "The "Gude Greye Katt." As a novelist, Hogg wrote *The Brownie of Bodsbeck, and other Tales* (1817); *The Three Perils of Man: War, Women, and Witchcraft* (1822); *The Three Perils of Woman* (1823), and other works. He was one of the original writers in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1817), and, besides contributing part of the famous "Chaldee Manuscript" and other articles, became a familiar figure to the public through Christopher North's idealized delineations of "The Shepherd."

Hogg's songs, many of the best of which appeared in *Jacobite Relics* (1819-20), are fresh, vigorous, and, like "When the Kye "comes Hame," full of lyric passion; in such poems as "The "Witch of Fife," or "The Abbot M'Kinnon," he shows his power over the weird and awful; while his "Kilmeny" is full of imagination and descriptive felicity. His epic poem, *Queen Hynde* (1826), was too ambitious a flight for his powers.

Among the Byron papers are preserved some letters from Hogg, three of which are given in Appendix II. Byron's letters to Hogg, which the Shepherd carefully treasured, were, it appears (*Memorials of James Hogg*, p. 188), stolen by a visitor.

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to adopt him (the said Hogg); but this he wishes; and if you please, you and I will talk it over. He has a poem ready for the press (and your *bills* too, if "*lift*able"), and bestows some benedictions on Mr. Moore for his abduction of *Lara* from the forthcoming Mis[cellany].

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—Seriously, I think Mr. Hogg would suit you very well; and surely he is a man of great powers, and deserving of encouragement. I must knock out a tale for him, and you should at all events consider before you reject his suit. Scott[1] is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind; and Hogg says that, during the said gale, "he is sure that S. is not quite at his ease, to say the best "of it." Ah! I wish these home-keeping bards could taste a Mediterranean white squall, or the Gut in a gale of wind, or even the bay of Biscay with no wind at all.

483.—To Thomas Moore.

Hastings, August 3, 1814.

By the time this reaches your dwelling, I shall (God wot) be in town again probably. I have been here renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean; and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for an hour in the morning as his daughters of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot, and

1. Scott sailed, July 29, with the Lighthouse Commissioners, on a cruise to the Orkney and Shetland Islands and the Hebrides. He returned September 8. His journal is published in Lockhart's *Life*. It was on this cruise that he acquired some of the material for *The Pirate* and *The Lord of the Isles*.

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smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs,—and listening to my friend Hodgson's raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his,—and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills and making the most of the *dolce far-niente* for the last fortnight. I met a son of Lord Erskine's, who says he has been married a year, and is the "happiest of "men;" and I have met the aforesaid H., who is also the "happiest of men;" so, it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance.

It rejoiceth me that you like *Lara*. Jeffrey is out with his 45th Number, which I suppose you have got. He is only too kind to me, in my share of it, and I begin to fancy myself a golden pheasant, upon the strength of the plumage wherewith he hath bedecked me. But then, "*surgit amari*," etc.—the gentlemen of the *Champion*,[1]

1. The *Champion* (July 31, 1814) has an article on "The "Excluding System." "A certain individual of no mean rank had "collected the portraits of the present chief beauties in the circles of "wealth and fashion—which were done for him by a female artist of "taste. . . . One of these, whose charms distinguished her even in "such a group, by some means or other, came lately under the "displeasure of this mirror of chivalry, this gallant collector of "beautiful resemblances. We have not yet heard her precise offence, "but we believe the titled fair one has been honoured by the "intimacy of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, who regards her with "peculiar affection . . . Whether these were her crimes, we know "not; but the revenge taken on them seems to indicate that they "were great. *Her portrait was dismissed!* This was the severe "punishment inflicted on her! . . . But we are keeping our readers "too long from the following nervous satire, which this incident has "drawn from the pen of a young nobleman,—who is not merely a wit "among Lords, but who is rapidly establishing a poetical reputation,

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and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the condolatory address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! Damn their impudence, and damn every thing. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it.

You shall have *Lara* and *Jacque* (both with some additions) when out; but I am still demurring and delaying, and in a fuss, and so is Rogers in his way.

Newstead is to be mine again. Claughton forfeits twenty-five thousand pounds; but that don't prevent me from being very prettily ruined. I mean to bury myself there—and let my beard grow—and hate you all.

Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose "bills" are never "lifted," he adds, *totidem verbis*, "God damn him and them both." I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him, as a poet; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours, are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man—in the milling phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind;—during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, "he is sure, is not at his ease,—to say the best of "it." Lord, Lord, if these home-keeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open boating in a white squall—or a gale in "the "Gut"—or the "Bay of Biscay," with no gale at all—

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how it would enliven and introduce them to a few of the sensations!—to say nothing of an illicit amour or two upon shore, in the way of essay upon the Passions, beginning with simple adultery, and compounding it as they went along.

I have forwarded your letter to Murray,—by the way, you had addressed it to *Miller*. Pray write to me, and say what art thou doing? "Not finished!"—Oons! how is this?—these "flaws and starts" must be "authorised "by your grandam,"[1] and are unbecoming of any other author. I was sorry to hear of your discrepancy with the * * s, or rather your abjuration of agreement. I don't want to be impertinent, or buffoon on a serious subject, and am therefore at a loss what to say.

I hope nothing will induce you to abate from the proper price of your poem, as long as there is a prospect of getting it. For my own part, I have *seriously* and *not whiningly* (for that is not my way—at least, it used not to be) neither hopes, nor prospects, and scarcely even wishes. I am, in some respects, happy, but not in a manner that can or ought to last,—but enough of that. The worst of it is, I feel quite enervated and indifferent. I really do not know, if Jupiter were to offer me my choice of the contents of his benevolent cask,[2] what I would pick out of it. If I was born, as the nurses say, with a "silver spoon in my mouth," it has stuck in my throat, and spoiled my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed with much relish,—unless it be cayenne. However, I have grievances enough to occupy me that

1. "O! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear), would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam."
Macbeth, act iii. sc. 4.

2. *Iliad*, xxiv. 527-533.

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way too;—but for fear of adding to yours by this pestilent long diatribe, I postpone the reading of them, *sine die*.

Ever, dear M., yours, etc.

P.S.—Don't forget my godson.[1] You could not have fixed on a fitter porter for his sins than me, being used to carry double without inconvenience. * * *

484.—To John Murray.

August 4, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Not having received the slightest answer to my last three letters, nor the book (the last number of the *E[dinburgh] R[eview]*) which they requested, I presume that you were the unfortunate person who perished in the Pagoda[2] on Monday last, and address this rather to your executors than yourself, regretting that

1. The child, born August 18, 1814, and christened Olivia Byron Moore, died within a short time from its birth.

2. A public notice was issued by authority on July 31, 1814, in the following terms:—

"August 1st is the day fixed for a grand national Jubilee, being "the centenary of the accession of the illustrious family of Brunswick "to the throne of this kingdom, and the anniversary of the Battle of "the Nile. Hyde Park, in which there will be a grand fair, is "entirely open to the people. The Green Park will also be entirely "open to the people. The Mall of St. James' Park and Constitution "Hill, will also be open to the people to enter by Spring Gardens "and New Street Gates. The lawn in St. James' Park and the "Bird Cage Walk will be devoted to those who have purchased "tickets," etc., etc., etc.

The exhibitions began at 6 p.m. with Sadler's balloon ascent from the Green Park, followed at 8 p.m. by a "Naval Action" and a "Ship on Fire" on the Serpentine, and later by fireworks, of which the centre was the Fortified Castle (afterwards changing to the Temple of Concord) illuminated in the Green Park. In St. James's Park, the Chinese Bridge and its Pagoda were brilliantly illuminated. This last-named caught fire and was completely destroyed, one or two lives being lost. This was the only accident of the day.

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you should have had the ill luck to be the sole victim on that joyous occasion.

I beg leave, then, to inform these gentlemen (whoever they may be) that I am a little surprised at the previous neglect of the deceased, and also at observing an advertisement of an approaching publication on Saturday next, against the which I protested, and do protest for the present.

Yours (or theirs), etc.,

B.

485.—To John Murray.

August 5, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—The *Edinburgh Review* is arrived—thanks. I enclose Mr. Hob°.'s letter, from which you will perceive the work you have made. However, I have done: you must send my rhymes to the Devil your own way. It seems, also, that the "faithful and spirited "likeness" is another of your publications. I wish you joy of it; but it is no likeness—that is the point. Seriously, if I *have* delayed your journey to S[cotland], I am sorry that you carried your complaisance so far; particularly as upon trifles you have a more summary method;—witness the grammar of H°.'s "bit of prose," which has put him and me into a fever.

You don't condole with me about the *Champion's* seizure and publication of the lines on the picture, of which I know nothing—and am in very bad humour at the proceeding. I gave no copy whatever (except to Ld J.) and had not even one of my own.

Hogg must translate his own words: "*lifting*" is a quotation from his letter, together with "God damn," etc., which I suppose requires no translation.

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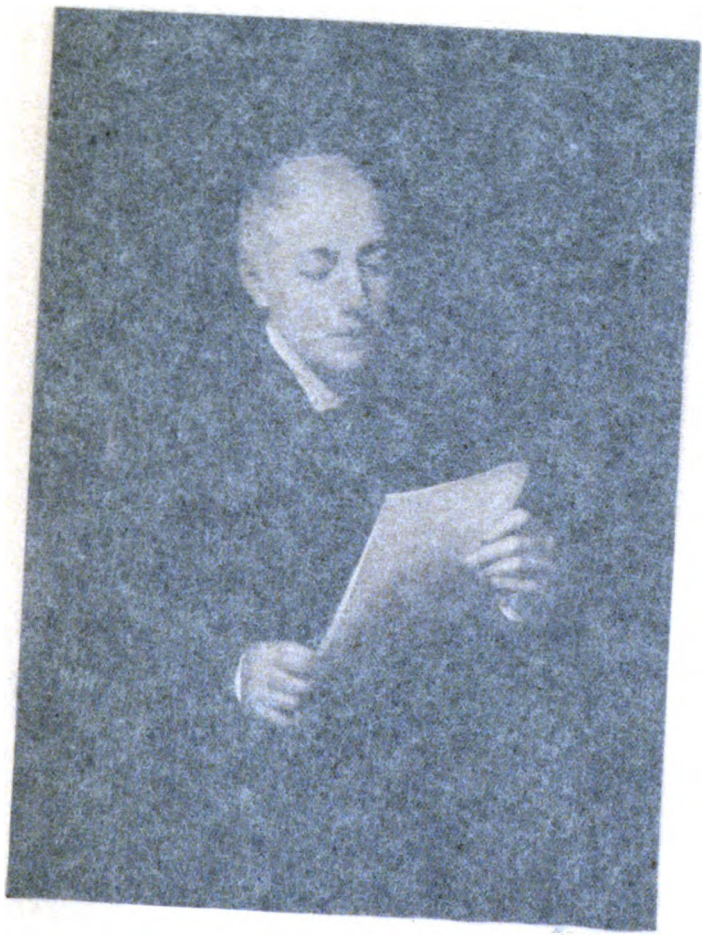

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[illegible] have had the ill luck to be the [illegible] [illegible] joyous occasion.

I beg leave, then, to inform [illegible] gentlemen [illegible] ever they may be) that I am [illegible] surprised at [illegible] neglect of the [illegible] at observing [illegible] tisement of an [illegible] on [illegible] against the [illegible] I [illegible] and do [illegible] present.

Yours (or theirs), [illegible]

435.—To John Murray.

[illegible]

Dear Sir,—The *Edinburgh* [illegible] arrived—thanks. I enclose Mr. [illegible] letter, from which you will perceive the work [illegible] made. However, I have done: you must send [illegible] to [illegible] your own way. It seems, also, that the [illegible] "likeness" is another of your [illegible] of it, but it is no likeness—that is the [illegible] Seriously, [illegible] delayed your journey [illegible] sorry [illegible] carried your [illegible] particularly as [illegible] method—[illegible] which has [illegible]

You [illegible] about the *Champion's* [illegible] lines on the picture, of which I know nothing—and [illegible] in very bad humour at [illegible] I gave no copy whatever except to [illegible] had not even one of my own.

[illegible] must translate his own words: "*lifting*" is a [illegible] from his letter, together with "God [illegible]," etc., [illegible] no translation.

John Murray
1778-1843
from a picture by H. W. Pickersgill R.A. in the possession of John Murray

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I was unaware of the contents of Mr. M[oore]'s letter; I think your offer very handsome, but of that you and he must judge. If he can get more, you won't wonder that he should accept it.

Out with *Lara*, since it must be. The tome looks pretty enough—on the outside. I shall be in town next week, and in the mean time wish you a pleasant journey.

Yours truly,

B.

486.—To Thomas Moore.

August 12, 1814.

I was *not* alone, nor will be while I can help it. Newstead is not yet decided. Claughton is to make a grand effort by Saturday week to complete,—if not, he must give up twenty-five thousand pounds and the estate, with expenses, etc., etc. If I resume the Abbacy, you shall have due notice, and a cell set apart for your reception, with a pious welcome. Rogers I have not seen, but Larry and Jacky came out a few days ago. Of their effect I know nothing. * * *

There is something very amusing in *your* being an *Edinburgh Reviewer*.[1] You know, I suppose, that Thurlow is none of the placidest, and may possibly enact some tragedy on being told that he is only a fool. If, now, Jeffrey were to be slain on account of an article of yours,

1. Jeffrey, through Rogers, had asked Moore to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*. He writes, April 23, 1814 (*Memoirs, etc., of Thomas Moore*, vol. ii. p. 15), "It is a great matter to gain such an "associate for the *Review*; but I do assure you this has but an

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there would be a fine conclusion. For my part, as Mrs. Winifred Jenkins says, "he has done the handsome thing "by me," particularly in his last number; so, he is the best of men and the ablest of critics, and I won't have him killed—though I dare say many wish he were, for being so good-humoured.

Before I left Hastings I got in a passion with an ink-bottle, which I flung out of the window one night with a vengeance;—and what then? Why, next morning I was horrified by seeing that it had struck, and split upon, the petticoat of Euterpe's graven image in the garden, and grimed her as if it were on purpose.[1] Only think of my distress,—and the epigrams that might be engendered on the Muse and her misadventure.

I had an adventure almost as ridiculous, at some private theatricals near Cambridge—though of a different description—since I saw you last. I quarrelled with a man in the dark for asking me who I was (insolently enough to be sure), and followed him into the green-room (a *stable*) in a rage, amongst a set of people I never saw before. He turned out to be a low comedian, engaged to act with the amateurs, and to be a civil-spoken man enough, when he found out that nothing very pleasant was to be got by rudeness. But you would have been amused with the row, and the dialogue, and the dress—or rather the undress—of the party, where I had introduced myself in a devil of a hurry, and the astonishment that ensued. I had gone out of the theatre, for coolness, into the

1. "His servant had brought him up a large jar of ink, into which

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garden;—there I had tumbled over some dogs, and, coming away from them in very ill humour, encountered the man in a worse, which produced all this confusion.

Well—and why don't you "launch?"—Now is your time. The people are tolerably tired with me, and not very much enamoured of Wordsworth,[1] who has just spawned a quarto of metaphysical blank verse, which is nevertheless only a part of a poem.

Murray talks of divorcing Larry and Jacky—a bad sign for the authors, who, I suppose, will be divorced too, and throw the blame upon one another. Seriously, I don't care a cigar about it, and I don't see why Sam should.

Let me hear from and of you and my godson. If a daughter, the name will do quite as well.

Ever, etc.

487.—To Thomas Moore.

August 13, 1814.

I wrote yesterday to Mayfield, and have just now enfranked your letter to mamma. My stay in town is so uncertain (not later than next week) that your packets for the north may not reach me; and as I know not exactly where I am going—however, *Newstead* is my most probable destination, and if you send your despatches before Tuesday, I can forward them to our new ally. But, after that day, you had better not trust to their arrival in time.

Lord Kinnaird[2] has been exiled from Paris, *on dit*, for

1. Wordsworth published, in 1814, his *Excursion; being part of*

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saying the Bourbons were old women. The Bourbons might have been content, I think, with returning the compliment. * * *

I told you all about Jacky and Larry yesterday;—they are to be separated,—at least, so says the grand M., and I know no more of the matter. Jeffrey has done me more than "justice;" but as to tragedy[1]—um!—I have no time for fiction at present. A man cannot paint a storm with the vessel under bare poles on a lee-shore. When I get to land, I will try what is to be done, and, if I founder, there be plenty of mine elders and betters to console Melpomene.

When at Newstead, you must come over, if only for a day—should Mrs. M. be *exigeante* of your presence. The place is worth seeing, as a ruin, and I can assure you there *was* some fun there, even in my time; but that is past. The ghosts,[2] however, and the gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still.

Ever, dear Tom, yours, etc.

pictures, he lived much of his later life on the Continent. Lord Kinnaird seems to have been again expelled from Paris, after the second restoration of the Bourbons. In the *Sun*, Monday, February 12, 1816, appears the following paragraph: "Lord "Kinnaird has arrived in London from Paris, and had, it is said, an "interview with the Earl of Liverpool yesterday, probably to offer "some explanation of the matters which led to his being ordered to "leave France, etc., etc." The subject was discussed in the House of Lords, February 12, on a question asked of Lord Liverpool by Lord Holland. Lord Kinnaird stated his own case in a letter to Lord Liverpool, published as a pamphlet in 1816.

1. In a letter to Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 26), Jeffrey had written, "I am delighted to hear that Lord B. is again in the press.

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488.—To John Murray.

Aug. 27th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I have nothing particular to trouble you with, but a letter which I yesterday franked to you from Mr. Hogg—and which I hope will lead to a lucrative alliance between you.

If anything occurs, I will avail myself of your good-natured offer to undertake any slight commission in my behalf.

Ever yours,

B.

489.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, September 2, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am obliged by what you have sent, but would rather not see anything of the kind;[1] we have had enough already of these things, good and bad, and next month you need not trouble yourself to collect even the *higher* generation—on my account. It gives me much pleasure to hear of Mr. Hob[e]'s and Mr. Meriv[le]'s good entreatment by the Journals you mention.

"time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and which he thus "describes, from the recollection, perhaps, of his own fantasy, in *Don* "*Juan*—

"'It was no mouse, but, lo! a monk, array'd
In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard:
His garments only a slight murmur made:
He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly; and as he pass'd Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.'

I still think Mr. Hogg and yourself might make out an alliance. *Dodsley's* was, I believe, the last decent thing of the kind, and *his* had great success in its day, and lasted several years; but then he had the double advantage of editing and publishing;—the Spleen, and several of *Gray's* odes, much of *Shenstone*, and many others of good repute, made their first appearance in his collection. Now, with the support of Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, etc., I see little reason why you should not do as well; and, if once fairly established, you would have assistance from the youngsters, I dare say. Stratford Canning (whose *Bonaparte* is excellent), and many others, and Moore, and Hobhouse, and I, would try a fall now and then (if permitted), and you might coax Campbell, too, into it—by the by, *he* has an unpublished (though printed) poem on a scene in Germany, (Bavaria, I think,) which I saw last year, that is perfectly magnificent, and equal to himself. I wonder he don't publish it.

Oh!—do you recollect Sharpe,[1] (the engraver's,) mad letter about not engraving Phillips's picture of Lord *Foley* (as he blundered it)? well, I have traced it, I think. It seems, by the papers, a preacher of Johanna Southcote's[2]

1. William Sharp (1749–1824), an eminent engraver, was a disciple of Richard Brothers, of whom he engraved two plates, lest one should be insufficient to produce the requisite number of impressions which would be called for on the arrival of the predicted Millennium. He afterwards attached himself to Joanna Southcott, whom he brought at his own expense to London, and whose pretensions he supported to the last. On her death, in 1814, Sharp publicly asserted his conviction that "she was only gone to heaven for a season, to "legitimate the embryo child."

2. Joanna Southcott (1750–1814), the daughter of a Devonshire farmer, became a Methodist in 1791. She began to prophesy in

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is named *Foley;* and I can no way account for the said Sharpe's confusion of words and ideas, but by that of his

of Faith, which brought her notoriety and a convert in William Sharp the engraver, by whose advice she fixed herself at Paddington in 1802. There she began to seal the faithful, who were to be 144,000 in number; but none, it is said, were sealed after 1809, when Mary Bateman, one of the faithful, was hanged for murder at York. According, however, to *Amicus Religio* (*sic*), who gives a fairly accurate sketch of Joanna Southcott's career in the *Morning Chronicle*, August 30, 1814, the process of sealing was still continued at that date. He thus describes the documents—

"The sealed papers contain a text of Scripture (not uniformly the "same), promissory of beatitude hereafter, stamped with the seal "found in the upholsterer's shop. The *sealed person* is forbidden to "open the papers, lest the charm should be destroyed. That money "has been given for these *passports to Heaven*, I do positively assert, "but that they are publickly or openly sold, I am not prepared to "assert."

The first announcement that Joanna Southcott was to be the mother of Shiloh was made in her *Third Book of Wonders* (1813), in a vision which was vouchsafed to her on October 14, 1813, after having been mysteriously ordered to sit up all night by herself. To prepare for the event, she shut herself up with two women companions in October, 1813. In the following March she became ill. Nine medical men were consulted, six of whom stated that in a younger woman the symptoms would indicate maternity. In the *Morning Chronicle*, Dr. Richard Reece published a letter, in which he stated (August 25, 1814) that he had satisfied himself of her pregnancy, and it was followed by a letter from Dr. John Sims (September 3, 1814), in which he declared the opposite opinion. In September, a cradle costing £200 was ordered by "a lady of fortune" from Seddons, a cabinet-maker in Aldersgate Street; £100 was spent in pap-spoons; a magnificent bib was prepared for the expected infant. The Rev. Mr. Tozer announced, to a crowded audience in his chapel, that the birth would take place before the following November. An advertisement appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* for a large furnished house for a public accouchement, and, the next day, the same paper stated that a "great personage" had placed the Temple of Peace in the Green Park at her disposal.

The advertisement in the *Morning Chronicle* began thus—

"Mrs. Joanna Southcott's Accouchement.—A large Furnished "House Wanted."

The second paragraph ran as follows:—

"According to Applications already made by Mrs. Southcott to the "Heads of the Church and the State, allowing them to send their

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head's running on Johanna and her apostles. It was a mercy he did not say Lord *Tozer*. You know, of course, that Sharpe is a believer in this new (old) virgin of spiritual impregnation.

I long to know what she will produce;[1] her being with child at 65 is indeed a miracle, but her getting any one to beget it, a greater.

If you were not going to Paris or Scotland, I could send you some game: if you remain, let me know.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

"the birth of the Child, a house capable of accommodating a large "assembly will be necessary; and, from the opinion of a medical "gentleman, the time of her Confinement is drawing so near, that it "will be necessary to have such a house provided by Michaelmas."

In the middle of November, 1814, she found herself dying. After desiring the presents given to the expected infant to be returned, she died at 38, Manchester Street, December 27, 1814. Autopsy revealed dropsy as the cause of the symptoms. She was buried at St. John's Wood, January 1, 1815, under a tombstone bearing an inscription which ends with the words, "Thou'lt appear in greater "power." The Regent's Park explosion (1874) shattered the tomb, and raised hopes of her reappearance among the two sects into which her followers are divided.

1. The following note appears, in Gifford's handwriting, on the copy of the above letter: "It is a pity that Lord B. was ignorant of "Jonson. The old poet has a Satire on the Court Pucelle that would "have supplied him with some pleasantry on Johanna's pregnancy.

"'Shall I advise thee, Pucelle? steal away
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoneers: of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' the mother.

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P.S.—A word or two of *Lara* which your enclosure brings before me. It is of no great promise separately; but, as connected with the other tales, it will do very well for the *vols* you mean to publish. I would recommend this arrangement—*Childe Harold*, the smaller poems, *Giaour*, *Bride*, *Corsair*, *Lara;* the last completes the series, and its very likeness renders it necessary to the others. Cawthorne writes that they are publishing *E[nglish] B[ards]* in *Ireland:* pray enquire into this; because *it must* be stopped.

490.—To John Murray.

Newstead Abbey, September 7, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I should think Mr. Hogg, for his own sake as well as yours, would be "critical" [1] as Iago himself, in his editorial capacity; and that such a publication would answer his purpose and yours too, with tolerable management. You should, however, have a good number to start with—I mean *good* in *quality;* in these days, there [can] be little fear of not coming up to the mark in quantity. There must be many "fine things" in Wordsworth; but I should think it difficult to make *six* quartos (the amount of the whole) all fine, particularly the Pedlar's portion of the poem; but there can be no doubt of his powers to do almost any thing.

I *am* "very idle." I have read the few books I had with me, and been forced to fish, for lack of other argument. I have caught a great many perch and some carp, which is a comfort, as one would not lose one's labour willingly.

1. "For I am nothing, if not critical."
Othello, act ii. sc. 1.

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Pray, who corrects the press of your vols? I hope the *Corsair* is printed from the copy I corrected, with the additional lines in the first Canto, and some *notes* from Sismondi and Lavater, which I gave you to add thereto. The arrangement is very well.

My cursed people have not sent my papers since Sunday, and I have lost Johanna's divorce from Jupiter. Who hath gotten her with prophet? Is it Sharpe, and how? for I am sure the Common materials would not answer so pious a purpose * * * I should like to buy one of her seals: if salvation can be had at half-a-guinea a head, the landlord of the Crown and Anchor should be ashamed of himself for charging double for tickets to a mere terrestrial banquet. I am afraid, seriously, that these matters will lend a sad handle to your profane Scoffers, and give a loose to much damnable laughter.

I have not seen Hunt's sonnets nor descent of Liberty:[1] he has chosen a pretty place wherein to compose the last. Let me hear from you before you embark.

Ever yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—Mrs. Leigh and the children are very well. I have just read to her a sentence from your epistle, and the remark was, "How *well* he writes!" So you see you may set up as Author in person, whenever you please.

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491.—To John Hanson.

Nottingham, Sept[r] 11th, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since my last I have received the enclosed also from Mr. Claughton.

My meaning is this;—if Mr. C. is disposed to renew and fulfil the contract in such a manner as seems proper to my legal advisers and myself, let him,—that is within a reasonable time; if in the interim any other purchaser offers, and Mr. C[a]. can not then complete, why there is an end. I think *November* is the furthest period we can well afford him.

I think it but fair to give him such an opportunity in consideration of the sacrifice he has made. As to his hints about the delay of furnishing the title, etc., you know a man is loth to blame *himself* in all cases, and as he has paid so round a sum, you can't expect him to be in the best of humours. I wonder for my part that he is not in a worse.

This place I fully intend to dispose of, unless a wife, a legacy, or a lottery ticket, (and I have put in for neither) induced me to retain it. So, if you hear of any monied personage inclined to purchase, we can, in the first place, let Mr. C[a]. have the refusal on the old terms, and, in the event of his want of ability or inclination, in the second place, treat with those who are inclined to negociate.

Mealey shall furnish the tax detail forthwith.

I have received a very kind invitation from Lord and Lady P[ortsmouth] for the present month; but I very much doubt if it will be in my power to have the honour of seeing Hurstbourne so soon. At any rate I must write to thank them, but wait a day or two to be more certain whether I may be able or not to go there. In the mean time pray present them with my best respects.

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I wish very much to have something done about Rochdale, or this place—*soon*.

Ever yours very truly,

B.

492.—To Thomas Moore.

Newstead Abbey, September 15, 1814.

This is the fourth letter I have begun to you within the month. Whether I shall finish or not, or burn it like the rest, I know not. When we meet, I will explain *why* I have not written—*why* I have not asked you here, as I wished—with a great many other *whys* and wherefores, which will keep cold. In short, you must excuse all my seeming omissions and commissions, and grant me more *re*mission than St. Athanasius will to yourself, if you lop off a single shred of mystery from his pious puzzle. It is my creed (and it may be St. Athanasius's too) that your article on Thurlow will get somebody killed, and *that* on the *Saints* get him damned afterwards, which will be quite enow for one number. Oons, Tom! you must not meddle just now with the incomprehensible; for if Johanna Southcote turns out to be * * *

Now for a little egotism. My affairs stand thus. To-morrow I shall know whether a circumstance of importance enough to change many of my plans will occur or not. If it does not, I am off for Italy next month, and London, in the mean time, next week. I have got back Newstead and twenty-five thousand pounds (out of twenty-eight paid already),—as a "sacrifice," the late

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my own heart in this climate, and so, I shall go back to the south. Hobhouse, I think and hope, will go with me; but, whether he will or not, I shall. I want to see Venice, and the Alps, and Parmesan cheeses, and look at the coast of Greece, or rather Epirus, from Italy, as I once did—or fancied I did—that of Italy, when off Corfu. All this, however, depends upon an event,[1] which may, or may not, happen. Whether it will, I shall know probably to-morrow; and, if it does, I can't well go abroad at present.

Pray pardon this parenthetical scrawl. You shall hear from me again soon;—I don't call this an answer.

Ever most affectionately, etc.

1. Byron alludes to his second proposal to Miss Milbanke, of which he was now waiting the result. "His own account, in his "Memoranda," says Moore—but the accuracy of his own or of Byron's memory may be doubted—"of the circumstances that led "to this step is, in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, "as follows: A person, who had for some time stood high in his "affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled "was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him "strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. "The next point for consideration was—who was to be the object of "his choice; and while his friend mentioned one lady, he himself "named Miss Milbanke. To this, however, his adviser strongly "objected,—remarking to him that Miss Milbanke had at present "no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him "to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, "which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these repre- "sentations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for "him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done;—and "an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, "sitting together. 'You see,' said Lord Byron, 'that, after all, "Miss Milbanke is to be the person;—I will write to her.' He "accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, "his friend, remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up "the letter,—but, on reading it over, observed, 'Well, really, this

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493.—To Thomas Moore.

Nd., September 15, 1814.

I have written to you one letter to-night, but must send you this much more, as I have not franked my number, to say that I rejoice in my god-daughter, and will send her a coral and bells, which I hope she will accept, the moment I get back to London.

My head is at this moment in a state of confusion, from various causes, which I can neither describe nor explain—but let that pass. My employments have been very rural—fishing, shooting, bathing, and boating. Books I have but few here, and those I have read ten times over, till sick of them. So, I have taken to breaking soda-water bottles with my pistols, and jumping into the water, and rowing over it, and firing at the fowls of the air. But why should I "monster my nothings"[1] to you, who are well employed, and happily too, I should hope? For my part, I am happy, too, in my way—but, as usual, have contrived to get into three or four perplexities, which I do not see my way through. But a few days, perhaps a day, will determine one of them.

You do not say a word to me of your poem. I wish I could see or hear it. I neither could, nor would, do it or its author any harm. I believe I told you of Larry and Jacquy. A friend of mine was reading—at least a friend of his was reading—said Larry and Jacquy in a Brighton coach. A passenger took up the book and

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"Ay, ay,—a joint concern, I suppose, *summot* like Stern-"hold and Hopkins."

Is not this excellent? I would not have missed the "vile comparison" to have 'scaped being one of the *Arcades ambo et cantare pares.*[1] Good night.

Again yours.

494.—To Miss Milbanke.[2]

[EXTRACT.]

Sep^tr. 16th [1814?]

I have just been going through a curious scene. Sir W. Knighton brought Spurzheim the Craniologist to see me—a discoverer of faculties and dispositions from the heads. He passes his hand over the head and then tells you curious things enough, for I own he has a little astonished me. He says all mine are strongly marked, but very antithetical, for every thing developed in or on this same scull of mine has its opposite in great force, so that, to believe him, my good and evil are at perpetual war. Pray heaven the last don't come off victorious!

495.—To John Hanson.[3]

Newstead Abbey, Septr 18th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be in London this week, where it is highly expedient that I should see you immediately on business, as I am engaged to a lady with whose name you are not unacquainted,—Miss Milbanke, the daughter

1. Virgil, *Eclogues*, vii. 4, 5.
2. In Appendix III. is printed, in text type, an interesting and important series of letters, or extracts from letters, written by Byron to Miss Milbanke in 1813-14. The editor regrets that they reached him too late for insertion in their proper chronological place. They, as well as those printed in the text, are now published, for the first time, from copies made by the Earl of Lovelace.
3. The letter is endorsed, "If absent, to be *forwarded immediately.*"

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of Sir R. Milbanke. I have this day received her acceptance, and an invitation from Sir R. to join them in the country. You *will keep this a secret for the present*, and let me see you soon,—for obvious reasons, to discuss the state of my affairs, and the expediency of retaining or selling Newstead or Rochdale; also what settlements it will be proper for me to make, with various other details which will arise on our meeting.

Under these circumstances you will see that I shall not be able to have the honour of joining your Son-in-law the Earl at Hurstbourne for the present (to whom and the Countess I beg my best respects), and I do hope you will do me the favour to meet me in London, as soon after the receipt of this as you conveniently can.

I have written to Mr. Hodgson about *Newton*,[1] and you shall have his answer on my receiving it. I think him the best man in the world in temper, character, and learning, to make your child all you wish him.

Very truly yours,

B.

P.S.—I expect to be in town on Thursday next.

496.—To Thomas Moore.

Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20, 1814.

Here's to her who long
  Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
  What gold could never buy.

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follow. My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be), *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with "golden opinions of all sorts "of men,"[1] and full of "most blest conditions"[2] as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity,—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and got a blue coat.

She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not enquire. But I do know, that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the mean time, I tell you (a *secret*, by the by,—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow: but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

"sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him "with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years "before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the "mould under her window. Almost at the same moment the letter "arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, 'If it contains a consent, I "will be married with this very ring.' It *did* contain a very flattering "acceptance of his proposal, and a duplicate of the letter had been "sent to London, in case this should have missed him" (Moore).

1. "And I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people."
Macbeth, act i. sc. 7.

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If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better.

Ever, etc.

497.—To John Hanson.

Albany, Septr 24th, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I only got your letter (and to town) last night. I fear I cannot well come down to Farleigh or Hurstbourne at present; but I wish so much to see you that I hope it will not be inconvenient for you to come to London, as, till we meet, I know not what to settle, or how, or even what proposition to make. *We are engaged*, so that there is nothing but our worldly concerns to discuss, and I thought it better to see you first, than to go down to Sir R.'s to come away again so far on business without at least trying to make some previous arrangement.

I have Mr. Hodgson's answer about Newton, which I will show you, when we meet.

With my best respects to the Earl and Countess,

Believe me, yours ever truly,

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498.—To John Hanson.

London, Septr 28th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I had hoped to be able to come down yesterday, or today; but I find that it will not be in my power and must wait your leisure.

With regard to Mr. Fellowes,[1] I should conceive for his own sake he would preserve some terms, and, if he does not, you are well able to cope with and curb him. What *can* he do that can seriously molest you or your son-in-law?

Upon the subject of my own affairs, it will be proper that you should submit their state, with the necessary documents, to Sir R. Milbanke's solicitor; but I wish to know, as I must resell Newstead, whether it had not be as well to write to Mr. C^o^. on his own proposal of renewal, which if he declines, we must take the best bidder,—perhaps Mr. Walker,—and then, what is to be done about Rochdale?

Miss M. will eventually be Baroness Noel, and inherit certain property with that title from her uncle, Lord Wentworth. There is also something settled from her father's estates, and she will have Seaham, and all that he can give her. But *entre nous* I believe Sir R. is much involved by electioneering, etc., and that her present portion will not be considerable.

Her connections have announced her engagement to all her relations—(and even to the tenantry, I believe), so that it is no longer, nor need be, a secret.

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go down there, and it will seem singular if I delay it much longer.

Yours ever truly,

BYRON.

499.—To John Hanson.

London, Octr 1st, 1814.

MY DEAR SIR,—By Mr. Cn's letters to me in your possession you will perceive that he requested the refusal of N., and that it was granted. Things being so circumstanced, I wish you to write to him, and state that I am about to be married, etc., and consequently his determination must be immediate, one way or the other, and clear, and the *funds* in part, and security for the rest, equally palpable and tangible. If he cannot make this out, I have performed my promise in allowing him the first offer, and we can treat with any other,—perhaps Mr. Walker may be the best. Pray do this; it is better you should write than I. But, in justice to Mr. C. as well as myself, this compliment must be paid him, though his letters, or one of them, admits my "free agency." Do not lose any time in this, and request an immediate answer. The intended marriage is no secret, and must shew him the necessity of determining forthwith.

Then as to Rochdale, I really think, without waiting for Deardon, I must sell the other part, though at a loss from that accursed lawsuit which is still undecided.

It would give me great pleasure to visit you and

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ago by the use or abuse of Acids. This he gives me great hopes of removing.

The object of Mr. Fellowes, and its motive, are equally vain and ridiculous. Surely there cannot be a chance of it's proving successful, and when it is considered that it was unthought of till Lord P. married a woman capable of bringing him an *heir*;—in short it seems to me that Mr. F. is in more danger than Lord P., particularly *if* there is anything that looks *like Conspiracy* in the attempt. If Lord P. is apprehensive, if any outrage is menaced, cannot he have the law to protect him?—is there not the peace?—of course I say all this to you in *strict confidence*, and out of regard to your family, and after all *you* must know best.

Ever truly yours,

B.

P.S.—When you write to Mr. C^{n}, say that the *reply* must be prompt, and clear, and decisive.

P.S.—I think I sent you "Mr. C$^{n's}$" last letter. It was to the same purport with the others. The moment you can, I hope I shall see you here.

If I could come, I would. My best compliments and thanks to Lord and Lady P^{h}.

500.—To John Hanson.

Octr 5th, 1814.

My dear Sir,—I do not wish to hurry, or to plague you, but I cannot help saying that *delay* in this business may do me great harm, and that it has even done *some* already. I hope, as I have ever shown not only my confidence in you professionally, but, I trust, my regard for you and yours personally, that you will not lose much

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time in seeing me, and that, in the mean time, you are considering and arranging what may best be done on my approaching marriage. My relatives that are to be are expecting me, and wondering that I do not come. I can only say that nothing detains me but not seeing you first, and making the arrangements. If I could have come to H., I would willingly; but it was not in my power.

Ever yours truly,

BYRON.

501.—To the Countess of ——.

Albany, October 5, 1814.

DEAR LADY * *,—Your recollection and invitation do me great honour; but I am going to be "married, and "can't come." My intended is two hundred miles off, and the moment my business here is arranged, I must set out in a great hurry to be happy. Miss Milbanke is the good-natured person who has undertaken me,[1] and, of course, I am very much in love, and as silly as all single gentlemen must be in that sentimental situation. I have been accepted these three weeks; but when the event will take place, I don't exactly know. It depends partly

1. "Apropos of love, and such things," writes Rogers to Moore, October 17, 1814 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. viii. p. 185), "is Lord Byron "to be married to Miss Milbanke, at last? I have heard it."

"Lord Byron," writes Mrs. Piozzi, November 27, 1814, "was "such a favourite with the women. We all agreed that he might "throw his handkerchief; and I rejoyce so pretty and pleasing a "lady picks it up. I knew his grandmother most intimately, "Sophia Trevanion, Admiral Byron's lady; and she was a favourite "with Dr. Johnson. He would have been glad that her grandson "was a poet, and a poet he is, in every sense of the word: 'Au "moins il ne manque que *la pauvreté* pour l'être,' as some one said "of a gentleman painter in France many years ago" (*Autobiography, Letters, etc., of Mrs. Piozzi*, vol. ii. pp. 269, 270).

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upon lawyers, who are never in a hurry. One can be sure of nothing; but, at present, there appears no other interruption to this intention, which seems as mutual as possible, and now no secret, though I did not tell first,—and all our relatives are congratulating away to right and left in the most fatiguing manner.

You perhaps know the lady.[1] She is niece to Lady Melbourne, and cousin to Lady Cowper and others of your acquaintance, and has no fault, except being a great deal too good for me, and that I must pardon, if nobody else should. It might have been *two* years ago, and, if it had, would have saved me a world of trouble. She has employed the interval in refusing about half a dozen of my particular friends, (as she did me once, by the way,) and has taken me at last, for which I am very much obliged to her. I wish it was well over, for I do hate bustle, and there is no marrying without some;—and

1. Lady Milbanke thus announces the engagement to her brother-in-law, Sir James Burges (*Bland-Burges Papers*, p. 338), October 4, 1814—

"Now, my dear friend, to my second topic, one most interesting "to me, and I am certain for my sake will be also to you. My "daughter is engaged to marry Lord Byron, with the entire appro- "bation of her father and myself, to which is added my brother's "kindest sanction. *You*, who like Lord Byron are favoured by the "Muses, no doubt admire him as a *poet*, but believe me he has, like "yourself, a warm, affectionate, and liberal heart, with many quali- "ties which promise happiness to the woman who will be his wife; "his attachment to *her* has been *constant*, and is *deep* founded on the "best basis; that of *esteem*.

"He has not yet been here, being detained in town on *business*— "law *business*—previous, I imagine, to his seeing Sir Ralph, but we "expect him in a few days. Annabella, I must confess, returns his "attachment very sincerely. You will feel for me and Milbanke. "What is to become of us when we lose our sweet companion, I

then, I must not marry in a black coat, they tell me, and I can't bear a blue one.

Pray forgive me for scribbling all this nonsense. You know I must be serious all the rest of my life, and this is a parting piece of buffoonery, which I write with tears in my eyes, expecting to be agitated. Believe me, most seriously and sincerely your obliged servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—My best rems. to Lord * * on his return.

502.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Octr 7th 1814.

It gives me much pleasure to hear that Augusta has written to you. She is the least selfish and gentlest creature in being—and more attached to me than any one in existence can be. She was particularly desirous that I should marry and only regretted, what I must regret a little too, that she had not earlier the pleasure of your acquaintance. She was very anxious for the fate and favorable reception of her letter to you.

503.—To Thomas Moore.

October 7, 1814.

Notwithstanding the contradictory paragraph in the *Morning Chronicle*,[1] which must have been sent by * *,

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or perhaps—I know not why I should suspect Claughton of such a thing, and yet I partly do, because it might interrupt his renewal of purchase, if so disposed; in short, it matters not, but we are all in the road to matrimony—lawyers settling, relations congratulating, my intended as kind as heart could wish, and every one, whose opinion I value, very glad of it. All her relatives, and all mine too, seem equally pleased.[1]

In the *Morning Chronicle* for October 6, 1814, appears the following paragraph: "We were imposed on by the writer of the "paragraph respecting the approaching union of Lord Byron and "Miss Milbanke. Upon inquiry we learn that the happy nuptials "are soon to take place."

1. The three following extracts from letters written by Miss Milbanke show the pleasure she took in her engagement. The first extract is from a letter written to Miss Emily Milner, September 23, 1814; the second, from a letter to Colonel Doyle, October 1; the third, from a letter to Miss Milner, only dated "Tuesday," but apparently an answer to Miss Milner's reply:—

(i.) "I have to communicate an event which will, I am sure, interest "you greatly. An event that affords me the best prospect of happi-"ness, and gives the highest satisfaction to my parents. I am "engaged to marry Lord Byron. Convinced by intimate knowledge "and deep investigation that he merits my highest esteem, whilst he "possesses my strongest affection, I feel myself honored in the choice; "and I expect of your candour and kindness, that you will rely "more on the opinion which we have had *reason* to form, than on "the vague prejudices of the world. You have also, I trust, a "sufficient confidence in my principles to believe that I would not "marry any man whom I could not 'honour' as well as 'love.' It "is no precipitate step. The attachment has been progressive for "two years, and I now own it with feelings of happiness that promise "to be durable as they are deep."

(ii.) "My dear Frank,—if Selina's friend may call you so,—I wrote "about a week since to Emily, meaning to give her and you the "earliest information of an event which is of the greatest interest to "us. Not having received an answer, I conclude that she is wander-"ing, and my letter wandering after her. Though you have probably "heard of its subject from report, I wish you to know it more "correctly, and I presume on the friendship which Selina promised "me *should be* between us, to give you some account of my engage-"ment to marry Lord Byron. After an intimate, and not merely "a recent, knowledge of his character, with the best opportunities of "judging his heart and dispositions, I have yielded to his sincere "and constant attachment, convinced that he is fully deserving of

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Perry was very sorry, and has *re*-contradicted, as you will perceive by this day's paper. It was, to be sure, a

"mine, and hoping to be successful in my endeavours to make him "happy. I have reason to believe that we understand one another "particularly well, and though I do not pretend to equal, I may be "capable of *appreciating*, his merits. In short, it is not a precipitate "measure, and my father and mother, as well as those friends who "are best acquainted with the circumstances by which it has been "occasioned, have the greatest confidence in my prospects of happi- "ness. I have not yet heard from Selina in reply to this intelligence, "which I had given her some reason to expect."

(iii.) "You don't know, dearest Emily, what pleasure your letter "has given me. I was very impatient for it, and amongst all the "congratulations still missed 'the grac'd person of our Banquo,' "whom, however, I would *not* rather have 'challeng'd for *unkind-* "*ness* than pitied for *mischance*'—such mischance as could befall an "epistle. You only know me truly in thinking that without the "highest moral esteem I could never have yielded to, if I had been "weak enough to form, an attachment. It is not in the great world "that Lord Byron's true character must be sought; but ask of those "nearest to him—of the unhappy whom he has consoled, of the poor "whom he has blessed, of the dependants to whom he is the best of "masters. For his despondency I fear I am but too answerable for "the last two years. Yet I cannot reproach myself for having "resisted my own wishes as well as his, until *thoroughly* convinced "that their fulfilment would produce mutual happiness. I did not "think it possible that I should ever have made this determination "without some 'compunctious visitings;' but none have touched "me—not even for a moment. I have a calm and deep security,— "a confidence in God and man. I am sure that if my letter can "impart any thing of the temper with which it is written, it will not "need your indulgence. My satisfaction could not have been "complete unless so cordially shared by my parents, to whom I may "add my Uncle, Lord Wentworth, now here, and my Aunt, Lady "Melbourne, absent. These, with all my friends, concur in thinking "my views of happiness as fair as *this* world can promise; but in the "dearest wishes I always look beyond *temporary* hopes. My. is truly "happy in the consideration of my prospects; Selina also. It will "be long, alas! ere I can hear from Mary, but I already know that "her opinion of my choice will perfectly coincide with my own; "Dr. Fenwick amongst my warmest approvers. These are certainly "secondary considerations, as I could never have married *to please* "my friends: but still they are gratifying. I suppose you will hear

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devil of an insertion, since the first paragraph came from Sir Ralph's own County Journal, and this in the teeth of it would appear to him and his as *my* denial. But I have written to do away that, enclosing Perry's letter, which was very polite and kind.

Nobody hates bustle so much as I do; but there seems a fatality over every scene of my drama, always a row of some sort or other. No matter—Fortune is my best friend; and as I acknowledge my obligations to her, I hope she will treat me better than she treated the Athenian, who took some merit to *himself* on some occasion, but (after that) took no more towns. In fact, *she*, that exquisite goddess, has hitherto carried me through every thing, and will, I hope, now; since I own it will be all *her* doing.

Well, now, for thee. Your article on * * is perfection itself. You must not leave off reviewing. By Jove, I believe you can do any thing. There is wit, and taste, and learning, and good humour (though not a whit less severe for that), in every line of that critique. * * *

Next to *your* being an E. Reviewer, *my* being of the same kidney, and Jeffrey's being such a friend to both, are amongst the events which I conceive were not

"conclude it to be an alliance of the *Muses*, whilst others think that "Vanity has been the Match-maker. Some unfortunate wights who "have abused my Lord and Master most scurrilously before me will "be a little embarrassed,—quite needlessly, for I never felt angry "when his character was mistaken by those who had not reason to "know better.

"I have not written of other things, because I think you won't "wish it. Lord Byron is still detained in London by business, which "he is anxious to settle, that he may not be obliged to leave us again "immediately. No further arrangements have been made. My "mother is most gratified by your letter and Mrs. Doyle's, which she

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calculated upon in Mr.—what's his name?'s—*Essay on Probabilities.*[1]

But, Tom, I say—Oons!—Scott menaces the *Lord of the Isles.*[2] Do you mean to compete? or lay by till this wave has broke upon the *shelves*? (of booksellers, not rocks—a *broken* metaphor, by the way). You *ought* to be afraid of nobody; but your modesty is really as provoking and unnecessary as a * *'s. I am very merry, and have just been writing some elegiac stanzas on the death of Sir P. Parker.[3] He was my first cousin, but never met since boyhood. Our relations desired me, and I have scribbled and given it to Perry, who will chronicle it to-morrow. I am as sorry for him as one could be for one I never saw since I was a child; but should not have wept melodiously, except "at the request of friends."[4]

I hope to get out of town and be married, but I shall take Newstead in my way; and you must meet me at Nottingham and accompany me to mine Abbey. I will tell you the day when I know it.

Ever, etc.

P.S.—By the way my wife elect is perfection, and I hear of nothing but her merits and her wonders, and that she is "very pretty." Her expectations, I am told, are great; but *what*, I have not asked. I have not seen her these ten months.

1. A review of Laplace's *Essai Philosophique sur les Probabilités* appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* (vol. xxiii. p. 320).

2. Scott's *Lord of the Isles* was advertised in the autumn of this year, and published in the January following.

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504.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

14 Octr 1814.

I have not seen the paragraph you mention; but it cannot speak more humbly of me in the comparison than I think. This is one of the lesser evils to which notoriety and a carelessness of fame,—in the only good sense of the word,—has rendered me liable,—a carelessness which I do not now feel since I have obtained something worth caring for. The truth is that could I have foreseen that your life was to be linked to mine,—had I even possessed a distinct hope however distant,—I would have been a different and better being. As it is, I have sometimes doubts, even if I should not disappoint the future nor act hereafter unworthily of you, whether the past ought not to make you still regret me—even that portion of it with which you are not unacquainted.

I did not believe such a woman existed—at least for me,—and I sometimes fear I ought to wish that she had not. I must turn from the subject.

My love, do forgive me if I have written in a spirit that renders you uncomfortable. I cannot embody my feelings in words. I have nothing to desire—nothing I would see altered in *you*—but so much in myself. I can conceive no misery equal to mine, if I failed in making you happy,—and yet how can I hope to do justice to those merits from whose praise there is not a dissentient voice?

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505.—To Thomas Moore.

October 14, 1814.

An there were any thing in marriage that would make a difference between my friends and me, particularly in your case, I would "none on't." My agent sets off for Durham next week, and I shall follow him, taking Newstead and you in my way. I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with these views, but it is likely she may prove a considerable *parti*. All her father can give, or leave her, he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on Ly. Milbanke (*his* sister), she has expectations. But these will depend upon his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child, and Sir R.'s estates, though dipped by electioneering, are considerable. Part of them are settled on her; but whether *that* will be *dowered* now, I do not know,—though, from what has been intimated to me, it probably will. The lawyers are to settle this among them, and I am getting my property into matrimonial array, and myself ready for the journey to Seaham, which I must make in a week or ten days.

I certainly did not dream that she was attached to me, which it seems she has been for some time. I also thought her of a very cold disposition, in which I was also mistaken—it is a long story, and I won't trouble you with it. As to her virtues, etc., etc., you will hear enough of them (for she is a kind of *pattern* in the north), without my running into a display on the subject. It is well that *one* of us is of such fame, since there is sad deficit in the *morale* of that article upon my part,—all owing to my "bitch "of a star," as Captain Tranchemont says of his planet.

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Don't think you have not said enough of me in your article on T[hurlow]; what more could or need be said?[1]

* Your long-delayed and expected work—I suppose you will take fright at *The Lord of the Isles* and Scott now. You must do as you like,—I have said my say. You ought to fear comparison with none, and any one would stare, who heard you were so tremulous,—though, after all, I believe it is the surest sign of talent. Good morning. I hope we shall meet soon, but I will write again, and perhaps you will meet me at Nottingham. Pray say so.

P.S.—If this union is productive, you shall name the first fruits.

506.—To Leigh Hunt.

Oct. 15, 1814.

My dear Hunt,—I send you some game, of which I beg your acceptance. I specify the quantity as a security against the porter; a hare, a pheasant, and two brace of partridges, which, I hope, are fresh. My stay in town has not been long, and I am in all the agonies of quitting it again next week on business, preparatory to "a change "of condition" as it is called by the talkers on such matters. I am about to be married; and am, of course, in all the misery of a man in pursuit of happiness. My intended is two hundred miles off, and the efforts I am making with lawyers, etc., etc., to join my future connexions, are, for a personage of my single and inveterate habits, to say nothing of indolence, quite prodigious!

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I sincerely hope you are better than your paper intimated lately, and that your approaching freedom will find you in full health to enjoy it.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

507.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Octr 16th 1814.

In arranging papers I have found the first letter you ever wrote me;—read it again. You will allow mine appeared a very unpromising case; but I can forgive,—that is not the word,—I mean I can forget, even the reality of your sentiments then if you do not deceive yourself now. It was this epistle to which I always recurred, which haunted me through all my future correspondence; and now farewell to it—and yet your friendship was dearer to me than any love but your own.

508.—To Henry Drury.

October 18, 1814.

MY DEAR DRURY,—Many thanks for your hitherto unacknowledged "Anecdotes." Now for one of mine—I am going to be married, and have been engaged this month. It is a long story, and, therefore, I won't tell it,—an old and (though I did not know it till lately) a *mutual* attachment. The very sad life I have led since I was your pupil must partly account for the offs and *ons* in this now to be arranged business. We are only waiting for the lawyers and settlements, etc.; and next week, or the week after, I shall go down to Seaham in the new character of a regular suitor for a wife of mine own. * * *

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I hope Hodgson is in a fair way on the same voyage —I saw him and his idol at Hastings. I wish he would be married at the same time,—I should like to make a party,—like people electrified in a row, by (or rather through) the same chain, holding one another's hands, and all feeling the shock at once. I have not yet apprised him of this. He makes such a serious matter of all these things, and is so "melancholy and gentlemanlike," that it is quite overcoming to us choice spirits. * *

They say one shouldn't be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one—that's flat. I hate it.

Yours, etc.

509.—To Francis Hodgson.[1]

Oct[r] 19th, 1814.

MY DEAR HODGSON,—She *is* to be Lady B. the moment the lawyers and settlers will let us. It is a long

1. Hodgson, in a letter to Miss Tayler, written in October, 1814 (*Memoir*, vol. i. pp. 289, 290), describes a meeting with Byron at Cambridge: "It is most natural that Byron should be absorbed by "the thought even, much more by the society, of one of the most "divine beings on earth. He was on his way to Seaham, Sir "Ralph Milbanke's seat. His sister, in her last sweet letter, says, "'I have not heard from him for some time, and am uneasy about "it; but it is very selfish to be so, for I know he is happy, and what "more can I wish?' Well, on Friday evening, . . . I was tired with "writing, and thought I would go to the coffee-room and read the "papers. With nothing then, for the moment, but *Colonel Quintin* "and Hanoverianism in my head, I was passing by the Sun Inn, "literally passing by it, and at a quick pace, when a carriage and "four drove up to the door. A sudden thought struck me; I cried "out 'Byron!' and was answered by a hearty 'Hodgson!' . . . "He told me *all that could be told* of his visit to Seaham, and, in a "word, for I can say no more if I talk for ever on the subject, he is "likely to be *as happy as I am*. Oh! how I glowed with indigna- "tion at the base reporters of his *Fortune-hunting*. I will tell you "the particulars when we meet. Meanwhile, *entre nous*, he is "sacrificing a great deal too much. Not to Miss M.—that is "impossible—because nothing is too much for her, and (as is usual

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story, and I must defer it; but I have misunderstood her. She has been attached to me for a considerable time, and the "previous attachment" turns out to have had no existence. We *both* thought that we were separated, and that obstacles, since proved imaginary, were between us. In the belief that *I* would never renew, she tried to make herself partial to another (this is *her own* account); but the delusion vanished on their meeting, and all *our* misapprehensions have arisen from the natural reserve between persons so circumstanced as we supposed ourselves. I have been accepted this month or more, but am here on business. The moment Mr. Hanson goes to Durham, which will be in a week or less, I shall get ready,—indeed *am* ready,—to follow him. The father, mother, and all connections on both sides, are most favourable. I love her, and hope she will be happy.

I shall stop at Augusta's in my way to Newstead and Seaham. Claughton gave up N. and forfeited £25,000 out of £28,000, already paid, besides expences of planting and improvements.

"in these cases) she would require nothing. But her parents "(although B. speaks of them with the most *beautiful* respect) cer- "tainly to me appear to be most royally selfish persons. Her fortune "is *not* large at present, but he settles £60,000 upon her. This he "cannot do *without selling Newstead again*; and with a look and "manner that I cannot easily forget, he said, 'You know we must "think of these things as little as possible.' 'But,' I replied, 'I "am certain, if she saw Newstead, she would not let you part with "it.' 'Bless her! she has nothing to do with it. Nor would I "excite a feeling in her mind that may be prejudicial to her "interests.' Now where, where are the hearts of those who can "under-value, who can depreciate this man? Besides this, Miss M.'s

I will try to come to Cambridge; indeed I must pass through it in my journey. Hanson mentioned to me a wish that you could be prevailed on to undertake a domestic Chaplaincy for *Lord Portsmouth*. I think it would be a good thing for reasons I will explain when we meet. At least it would enable you to marry, and you and your wife might live near Hurstbourne within a mile of the family mansion. However, more of this anon.

Ever yours most truly,

B.

P.S.—You might have young H[anson] as a pupil if you liked.

510.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

20th Oct. 1814.

I have been so much amused with your "extracts,"[1] though I had no idea what an evil spirit I then appeared in your eyes. You were quite right however, as far as appearances, but that was not my natural character. I was just returned from a far country where everything was different, and felt bewildered and not very happy in my own, which I had left without regret and returned to without interest. I found myself, I did not very well know why, an object of curiosity which I never wished to excite —and about a poem which I had no conception was to make such a fuss. My mind and my feelings were moreover occupied with considerations which had nothing in common with the circle where I was whirling, so that no wonder I was repulsive and cold. I never could conquer

1. Probably from Miss Milbanke's journals of 1812.

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my disposition to be both in a crowd from which I was always wishing myself away.

Those who know me most intimately can tell you that I am if anything too *childish*, with a greater turn for the ridiculous than for anything serious,—and, I could hope, not very ill natured *off the stage*, and, if angry, never loud. I can't say much for these qualifications, but I have such a regard for yours, that I am sure we shall be a very happy couple. I wish you had a greater passion for governing, for I don't shine in conducting myself, and am very docile with a gentle guide.

511.—To John Hanson.

London, Octr 21st, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I trust this will find you preparing to set out, as I rather think the *mines* can go on by themselves for the present, and am very sure that this delay makes us all extremely uncomfortable. Do, pray, dispatch, and don't forget that *I got up earlier* for one of your *marriages* than you seem disposed to allow me to do for my own.

Ever very truly yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—I have heard from Mr. Hodgson, who will take Newton when you please. If you like, I will take him to Cambridge, and settle him there in my way to Newstead and Seaham. I wish, however, you would think of the *Chaplaincy* decidedly. I am certain *H.* is the *Man* of all others you want.

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512.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

October 22d 1814.

I fear that the letter which accompanied the enclosure of your first contained some thing or other that has not quite pleased; but I judge merely from the tone of your answer rather than the words. Indeed, dearest, if so, it was most unintentional, and any vexation which I bring on you must recoil tenfold on myself, as is the case now. You will not, I hope, wonder that I should seek to "forget" a delusion that had embittered my thoughts, and made me careless of my conduct for so long a period; but I by no means wished to convey the slightest reflection on you—which would be equally selfish and ridiculous. I did not like to destroy the letter because it was yours, and it was not too pleasant to retain it, because you are mine, and that letter says you will never be so. Do you think, my love, that happiness depends on similarities or differences in character? I doubt it. I am rather inclined to lay more stress upon intellect than is generally done—much upon temper; affection must do the rest. When a sensible person is wrong, he must eventually perceive and own it without much struggle; but a fool is never to be convinced, and, after all, not worth convincing. I shall only bewilder myself with metaphysical distinctions if I go on about mind, and I am sure that of my own character I know nothing, nor could I, if my existence were at stake, tell what my ruling passion is. It takes its colours, I believe, from the circumstances in which I am placed; there are few which, at one period or other of my life, had not affected me, but I could not fix on one which, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up all the rest.

* * * * *

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"Happy with you?"—Nay, if you doubt, at least do yourself justice and reverse it. It is your happiness which is, or ought to be, chiefly consulted; mine is in the hope of not diminishing it. If I can add to it, my own will proportionally increase.

* * * * *

You ask me if Augusta is not "shy"—to excess. She is, as I tell her, like a frightened hare with new acquaintances, but I suppose she has made a grand effort to overcome it in this instance. She is now nursing which will I fear prevent her accepting your father's very kind invitation. I wish with all my heart she could.

513.—To John Cowell.

October 22, 1814.

MY DEAR COWELL,—Many and sincere thanks for your kind letter—the bet, or rather forfeit, was one hundred to Hawke,[1] and fifty to Hay (nothing to Kelly), for a guinea received from each of the two former.[2] I shall feel much obliged by your setting me right if I am incorrect in this statement in any way, and have reasons for wishing you to recollect as much as possible of what passed, and state it to Hodgson. My reason is this: some time ago Mr. * * * required a bet of me which I never made, and of course refused to pay, and have heard no more of it; to prevent similar mistakes is my object in wishing you to remember well what passed, and to put Hodgson in possession of your memory on the subject.

1. Edward Harvey Hawke (1774-1824) succeeded as third Baron Hawke of Towton, in 1805.

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I hope to see you soon in my way through Cambridge. Remember me to H., and

Believe me, ever and truly, etc.

514.—To John Hanson.

London, Octr 24th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—I am truly sorry to write to you in any terms but the most friendly; but circumstances compel me.

It is now *five* weeks since I announced to you Miss M.'s resolution and mine, and, since that period, little or nothing has been done towards the object of our wishes. I should not be a very impartial judge, doubtless, in my own case, but this is not *my* opinion so much as that of her connections and of mine, who have written to me, and when I state the *fact*,—that I am waiting for your return,—they express their surprize that, in business of so much importance, so much time should be lost, and delays as it were sought for. It looks like trifling on my part, and on yours does not appear very attentive to me as a client or friendly as a man. I have written to you 3 times to press your departure, but without an answer. I certainly did hope that, on an occasion not the least important with regard to my present as well as future prospects and happiness, there would not have been so much necessity of urging you in behalf of

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—A very little more delay will settle the business most effectually, in which case I shall have reason to remember Mr. Viney, and your zeal in *his* cause, all the rest of my life.

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515.—To John Hanson.

London, Octr 25th, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—Your illness is more than unfortunate,—at least to me. Had you but proceeded as at first intended, you would probably have preserved your own health and saved me much misery. It is useless to send Charles. Take your own time, since it is so; but no one but yourself can confer at all satisfactorily with Sir R.'s agents, circumstanced as I now am. In the mean time, I will tell you how your delay has situated *me*. Lord W^{h}, Miss M.'s uncle, is leaving Seaham without seeing me as he particularly wished; her father and mother are very much displeased, as are the rest of her connections.

Now, my going without you, and without your conferring with Mr. Hoar, is out of the question; it would forward nothing; it would answer no purpose,—my solitary journey, except to attach Miss M. and myself more, without the prospect, at least the certainty, of our marrying.

I need say little more. What to say to them I know not; after the delays already, they will merely look upon your illness as a new excuse, and, perhaps, of mine. *I*, of course, can have no doubt of it; but, in short, this marriage will be broken off, and, if so, whether intentional or accidental, I can't help it, but, by God, I can never look upon any one again as my friend, who has even been the innocent cause of destroying my happiness.

Yours truly,

BYRON.

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516.—To Thomas Moore.

December 14, 1814.

MY DEAREST TOM,—I will send the pattern[1] to-morrow, and since you don't go to our friend ("of the "*keeping* part of the town") this evening, I shall e'en sulk at home over a solitary potation. My self-opinion rises much by your eulogy of my social qualities. As my friend Scrope is pleased to say, I believe I am very well for a "holiday drinker." Where the devil are you? With Woolriche,[2] I conjecture—for which you deserve another abscess. Hoping that the American war will last for many years, and that all the prizes may be registered at Bermoothes,[3]

Believe me, etc.

P.S.—I have just been composing an epistle to the Archbishop for an especial licence.[4] Oons! it looks

1. Moore had written to ask Byron for a pattern of his "olive-"green coat, for I should like to wear the same livery."

2. "Dr. Woolriche, an old and valued friend of mine, to whose "skill, on the occasion here alluded to, I was indebted for my life" (Moore). *Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post-bag*, is dedicated to Stephen Woolriche.

3. "Still vex'd Bermoothes" (*The Tempest*, act i. sc. 2). Byron alludes to Moore's appointment as Registrar of the Admiralty Court in Bermuda (1803), an appointment which, through the rascality of his deputy (1818), led to a heavy loss of money.

4. The following is the draft of Byron's letter (undated) to the Archbishop of Canterbury (Charles Manners-Sutton, 1805-28):—

"MY LORD,—I have no adequate apology to offer to your Grace "for this intrusion, unless you will be pleased to accept as one the "circumstances which induce me to venture on this liberty.

"It has been intimated to me that the proper and only method "of obtaining the favour which I am about to solicit is by applica-"tion to your Grace in writing. The request I venture to prefer is "for a special license to unite in marriage Miss Anne Isabella "Milbanke to him who has now the honour of addressing you.

"If I have erred in the mode of application, I beg of your Grace "to accept my ignorance or misinformation as my excuse. I have "the honour to be, with the most profound respect,

"Your Grace's most obedient and very humble servant,

"BYRON."

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serious. Murray is impatient to see you, and would call, if you will give him audience. Your new coat!—I wonder you like the colour, and don't go about, like Dives, in purple.

517.—To John Murray.

December 31, 1814.

DEAR SIR,—A thousand thanks for *Gibbon:* all the additions are very great improvements.

At last I must be *most* peremptory with you about the *print* from Phillips's picture; it is pronounced on all hands the most stupid and disagreeable possible: so do, pray, have a new engraving, and let me see it first; there really must be no more from the same plate. I don't much care, myself; but every one I know torments me to death about it, and abuses it to a degree beyond repeating.

Now, don't answer with excuses: but, for my sake, have it destroyed: I never shall have peace till it is. I write in the greatest haste.

Ever yours,
BYRON.

P.S.—I have written this most illegibly; but it is to beg you to destroy the print, and have another "by "particular desire." It must be damned bad, to be sure, since every body says so but the original; and he don't know what to say. But do *do* it: that is, burn the plate.

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CHAPTER XI.

JANUARY, 1815—NOVEMBER, 1815.

MARRIED LIFE—DRURY LANE MANAGEMENT.

518.—To John Murray.

Halnaby, January 6, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—*The* marriage[1] took place on the 2d instant: so pray make haste and congratulate away.

Thanks for the *Edinburgh Review* and the abolition of the print. Let the next be from the *other* of Phillips—I mean (*not* the Albanian, but) the original one in the exhibition; the last was from the copy. I should wish my sister and Lady Byron to decide upon the next, as they found fault with the last. *I* have no opinions of my own upon the subject.

Mr. Kinnaird will, I dare say, have the goodness

1. The following is a copy of the marriage certificate, taken from the Parish Register of Seaham :—

"George Gordon Byron, Lord Byron of Rochdale, and Anne "Isabella Milbanke, of this place, were married in Seaham House "by special license, with consent of Parents, this second day of

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to furnish copies of the Melodies,[1] if you state my wish upon the subject. You may have them, if you think them worth inserting. The volumes in their collected state must be inscribed to Mr. Hobhouse, but I have not yet mustered the expressions of my inscription; but will supply them in time.

With many thanks for your good wishes, which have all been realised,

I remain, very truly yours,

BYRON.

519.—To John Murray.

Halnaby, January 6th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I send you another note[2] to the Conclusion of *The Corsair;* it is from Gibbon,—a quotation,

1. Byron wrote his *Hebrew Melodies* at the suggestion of Kinnaird, to be set to music by Isaac Nathan. They were published in 1815, according to the advertisement prefixed to the volume, "with the "music, arranged, by Mr. Braham and Mr. Nathan."

"I originally," writes Nathan (*Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron*, preface, pp. vii., viii.), ". . . proposed to publish "the work by subscription, when, amongst other subscribers, Mr. "Braham did me the favor to put his name down for two copies, "but on an interview with that gentleman he proposed his singing "the melodies in public, and to assist me in the arrangement of "them, on condition of my giving him an equal share in the pub- "lication. To this I readily consented, under the impression that I "should but be paying a just tribute of respect to the first poet of the "age, by having his verses sung by the greatest vocalist of the day, "and I accordingly paid Mr. Braham his moiety arising from the "sale of the first edition." Braham was, however, prevented by "professional occupations" from fulfilling his engagement, and the edition of 1829 is published without his name.

With the *Hebrew Melodies* were originally published [illegible]

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—and you will think it not *mal à propos*. I suppose it is not too late to add.

I answered yours yesterday, and trust this will find you and your family,—literary and domestic,—in good plight and liking.

Yours ever truly,

B.

520.—To Isaac Nathan.[1]

January, 1815.

DEAR NATHAN,—Murray being about to publish a complete edition of my *poetical effusions* has a wish

1. Isaac Nathan (1792–1864), like Braham, a Jew, was a well-known composer and historian of music. Introduced by Kinnaird to Byron, he set the *Hebrew Melodies* to music, and, as would appear from the above letter, was given the copyright by Byron. Nathan was the author of the "successful Music" in various musical farces and operatic works, such as "in *Sweethearts and Wives, The Illus-*"*trious Stranger, The King's Fool, etc.*" His *Musurgia Vocalis, an Essay on the History and Theory of Music* (1823), gained him the post of musical historian to George IV., and instructor in music to the Princess Charlotte. His *Life of Mme. Malibran de Beriot* appeared in 1836. Owing to his failure to obtain from the Melbourne administration satisfaction for an alleged claim on the Crown for £2000, he emigrated, in 1841, to Sydney. There, and in London, in 1846, he published *The Southern Euphrosyne and Australian Miscellany*. He was killed in 1864, while alighting from a tram-car.

At one time he seems to have known Byron intimately. His *Fugitive Pieces and Reminiscences of Lord Byron* (1829) contains an edition of the *Hebrew Melodies*, with notes of conversations with the poet during their composition, three letters from Byron, and further notes of general conversation with him. One of the letters is printed above; another appears in its place on the eve of Byron's departure from England; the third is the following short note, written either in 1813 or 1814, and dated "Albany, Saturday Morn[g]."

"MY DEAR NATHAN,—You must dine with me to-day at Seven "o'clock. I take no refusal.

"Yours truly,
"BYRON."

Nathan was present, when Kean was first introduced to Byron and delighted him with an exhibition of an opera-dancer. He sang some of his melodies to Walter Scott, who spoke of Byron "as a

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to include the stanzas of the *Hebrew Melodies*. Will you allow him that privilege without considering it an infringement on your copyright? I certainly wish to oblige the gentleman; but you know, Nathan, it is against all good fashion to give and take back. I therefore cannot grant what is not at my disposal: let me hear from you on the subject.

Dear Nathan, yours truly,

BYRON.

521.—To Thomas Moore.

Halnaby, Darlington, January 10, 1815.

I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it[1]—and the *Morning Post*, also, under the head of "Lord Byron's Marriage"—as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker.

Now for thine affairs. I have redde thee upon the Fathers,[2] and it is excellent well. Positively, you must not leave off reviewing. You shine in it—you kill in it: and this article has been taken for Sydney Smith's (as I

"man of wonderful genius—he is a great man." When Nathan mentioned Scott's visit to Byron, the latter said, "Then, Nathan, "you have been visited by the greatest man of the age," and advised him to read *Waverley*, adding, "You are of course aware that it was "written by Walter Scott."

1. In the *Morning Chronicle* for January 6, 1815, under the heading of "Marriage In High Life," appears the following:—

"On Monday last, the 2nd instant, at Seaham, in the County of "Durham, by the Rev. Thomas Noel, Rector of Kirkby Mallory,

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heard in town), which proves not only your proficiency in parsonology, but that you have all the airs of a veteran critic at your first onset. So, prithee, go on and prosper.

Scott's *Lord of the Isles* is out—"the mail-coach "copy" I have, by special licence, of Murray. * * *

Now is *your* time;—you will come upon them newly and freshly. It is impossible to read what you have lately done (verse or prose) without seeing that you have trained on tenfold. * * has floundered; * * has foundered. *I* have tried the rascals (*i.e.* the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but S * * * * y [Southey] has done any thing worth a slice of bookseller's pudding, and *he* has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing. Now, Tom, is thy time—"Oh, "joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for thy "fortune."[1] Let me hear from you soon, and

Believe me ever, etc.

P.S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. How are Mrs. Moore and Joe Atkinson's "Graces?"[2] We must present our women to one another.

1. *Henry IV.*, Part II. act v. sc. 3.

2. Joseph Atkinson (1743–1818) was a Dublin friend, of whom Moore speaks (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 70) as "the lively and popular "secretary of the Ordnance Board." To Atkinson Moore dedicates Epistle v. of his *Odes and Epistles* (1806). The poem is written from Bermuda, and begins thus—

"The daylight is gone—but before we depart,
One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
To the kindest and dearest—oh! judge by the tear
That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear!"

"Old Joe" and "Young Joe" were staying near him at Mayfield in August, 1814 (*ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 35). On Atkinson's death, in 1818, Moore wrote the lines beginning—

"If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the length'ned flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below."

See *Annual Register* (1818), pp. 615, 616.

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522.—To Thomas Moore.

January 19, 1815.

Egad! I don't think he is "down;" and my prophecy—like most auguries, sacred and profane—is not annulled, but inverted. * * *

To your question about the "dog"[1]—Umph!—my "mother," I won't say any thing against—that is, about her: but how long a "mistress" or friend may recollect paramours or competitors (lust and thirst being the two great and only bonds between the amatory or the amicable), I can't say,—or, rather, you know, as well as I could tell you. But as for canine recollections, as far as I could judge by a cur of mine own, (always bating Boatswain,[2] the dearest, and, alas! the maddest

1. "I had just been reading Mr. Southey's fine poem of *Roderick*, "and, with reference to an incident in it, had put the following "question to Lord Byron: 'I should like to know from *you*, who "are one of the philocynic sect, whether it is probable that any dog "(out of a melodrame) could recognise a master, whom neither his "own mother nor mistress was able to find out. I don't care about "Ulysses' dog, etc.—all I want is to know from *you* (who are "renowned as 'friend of the dog, companion of the bear') whether "such a thing is probable" (Moore).

> "The dog who lay
> Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
> And wistfully, had recognised at length,
> Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
> His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
> His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up,
> With eyes whose human meaning did not need
> The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
> To court and chide the long-withheld caress."
>
> Southey's *Poetical Works*, ed. 1838.

2. Byron's epitaph on Boatswain, which, according to a note which he has inserted in his mother's copy of *Imitations and Translations* (p. 191), was written October 30, 1808, and originally appeared in Hobhouse's *Miscellany*, was published with *The Corsair*

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of dogs,) I had one (half a *wolf* by the she side) that doted on me at ten years old, and very nearly ate me at twenty. When I thought he was going to enact Argus, he bit away the backside of my breeches,[1] and never

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., Novr 18th 1808.

"MY DEAR HODGSON,—Boatswain is dead! he expired in a "state of madness on the 10th after suffering much, yet retaining "all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do "the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost every thing "except Old Murray.

"I sent some game to Drury lately, which I hope escaped the "scrutiny of the mutineers. I trust the letter to Claridge was "equally fortunate (after being put in the post by you at London) as "it contained some cash, which my correspondent, notwithstanding "the patriotic fervour of the moment, might not chuse to submit to "the inspection of the William Tells and Gracchi of the day.

"If my songs have produced the glorious effects you mention, I "shall be a complete Tyrtaeus, though I am sorry to say I resemble "that interesting Harper, more in his person, than Poesy. I only "lament, that Drury's conjecture should be more facetious than "well founded; nothing would give me greater glee than to suppose "it was perfectly correct. It is singular enough, that Wingfield "and Kemmis were both my fags at Harrow, and they have now "obtained that honour to which their master aspired in vain.

"I have written to Government for letters, etc. Won't you come "and broach a farewell batch at Xmas? Can't you 'tice Drury into "the woods, and afterwards dewour him'? This day twelvemonth, "*Deo favente*, I shall be crossing Mount Caucasus.

"Is your information of Jefferies's proposal to Southey well "authenticated? if so, pray favour both with a few couplets, in your "satire. I should be too happy to think Gifford had troubled" [Here a line is cut out in the MS.] "could discover if he really "wrote the *expost* in your possession. My Rhymes on the Bards "are forthcoming; tell Drury he must purchase a copy. I can't "afford to give away.

"Hobhouse and myself nearly suffocated a person in the Bath "yesterday, by way of ascertaining the soundings; I was obliged to "jump in, and extricate the Drownee.

"Drury will find a letter from me at Harrow, which I hope he "will answer; if still at Cambridge, greet him with an embrace. "Hobhouse presents all sorts of remembrances to both; but, in the "words of Gaffer Thumb, 'I can no more.'

"Believe me, dear H., yours,
"B."

1 "An honest gentleman, at his return

would consent to any kind of recognition, in despite of all kinds of bones which I offered him. So, let Southey blush and Homer too, as far as I can decide upon quadruped memories.

I humbly take it, the mother knows the son that pays her jointure—a mistress her mate, till he * * and refuses salary—a friend his fellow, till he loses cash and character—and a dog his master, till he changes him.

So, you want to know about milady and me? But let me not, as Roderick Random says, "profane the "chaste mysteries of Hymen"[1]—damn the word, I had nearly spelt it with a small *h*. I like Bell as well as you do (or did, you villain!) Bessy—and that is (or was) saying a great deal.

Address your next to Seaham,[2] Stockton-on-Tees, where we are going on Saturday (a bore, by the way,) to see father-in-law, Sir Jacob, and my lady's lady-mother. Write—and write more at length—both to the public and

Yours ever most affectionately,

B.

> The odds are, that he finds a handsome urn
> To his memory—and two or three young misses,
> Born to some friend, who holds his wife and riches,
> And that *his* Argus bites him by—the breeches."
>
> *Don Juan*, Canto III. stanza xxiii.

1. The letter "H" is blotted in the MS. Byron quotes from *Roderick Random*, chap. 68.

2. Byron, after the honeymoon at Halnaby, returned to Seaham, January 21, 1815. Lady Milbanke, writing to Sir James Burges, January 27 (*Bland-Burges Papers*, p. 339), says, "The Byrons "returned here last Saturday, and I hope will make some stay with "us. They are both well, and as happy as youth and love can "make them. He appears to prefer a quiet domestic circle to any "other, and neither of them seems in any haste to visit London."

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523.—To —— Hay.

Seaham, Durham, January 26th, 1815.

DEAR HAY,—Enclosed is my draft for your hundred guineas on Messrs. Hoares, Fleet Street (not Lombard Street where there is another synonimous (*sic*) cash shop). Let me have an answer certifying safe receipt per post.

* * * will tell you that the Spanish bet was *fifty*, betted and paid, save and except twenty won of him by me at Manton's in two matches regularly deducted. Thus I hope that our betting concerns are settled for the present to all our satisfaction.

I never repented the poney purchase; he was a Beauty, and I at last gave (for I would not have sold) him to a friend[1] who died in Portugal. I believe he is now running free in Lord Powerscourt's Park, in Ireland.

Pray tell me more, or as much as you like, of your cousin Mary.[2] I have some idea her family is related to my late mother's. I believe I told you our story some years ago, and thank you for recollecting it. It is now nearly—I know not how many years; I was 27 a few days ago, and I have never seen her since we were children, and *young* children too. But I never forgot her, and never can,—if it is no impropriety in a "married

1. Probably Wingfield. (See *Letters*, vol. i. p. 180, *note* 1.)

2. Mary Duff, afterwards Mrs. Cockburn. (See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 325, *note* 1.) In the *Personal Memoirs* of Pryse Gordon (vol. ii. pp. 321, 322) Byron ("August, 1816," but really May, 1816) told Gordon that he was desperately in love with Miss Mary Duff when he was nine years old. "'And we met,' he said, 'at the dancing-"school.' He made many inquiries about her, and if she was still "as handsome. 'She is a year older than I am: I have never seen "her since I left Aberdeen. Some of the first verses I ever wrote "were in praise of her beauty. I know she is happily married, "which I rejoice at.' All this he said with much feeling."

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"man," who may very possibly never see her again, and if he did, we are both out of harm's way. You would oblige me by presenting her with my best respects and all good wishes. She had a sister, then in her cradle, *Helen* I think; is she married too? It may seem ridiculous, but it is at any rate, I hope, not offensive to her nor her's in me to pretend to recollect anything about her at so early a period of both our lives, almost, if not *quite*, in our nurseries. But it was a pleasant dream which she must pardon me for remembering. Is she pretty still? I have the most perfect idea of her as a child; but Time, I suppose, has played the devil with us both, but it is *time* also not to bore you further on this subject.

Since I saw you I have had a good deal of scramble both at home and abroad, but am luckily anchored in the haven of matrimony.

I rejoice to hear of Martin's promising prospects, and can give him a very favourable account of marriage as far as my own experience has hitherto gone. I should like to hear of his final settlement, and (I suppose I may ask *you*) what is become of *the* Mrs. H., to whom he was so inveterately constant in our time. The Bride, I presume by your hint, has had no lack of madrigals, as, when once the "Gods make a man poetical," the Devil generally keeps him so. Good night. Address your answer to this place—Sir Ralph Milbanke's, Seaham, Durham, and believe me,

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524.—To Thomas Moore.

Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, February 2, 1815.

I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all the women full of "entusymusy"[1] about you, personally and poetically; and, in particular, that "When first I met thee" has been quite overwhelming in its effect.[2] I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog Power wanted you to omit part of it. They are all regretting your absence at Chatsworth, according to my informant—"all the ladies "quite," etc., etc., etc. Stap my vitals!

Well, now you have got home again—which I dare say is as agreeable as a "draught of cool small beer to "the scorched palate of a waking sot"—now you have got home again, I say, probably I shall hear from you. Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, etc., etc., etc., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says "no *wise* man ever married;"[3] but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry

1. So Braham (circ. 1774–1856), the famous tenor, by birth a German Jew, pronounced "enthusiasm," according to the account given by Harness to Byron.

2. "You cannot imagine," writes Moore to Power, January 31, 1815 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 64), "what a sensation the prince's "song excited at Chatsworth. It was in vain to guard your property; "they had it sung and repeated over so often that they all took copies "of it, and I dare say, in the course of next week, there will not be "a Whig lord or lady in England who will not be in possession "of it."

3. Byron is possibly thinking of Swift's *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, where the Dean often refers to the "wise man," *e.g.* "No "wise man ever wished to be younger." Swift there says, "What "they *do* in Heaven we are ignorant of; what they do *not* we are "told expressly: that they neither marry, nor are given in marriage."

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upon *lease;* but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years.

I wish you would respond, for I am here *oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis.*[1] Pray tell me what is going on in the way of intriguery, and how the w——s and rogues of the upper Beggar's Opera go on—or rather go off—in or after marriage; or who are going to break any particular commandment. Upon this dreary coast, we have nothing but county meetings and shipwrecks: and I have this day dined upon fish, which probably dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. But I saw the sea once more in all the glories of surf and foam,—almost equal to the Bay of Biscay, and the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory.

My papa, Sir Ralpho, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep,—as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience.

Ever thine,

B.

I must go to tea—damn tea. I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy,[2] and with you to lecture me about it.

1. "... tamen illic vivere vellem,
Oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis."
Hor., *Epist.*, I. xi. 9.

2. Nathan, in his *Fugitive Pieces, etc.* (pp. 94, 95), writing apparently of Kinnaird, of whom he has spoken in a previous para-

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525.—To John Murray.

Seaham, Stockton-upon-Tees, February 2, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me very much by making an occasional inquiry in Albany, at my chambers, whether my books, etc., are kept in tolerable order, and how far my old woman [1] continues in health and industry as keeper of my late den. Your parcels have been duly received and perused; but I had hoped to receive *Guy Mannering* [2] before this time. I won't intrude further for the present on your avocations, professional or pleasurable, but am, as usual,

Very truly yours,

BYRON.

526.—To Thomas Moore.

February 4, 1815.

I enclose you half a letter from H[obhouse], which will explain itself—at least the latter part—the former refers to private business of mine own. If Jeffrey will take such an article, and you will undertake the revision, or indeed, any portion of the article itself (for unless *you do*, by Phœbus, I will have nothing to do with it,) we can cook up, between us three, as pretty a dish of sourcrout as ever tipped over the tongue of a bookmaker.[3] * * *

You can, at any rate, try Jeffrey's inclination. Your

1. Mrs. Mule. (See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 389, *note* 3.)
2. *Guy Mannering*, "by the author of *Waverley*," was published in 1815.
3. As early as August 31, 1814, Jeffrey had written to Moore (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 39): "I wish you would make Lord B.

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late proposal from him made me hint this to H[obhouse], who is a much better proser and scholar than I am, and a very superior man indeed. Excuse haste—answer this.

Ever yours most,

B.

P.S.—All is well at home. I wrote to you yesterday.

527.—To Thomas Moore.

February 10, 1815.

My dear Tom,—Jeffrey has been so very kind about me and my damnable works, that I would not be indirect or equivocal with him, even for a friend. So, it may be as well to tell him that it is not mine; but that if I did not firmly and truly believe it to be much better than I could offer, I would never have troubled him or you about it. You can judge between you how far it is admissible, and reject it, if not of the right sort. For my own part, I have no interest in the article one way or the other, further than to oblige * *; and should the composition be a good one, it can hurt neither party,—nor, indeed, any one, saving and excepting Mr. *. * * *

Curse catch me if I know what H[obhouse] means or meaned about the demonstrative pronoun,[1] but I admire your fear of being inoculated with the same. Have you never found out that you have a particular style of your own, which is as distinct from all other people, as Hafiz of Shiraz from Hafiz of the *Morning Post*?[2]

So you allowed B * * and such like to hum and haw

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you, or, rather, Lady Jersey out of her compliment, and *me* out of mine.[1] Sun-burn me, but this was pitiful-hearted. However, I will tell her all about it when I see her.

Bell desires me to say all kinds of civilities, and assure you of her recognition and high consideration. I will tell you of our movements south, which may be in about three weeks from this present writing. By the way, don't engage yourself in any travelling expedition, as I have a plan of travel into Italy, which we will discuss. And then, think of the poesy wherewithal we should overflow, from Venice to Vesuvius, to say nothing of Greece, through all which—God willing—we might perambulate in one twelve months. If I take my wife, you can take yours; and if I leave mine, you may do the same. "Mind you stand by me in either case, Brother "Bruin."[2]

And believe me, inveterately yours,

B.

528.—To Thomas Moore.

February 22, 1815.

Yesterday I sent off the packet and letter to Edinburgh. It consisted of forty-one pages, so that I have not added a line; but in my letter, I mentioned what passed between you and me in autumn, as my inducement for presuming to trouble him either with my own or H[obhouse]'s lucubrations. I am any thing but sure that it will do; but I have told Jeffrey that if there is any

1 "Verses to Lady Jersey (containing an allusion to Lord Byron)

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decent raw material in it, he may cut it into what shape he pleases, and warp it to his liking.

So you *won't* go abroad, then, with *me*,—but alone. I fully purpose starting much about the time you mention, and alone, too. * * * *

I hope J. won't think me very impudent in sending H[obhouse] only: there was not room for a syllable. I have avowed H[obhouse] as the author, and said that you thought or said, when I met you last, that he (J.) would not be angry at the coalition, (though, alas! we have not coalesced,) and so, if I have got into a scrape, I must get out of it—Heaven knows how.

Your Anacreon[1] is come, and with it I sealed (its first impression) the packet and epistle to our patron.

Curse the Melodies and the Tribes to boot. Braham is to assist—or hath assisted—but will do no more good than a second physician. I merely interfered to oblige a whim of Kinnaird's, and all I have got by it was "a "speech" and a receipt for stewed oysters.

"Not meet"—pray don't say so. We must meet somewhere or somehow. Newstead is out of the question, being nearly sold again, or, if not, it is uninhabitable for my spouse. Pray write again. I will soon.

P.S.—Pray when do you come out? ever or never? I hope I have made no blunder; but I certainly think you said to me, (after W[ordswor]th, whom I first pondered upon, was given up,) that H. and I might attempt [Leake?]. *His* length alone prevented me from trying my part, though I should have been less severe upon the Reviewee.

Your seal is the best and prettiest of my set, and I

1. "A seal, with the head of Anacreon, which I had given him" (Moore).

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thank you very much therefor. I have just been—or rather, ought to be—very much shocked by the death of the Duke of Dorset.[1] We were at school together, and there I was passionately attached to him. Since, we have never met—but once, I think, since 1805—and it would be a paltry affectation to pretend that I had any feeling for him worth the name. But there was a time in my life when this event would have broken my heart; and all I can say for it now is that—it is not worth breaking.

Adieu—it is all a farce.

529.—To Thomas Moore.

March 2, 1815.

MY DEAR THOM,—Jeffrey has sent me the most friendly of all possible letters, and has accepted H[obhouse]'s article. He says he has long liked not only, etc., etc., but my character. This must be *your* doing, you dog—ar'nt you ashamed of yourself, knowing me so well? This is what one gets for having you for a father confessor.

I feel merry enough to send you a sad song.[2] You once asked me for some words which you would set. Now you may set or not, as you like,—but there they are in a legible hand;[3] and not in mine, but of my own

1. George John Frederick, fourth Duke of Dorset, to whom the lines are addressed in the *Poems Original and Translated* (*Poems*, ed. 1898, pp. 194-199), was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting in Ireland, February 14, 1815. He entered Harrow School January, 1802, and afterwards went to Christ Church, Oxford.

2. The verses enclosed were those beginning, "There's not a joy "the world can give like those it takes away." Set to music by Sir John Stevenson, they were published, with the music, by Power. They were also included, without the music, in a small volume of miscellaneous *Poems* published by Murray in 1816.

3. The MS. was in the handwriting of Lady Byron.

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scribbling; so you may say of them what you please. Why don't you write to me? I shall make you "a "speech" if you don't respond quickly.

I am in such a state of sameness and stagnation,[1] and so totally occupied in consuming the fruits—and sauntering—and playing dull games at cards—and yawning—and trying to read old Annual Registers and the daily papers—and gathering shells on the shore—and watching the growth of stunted gooseberry bushes in the garden—that I have neither time nor sense to say more than

Yours ever,

B.

P.S.—I open my letter again to put a question to you. What would Lady Cork,[2] or any other fashionable

1. Mrs. Leigh, in a letter to Hodgson, the date of which is probably February 15 (*Memoir of Francis Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 7, 8), says, "I have every reason to think that my beloved B. is very happy and "comfortable. I hear constantly from him and *his Rib*. . . . From "my own observations on their epistles, and knowledge of B.'s "disposition and ways, I really hope *most confidently* that all will "turn out very happily. It appears to me that Lady B. *sets about* "making him happy quite in the right way."

2. The Hon. Mary Monckton (1746–1840), daughter of the first Viscount Galway, married, in 1786, as his second wife, Edmund, seventh Earl of Cork and Orrery (died 1798). Johnson "did not "think himself too grave even for the lively Miss Monckton (now "Countess of Cork), who used to have the finest *bit of blue* at the "house of her mother, Lady Galway. Her vivacity enchanted the "sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A "singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that "some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly "denied it. 'I am sure (said she) they have affected *me*.' 'Why

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Pidcock, give to collect you and Jeffrey and me to *one* party? I have been answering his letter, which suggested this dainty query. I can't help laughing at the thoughts of your face and mine; and our anxiety to keep the Aristarch in good humour during the *early* part of a compotation, till we got drunk enough to make him "a "speech." I think the critic would have much the best of us—of one, at least—for I don't think diffidence (I mean social) is a disease of yours.

530.—To Thomas Moore.

March 8, 1815.

An event—the death of poor Dorset—and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the

"not unbecomingly, yet evidently and palpably desirous of gaining "notice and admiration. She has an easy levity in her air, manner, "voice, and discourse, that speaks all within to be comfortable; and "her rage of seeing anything curious may be satisfied, if she pleases, "by looking in a mirror." When Byron speaks of her as the Pidcock of society, he refers to the keeper of the lions at Exeter 'Change, as we might now speak of a "fashionable Jamrach."

Lady Cork, in 1815, was still, as Byron says, the chief of lion-hunters. Miss Berry, in her Journal for June 8, 1811 (*Journal*, vol. ii. p. 478), has the following entry: "Went to Lady Cork's. "A curious party, where, by way of something to do, she had had "Thelwall reading Milton's *Invocation to Light* so abominably as "to amuse or shock all the company." Again, on July 11, 1811 (*ibid.*, p. 483): "Went to Lady Cork's. A great assembly in "her upper rooms, which are very prettily furnished. . . . The "Prince there, and all the world; and a numerous world is still in "London. There were some masks, and some people singing, and "Mrs. Billingdon at a piano-forte."

Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 138) speaks of her as "the "'Lady of Lyons' of that day." He also describes (*ibid.*, p. 166) the parties which she used, in 1819, to give in Old Burlington Street "to persons of all nations, where she contrived to bring together "foreigners from the wilds of America, the Cape of Good Hope, "and even savages from the isles of the Pacific; in fact, she was the "notorious lion-hunter of her age." He alludes in the same passage to her monomania on the subject of other people's property.

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train of thought which you have in your hands. I am very glad you like them, for I flatter myself they will pass as an imitation of your style. If I could imitate it well, I should have no great ambition of originality—I wish I could make you exclaim with Dennis, "That's "my thunder, by G—d!"[1] I wrote them with a view to your setting them, and as a present to Power, if he would accept the words, and *you* did not think yourself degraded, for once in a way, by marrying them to music.

Sun-burn Nathan!—why do you always twit me with his vile Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper? But thou wilt be a wag, Thomas; and see what you get for it. Now for my revenge.

Depend—and perpend—upon it that your opinion of Scott's poem will travel through one or other of the quintuple correspondents, till it reaches the ear, and the liver of the author.[2] Your adventure, however, is truly

1. "... 'tis yours to shake the soul
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl."
Dunciad, Bk. II. lines 225, 226.

Mr. Courthope, in his edition (Pope's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 332), quotes Nichols, who says, in a note to the *Tatler*, "In 1709 Mr. "John Dennis's tragedy, intituled *Appius and Virginia*, was acted. "The author on that occasion introduced a new or an improved "method of making thunder. His tragedy did not succeed; but his "other invention met with the approbation of the managers, and "continues in use upon the stage to this day. Mr. Dennis soon after "discovered it in the tragedy of *Macbeth*. The discovery threw him "into a fury, and, being addicted to swearing, he exclaimed, "'Sdeath! that's my thunder. See how the fellows use me; they "have silenced my tragedy, and they roar out my thunder!'"

2. Moore, writing to Byron, had told a story of his confidential correspondence with Messrs. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown, and Co. He tells the same story to Miss Godfrey, in a letter dated

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laughable—but how could you be such a potatoe? You "a brother" (of the quill) too, "near the throne," to confide to a man's *own publisher* (who has "bought," or rather sold, "golden opinions" about him) such a damnatory parenthesis! "Between you and me," quotha —it reminds me of a passage in the *Heir at Law* [1]— "Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I suppose."—"No— "tête-à-tête with *five hundred people;*" and your confidential communication will doubtless be in circulation to that amount, in a short time, with several additions, and in several letters, all signed L. H. R. O. B., etc., etc., etc.

We leave this place to-morrow, and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Col. Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way.

I have been very comfortable here,[2]—listening to

1. In *The Heir-at-Law*, by George Colman the Younger (act i. sc. 1)—

"*Dr. Pangloss.* Where was your lordship yesterday evening?
"*Lord Duberly.* At a consort.
"*Dr. Pangloss.* Umph! Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I presume?
"*Lord Duberly.* Tête-à-tête with five hundred people, hearing of music."

2. Mrs. Leigh, in a postscript to the letter already quoted (*Memoir of Francis Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 12, 13), writes, "Lady B. writes me "word she never saw her father and mother so happy; that she "believes the latter would go to the bottom of the sea herself to find "fish for B.'s dinner; that he (B.) owns at last that he is very happy "and comfortable at Seaham, though he had *pre-determined* to be "very miserable. In some of her letters she mentions his health not "being very good, though he seldom complains, but says both that "and his spirits have been improved by some daily walks she had "prevailed on him to take; and attributes much of his languor in "ye morning and *feverish feels* at night to his *long fasts*, succeeded "by *too* hearty meals for any weak and empty stomach to bear at "one time, waking by night, sleeping by day. *I* flatter myself her "influence will prevail over these bad habits. They had been "playing the fool one evening, 'old and young.' B. dressed in Lady "M.'s long-haired *wig* (snatched from her head for the purpose),

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that damned monologue, which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening—save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and I hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are all in the agonies of packing and parting; and, I suppose, by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot with my chin upon a band-box. I have prepared, however, another carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.

Ever thine, most affectionately,

B.

531.—To Thomas Moore.

March 27, 1815.

I meaned to write to you before on the subject of your loss;[1] but the recollection of the uselessness and worthlessness of any observations on such events prevented me. I shall only now add, that I rejoice to see you bear it so well, and that I trust time will enable Mrs. M. to sustain it better. Every thing should be done to divert and occupy her with other thoughts and cares, and I am sure that all that can be done will.

Now to your letter. Napoleon[2]—but the papers will

"his dressing-gown on, turned wrong side out; Lady B. in his tra-
"velling-cap and long cloak, with whiskers and mustachios."

1. The death of Byron's infant god-daughter, Olivia Byron Moore.
2. Napoleon left Porto Ferraio February 26, 1815, landed near

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have told you all. I quite think with you upon the subject, and for my *real* thoughts this time last year, I would refer you to the last pages of the Journal I gave you. I can forgive the rogue for utterly falsifying every line of mine Ode—which I take to be the last and uttermost stretch of human magnanimity. Do you remember the story of a certain Abbé, who wrote a treatise on the Swedish Constitution and proved it indissoluble and eternal? Just as he had corrected the last sheet, news came that Gustavus III. had destroyed this immortal government. "Sir," quoth the Abbé, "the King of "Sweden may overthrow the *constitution*, but not *my* "*book!!*"[1] I think *of* the Abbé, but not *with* him.

Making every allowance for talent and most consummate daring, there is, after all, a good deal in luck or destiny. He might have been stopped by our frigates—or wrecked in the Gulf of Lyons, which is particularly

"account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage "like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bare-"headed, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a "fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am "not at all surprised at the dumb-founded fascination that seizes "people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that "*Fate herself* was in that carriage."

1. The Abbé was Gabriel Bonnot de Mably (1709–1785), whose praise of the Swedish Constitution will be found in his work, *De l'étude de l'Histoire*, 2me partie, chap. vi. pp. 257, 258: "C'est le "chef-d'œuvre de la législation moderne, et les législateurs les plus "célèbres de l'antiquité ne désavoueroient pas cette constitution où "les droits de l'humanité et de l'égalité sont beaucoup plus respectés "qu'on auroit dû l'espérer dans les temps malheureux où nous "vivons," etc. The *coup d'état* of Gustavus III. took place in 1772, before the abbé's work was published (1778). Byron's authority for the story is probably Grimm's *Correspondance, etc.* (ed. 1813), Partie III. tom. iv. pp. 668, 669: "M. l'abbé de "Mably croyait que le système Anglais ne durerait pas dix ans, et

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tempestuous—or—a thousand things. But he is certainly Fortune's favourite, and

> Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure,
> Taking towns at his liking and crowns at his leisure,
> From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,
> Making *balls for* the ladies, and *bows* to his foes.

You must have seen the account of his driving into the middle of the royal army, and the immediate effect of his pretty speeches. And now if he don't drub the Allies, there is "no purchase in money."[1] If he can take France by himself, the devil's in't if he don't repulse the invaders, when backed by those celebrated sworders—those boys of the blade, the Imperial Guard, and the old and new army. It is impossible not to be dazzled and overwhelmed by his character and career. Nothing ever so disappointed me as his abdication, and nothing could have reconciled me to him but some such revival as his recent exploit; though no one could anticipate such a complete and brilliant renovation.

To your question, I can only answer that there have been some symptoms which look a little gestatory. It is a subject upon which I am not particularly anxious, except that I think it would please her uncle, Lord Wentworth,[2] and her father and mother. The former

1. "If I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball "of wildfire, there's no purchase in money."—*Henry IV.*, Part I. act iii. sc. 3.

2. Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart., married, in 1777, the Hon. Judith

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(Lord W.) is now in town, and in very indifferent health. You, perhaps, know that his property, amounting to seven or eight thousand a year, will eventually devolve upon Bell. But the old gentleman has been so very kind to her and me, that I hardly know how to wish him in heaven, if he can be comfortable on earth. Her father is still in the country.[1]

We mean to metropolise to-morrow, and you will address your next to Piccadilly.[2] We have got the Duchess of Devon's house there, she being in France.

I don't care what Power says to secure the property of the Song, so that it is *not* complimentary to me, nor

1. The letter was written from Mrs. Leigh's, at Six Mile Bottom. Mrs. Leigh, writing to Hodgson, March 18 (*Memoir of Francis Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 13, 14), says, "B. is looking particularly well, "and of Lady B. I scarcely know how to write, for I have a sad "trick of being struck dumb when I am most happy and pleased. "The expectations I had formed could not be *exceeded*, but at least "they are *fully* answered. I think I never saw or heard or read of "a more perfect being in mortal mould than she appears to be, and "scarcely dared flatter myself such a one would fall to the lot of my "dear B. He seems quite sensible of her value, and as happy as "the present alarming state of *public*, and the tormenting un- "certainties of his own private affairs, will admit of." "My bairns "are well," she adds, "and delighted at being able to scream, 'Oh, "Byron!' again, and approve much of their new aunt." In a second letter to Hodgson (*ibid.*, pp. 16, 17), Mrs. Leigh says of Byron, "I "am sorry to say his nerves and spirits are very far from what I wish "them, but don't speak of this to him on any account. I think the "uncomfortable state of his affairs is the cause; at least, I can dis- "cern no other. He has every outward blessing this world can "bestow. I trust that the Almighty will be graciously pleased to "grant him those *inward* feelings of peace and calm which are now "unfortunately wanting. This is a subject which I cannot dwell "upon, but in which I feel and have felt all you express. I think "Lady B. very judiciously abstains from pressing the consideration "of it upon him at the present moment. In short, the more I see of "her the more I love and esteem her, and feel how grateful I am "and ought to be for the blessing of such a wife for my dear, "darling B."

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any thing about "condescending" or "*noble* author"—both "vile phrases," as Polonius says.[1] * * *

Pray, let me hear from you, and when you mean to be in town. Your continental scheme is impracticable for the present. I have to thank you for a longer letter than usual, which I hope will induce you to tax my gratitude still further in the same way.

You never told me about "Longman" and "next "winter," and I am *not* a "mile-stone."[2]

532.—To Samuel Taylor Coleridge.[3]

Piccadilly, March 31, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—It will give me great pleasure to comply with your request, though I hope there is still taste

1. "That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile "phrase."—*Hamlet*, act ii. sc. 2.

2. "I had accused him of having entirely forgot that, in a pre-"ceding letter, I had informed him of my intention to publish with "the Messrs. Longman in the ensuing winter, and added that, in "giving him this information, I found I had been—to use an elegant "Irish metaphor—'whistling jigs to a mile-stone'" (Moore).

3. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), whose lectures on Shakespeare and other poets, in 1811, had made him, as Byron wrote to Harness, December 15, 1811, "a kind of rage at present," was at this time in the depths of the self-abasement to which his habits of opium-drinking had reduced him.

In a letter to Byron, dated "Calne, Wilts, Easter week, 1815," he had asked him to bargain, on his behalf, with a publisher for the publication of two volumes, containing "all the poems composed "by me, from the year 1795 to the present date, that are sanctioned "by my maturer judgement,—all that I would have consented to "call mine if it depended on my own will." To these he proposed to add "a general Preface . . . on the Principles of philosophical "and general criticism relating to the Fine Arts in general, but "especially to Poetry; and a particular Preface to the Ancient "Mariner and the Ballads on the employment of the Supernatural "in Poetry, and the Laws which regulate it," etc.

By Byron's influence, his tragedy of *Remorse* was produced with success at Drury Lane, January 23, 1813 (James Gillman's *Life*, vol. i. p. 266). The parts of "Don Alvar" and "Ordonio" were taken by Elliston and Rae respectively. The result of Byron's

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enough left amongst us to render it almost unnecessary, sordid and interested as, it must be admitted, many of "the trade" are, where circumstances give them an advantage. I trust you do not permit yourself to be depressed by the temporary partiality of what is called "the public" for the favourites of the moment; all experience is against the permanency of such impressions. You must have lived to see many of these pass away, and will survive many more—I mean personally, for *poetically*, I would not insult you by a comparison.

If I may be permitted, I would suggest that there never was such an opening for tragedy. In Kean, there is an actor worthy of expressing the thoughts of the characters which you have every power of embodying; and I cannot but regret that the part of Ordonio was disposed of before his appearance at Drury Lane.[1] We have had nothing to be mentioned in the same breath with *Remorse* for very many years; and I should think that the reception of that play was sufficient to encourage

suggestion in this letter was that Coleridge promised a tragedy for Drury Lane (see Byron's letter to Moore, October 28, 1815); the play was never written. But Murray, probably at Byron's instigation, published, in 1816, a volume containing *Christabel; Kubla Khan, a Vision; The Pains of Sleep;* and, in 1817, brought out his *Zapolya, a Christmas Tale.* Byron, it may be added, gave Coleridge £100.

1. Byron, Lord Essex, George Lamb, Douglas Kinnaird, and Peter Moore were at this time members of the Sub-Committee of Management of Drury Lane, with Samuel Whitbread as manager, and Raymond as stage-manager. On the death of Whitbread, Thomas Dibdin and Alexander Rae became joint managers. "As "the gentlemen of the sub-committee," says Dibdin (*Autobiography*, vol. ii. pp. 55, 56), "one or other (three being a quorum), generally "met every forenoon, and sat late, my really valuable time (as it "might have been) was frittered away in conversations, which, from "the very zeal which dictated a variety of opinions, oftener led *from* "rather than *to* the points of business to be settled." Byron gave Dibdin "two hundred beautiful drawings of Turkish costume, "exhibiting the correct habits of all classes in the Ottoman Empire" (*ibid.*, p. 58).

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the highest hopes of author and audience. It is to be hoped that you are proceeding in a career which could not but be successful. With my best respects to Mr. Bowles,[1] I have the honour to be,

Your obliged and very obedient servant,

BYRON.

P.S.—You mention my "Satire," lampoon, or whatever you or others please to call it. I can only say that it was written when I was very young and very angry, and has been a thorn in my side ever since; more particularly as almost all the persons animadverted upon became subsequently my acquaintances, and some of them my friends, which is "heaping fire upon an enemy's "head," and forgiving me too readily to permit me to forgive myself. The part applied to you is pert, and petulant, and shallow enough;[2] but, although I have

1. The Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850), Vicar of Bremhill, near Calne, where Coleridge was at this time staying, had apparently suggested that he should apply to Byron. Bowles's edition of Pope's *Works* (10 vols.) appeared in 1806; and his *Spirit of Discovery by Sea*, in 1804. In *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, Byron (line 331, *note* 2) hails him as "harmonious Bowles," and attacks him with a vigour which is a foretaste of the two letters (February 7 and March 25, 1821) on Bowles's *Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope*. Bowles lived to say a generous last word of Byron. Addressing Moore, in 1824, he says (*Childe Harold's Last Pilgrimage*)—

> "So Harold ends, in Greece, his pilgrimage!
> There fitly ending—in that land renown'd,
> Whose mighty Genius lives in Glory's page,—
> He on the Muses' consecrated ground,
> Sinking to rest, while his young brows are bound
> With their unfading wreath!"

2. *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 255–264 and 918. In the letter quoted in *note* 3, p. 190, Coleridge says, "It was this unfor-"tunate volume which subjected me to the lash of your Lordship's "satire—not unfairly, as respects the Poems themselves, but permit "me to say not quite so fairly as to the Author, who published "them, God knows, 'his poverty, and not his will consenting,' and "never thought of them as other or better than the not unpromising "attempts of a young man."

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long done every thing in my power to suppress the circulation of the whole thing, I shall always regret the wantonness or generality of many of its attempted attacks.

533.—To John Murray.

April 9, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for the books. I have one great objection to your proposition about inscribing the vase,[1]

1. Walter Scott had sent Byron a Turkish dagger as a present, and Byron gave him a "large sepulchral vase of silver." In *Stanzas inscribed to Walter Scott, Esq.*, by Lionel Thomas Berguer, stanza xxiii. (Edinburgh, 1815), occurs the following passage :—

"A tribute, mightier far, has gone before ;
And on thy shelf, fit gift of rival grand,
The cup of Hafiz shall for ever stand."

To the first line of the quotation the Author adds the note, "alluding "to the silver cup, with which Lord Byron has lately presented "Mr. Scott." In April they met, for the first time, at 50, Albemarle Street. Murray makes the following entry in his journal :—

"1815. *Friday, April* 7.—This day Lord Byron and Walter "Scott met for the first time, and were introduced by me to each "other." "I can recollect," says the late John Murray, the son of Byron's publisher, "seeing Lord Byron in Albemarle Street. As "far as I can remember, he appeared to me rather a short man, with "a handsome countenance, remarkable for the fine blue veins which "ran over his pale, marble temples. He wore many rings on his "fingers, and a brooch in his shirt-front, which was embroidered. "When he called, he used to be dressed in a black dress-coat (as we "should now call it), with grey, and sometimes nankeen trousers, "his shirt open at the neck. Lord Byron's deformity in his foot "was very evident, especially as he walked downstairs. He carried "a stick. After Scott and he had ended their conversation in the "drawing-room, it was a curious sight to see the two greatest poets "of the age—both lame—stumping downstairs side by side. They "continued to meet in Albemarle Street nearly every day, and "remained together for two or three hours at a time" (*Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. pp. 267, 268). (For Scott's account of Byron, see Appendix IV.)

Writing to Hogg in April, 1815 (*Memorials of James Hogg*, pp. 103, 104), Murray says, "Respecting the collection of poems, I "really think Lord Byron may, in a little time, most certainly be "relied upon as a contributor. He continues to be exceedingly "friendly to you in all respects; and it will be reciprocity of

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—which is, that it would appear *ostentatious* on my part: and of course I must send it as it is, without any alteration.

Yours very truly,

B.

534.—To Thomas Moore.

April 23, 1815.

Lord Wentworth died last week. The bulk of his property (from seven to eight thousand per ann.) is entailed on Lady Milbanke and Lady Byron. The first is gone to take possession in Leicestershire, and attend the funeral, etc., this day. * * *

I have mentioned the facts of the settlement of Lord W.'s property, because the newspapers, with their usual accuracy, have been making all kinds of blunders in their statement. His will is just as expected—the principal part settled on Lady Milbanke (now Noel) and Bell, and a separate estate left for sale to pay debts (which are not great) and legacies to his natural son and daughter.

"kindness in you to make large allowance for such a man. Newly "married—consider the entire alteration which it has occasioned in "his habits and occupations, and the flood of distracting engage- "ments and duties of all kinds which have attended it. He is just "come to town, and is in every respect, I think, very greatly "improved. I wish you had been with me on Friday last, when I "had the honour of presenting Scott to him for the first time. "This I consider as a commemorative event in literary history. . . . "Could you not," he continues, "write a poetical epistle, a lively "one, to Lady Byron, congratulating her on her marriage? She is "a good mathematician, writes poetry, understands French, Italian, "Latin, and Greek—and tell her that, as she has prevented Lord B. "from fulfilling his promise to you, she is bound to insist upon its "execution; and to add a poem of her own to it, by way of "interest. She is a most delightful creature, and possesses excellent "temper, and a most inordinate share of good sense.

"Scott and Byron met here again on Saturday, and spoke a great "deal about you, and anxiously wished that you had come to "London."

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Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy[1] was last night damned. They may bring it on again, and probably will; but damned it was,—not a word of the last act audible. I went (*malgré* that I ought to have stayed at home in sackcloth for unc., but I could not resist the *first* night of any thing) to a private and quiet nook of my private box, and witnessed the whole process. The first three acts, with transient gushes of applause, oozed patiently but heavily on. I must say it was badly acted, particularly by Kean, who was groaned upon in the third act,—something about "horror—such a horror" was the cause. Well! the fourth act became as muddy and turbid as need be; but the fifth—what Garrick used to call (like a fool) the *concoction* of a play[2]—the fifth act stuck fast

1. For Mrs. Wilmot, afterwards Lady Dacre, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 332, *note* 3. *Ina* was produced at Drury Lane, April 22, 1815, with Kean as "Egbert" and Mrs. Bartley as "Ina," secretly married to "Egbert." Miss Berry, in her *Journal* (vol. iii. p. 48), writes, "I went with Mr. and Mrs. Crauford to see Mrs. Wilmot's tragedy, "*Ina*. I never saw a more brilliant audience at the theatre, nor a "pit better adapted to render what one must, after all, call justice; "but the piece, in spite of some energetic lines and the whole being "written in a pure style, entirely fails in interest. There were "neither touching situations nor striking characters. At the fourth "act the pit began to make its judgment heard; then followed "noise, and in the middle of all this the piece finished with a great "majority of disapprobation. I was truly sorry for the author, who "was commencing her dramatic career, and whom one should have "liked to see sufficiently encouraged by success to make further "efforts. One would willingly attribute the failure of the piece to "the badness of the actors, who were, in fact, deplorable; but the "judgment of the pit was too strongly pronounced." The prologue to the play was by William Lamb, afterwards Lord Melbourne; the epilogue by Moore. Writing to Power, January 29, 1815 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 10), Moore says, "I don't know whether I told you "that I have had a request from the party lately at Whitbread's to "write an epilogue for Mrs. Wilmot's forthcoming tragedy. I have "said that I will try. . . . I shall take pains with it."

2. "Garrick: 'There was a reverend gentleman (Mr. Hawkins) "who wrote a tragedy, the *siege* of something, which I refused.' "Johnson: 'Ay, he came to me and complained; and told me, "that Garrick said his play was wrong in the *concoction*. Now,

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at the king's prayer. You know he says, "he never "went to bed without saying them, and did not like to "omit them now." But he was no sooner upon his knees, than the audience got upon their legs—the damnable pit—and roared, and groaned, and hissed, and whistled. Well, that was choked a little; but the ruffian-scene—the penitent peasantry—and killing the bishop and princes—oh, it was all over! The curtain fell upon unheard actors, and the announcement attempted by Kean for Monday was equally ineffectual. Mrs. Bartley[1] was so frightened, that, though the people were tolerably quiet, the epilogue was quite inaudible to half the house. In short,—you know all. I clapped till my hands were skinless, and so did Sir James Mackintosh, who was with me in the box. All the world were in the house, from the Jerseys, Greys, etc., etc., downwards. But it would not do. It is, after all, not an *acting* play; good language,

"what is the concoction of a play?' Garrick: 'I—I—I—said, *first* "concoction!' Johnson: 'Well, he left out *first*'" (Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Birkbeck Hill's edition, vol. iii. p. 259). "Garrick "had high authority for this expression. Dryden uses it in his "preface to *Œdipus*" (Malone). "And surely 'concoction' alone "was as good as *first* concoction; which latter phrase Johnson was "willing to admit: but it appears, from the *Garrick Correspondence* "(vol. ii. p. 6), that Garrick really wrote '*first* concoction'" (Croker).

1. Mrs. Bartley (1783-1850) made her first appearance in London as "Lady Townly," in the *Provoked Husband*, at Covent Garden, October 2, 1805. She is described in the play-bill as "Miss Smith of "Bath." She succeeded, till the arrival of Miss O'Neill, to the place of Mrs. Siddons, when the latter retired in 1812. "Of the soul that "goes to the making of an artist," says Macready (*Reminiscences*, vol. i. p. 60), "she had none." On the other hand, in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott* (ed. 1837, vol. ii. p. 265), it is said of Scott's hospitality to actors: "Another graceful and intelligent

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but no power. * * * Women (saving Joanna Baillie [1]) cannot write tragedy: they have not seen enough nor

1. Byron was not alone in his opinion. Joanna Baillie (1762–1851), with very little knowledge of the requirements of the stage, wrote at least two successful plays: (1) *De Monfort*, produced at Drury Lane, April 29, 1800, with Kemble as "De Monfort" and Mrs. Siddons as "Jane de Monfort;" (2) *The Family Legend*, produced, in 1810, at Edinburgh, with a prologue by Scott and an epilogue by Henry Mackenzie. See Scott's letter to Joanna Baillie on the successful production of the play (*Life*, vol. ii. pp. 270–273). The same play was given at Drury Lane, May 29, 1815, for Mrs. Bartley's benefit, with Mrs. Bartley as "Helen." "Jane de Monfort" was a favourite part with Mrs. Siddons, who asked Miss Baillie to "make me some "more Jane de Monforts."

Byron seems to have wished to produce *De Monfort* at Drury Lane. The following undated letter from Edmund Kean refers to the subject:—

"My Lord,—I have been some time acquainted with *De Monfort*, "which, according to your Lordship's desire, I have re-perused, and "think it a most excellent play, and the part particularly suited to "my method of acting. But whether the circumstance of its having "been acted, and *not succeeding*, will not detract from any present "success, I leave to your Lordship's consideration.

"With most profound respect, I have the honour to be
"Your Lordship's most obedient servant,
"E. Kean."

Miss Baillie published four series of *Plays on the Passions:* (1), 1798; among these was *De Monfort, a Tragedy on Hatred;* (2), 1802; (3), 1812; (4), 1836. The first of the three volumes of *Miscellaneous Plays* published in 1836, as Miss Baillie says in the Preface (p. vi.), "comprises a continuation of the series of plays "on the stronger Passions of the Mind, and completes all that I "intended to write on the subject." Scott's admiration of Miss Baillie's talents is well known. He refers to her in the Introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*—

"When she, the bold Enchantress, came,
With fearless hand and heart on flame!
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,
And swept it with a kindred measure,
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,
Awakening at the inspired strain,
Deem'd their own Shakespeare lived again."

Genest (*English Stage*, vol. viii. pp. 333–347), who criticizes Miss

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felt enough of life for it. I think Semiramis or Catherine II.[1] might have written (could they have been unqueened) a rare play. * * *

It is, however, a good warning not to risk or write tragedies. I never had much bent that way; but if I had, this would have cured me.

Ever, *carissime* Thom., thine,

B.

535.—To John Murray.

May 21st, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—You must have thought it very odd, not to say ungrateful, that I made no mention of the drawings,[2] etc., when I had the pleasure of seeing you this morning. The fact is, that till this moment I had not seen them, nor heard of their arrival: they were carried up into the library, where I have not been till just now, and no intimation given to me of their coming. The present is so very magnificent, that—in short I leave Lady Byron to thank you for it herself, and merely send this to apologize for a piece of apparent and unintentional neglect on my own part.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

1. Catherine II. (1729–1796) seems to have been one of Byron's heroines. "Catherine," he said to Nathan (*Fugitive Pieces, etc.*, p. 133), "possessed more real intrepidity than any woman of "modern times; her struggles, both in a mental and political "nature, were such as to astonish all Europe. Time had no power "to diminish her ardour, till she rescued her country from those who

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536.—To John Murray.

[Undated.]

DEAR SIR,—I am most truly concerned to find, from the paper of this morning, that you was in serious danger the other day. I hope nothing more occurred than what was stated, and that you did not *personally* suffer.[1] Those lonely fields are at all times dangerous. I trust you will be more cautious in future how you venture to traverse them.

Believe me yours, etc.,

BYRON.

537.—To Leigh Hunt.

13, Piccadilly Terrace, May—June 1, 1815.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I am as glad to hear from, as I shall be to see you. We came to town, what is called late in the season; and since that time, the death of Lady Byron's uncle (in the first place), and her own delicate state of health, have prevented either of us from going out much; however, she is now better, and in a fair way of going creditably through the whole process of beginning a family.

I have the alternate weeks of a private box at Drury-lane Theatre; this is my week, and I send you an admission to it for Kean's nights, Friday and Saturday

1. Murray's brother-in-law, Elliot, refers to this affair in a letter dated June 27, 1815: "I was much alarmed by seeing in the news-papers that you had been knocked down and robbed of all your

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next, in case you should like to see him quietly: it is close to the stage—the entrance by the private-box door —and you can go without the bore of crowding, jostling, or dressing. I also enclose you a parcel of recent letters from Paris; perhaps you may find some extracts that may amuse yourself or your readers. I have only to beg you will prevent your copyist, or printer, from mixing up any of the *English* names, or *private* matter contained therein, which might lead to a discovery of the writer; and, as the *Examiner* is sure to travel back to Paris, might get him into a scrape, to say nothing of his correspondent at home. At any rate, I hope and think the perusal will amuse you. Whenever you come this way, I shall be happy to make you acquainted with Lady Byron, whom you will find any thing but a fine lady—a species of animal which you probably do not affect more than myself. Thanks for the *Mask;*[1] there is not only poetry and thought in the body, but much research and good old reading in your prefatory matter. I hope you have not given up your narrative poem, of which I heard you speak as in progress. It rejoices me to hear of the well-doing and regeneration of the *Feast*, setting aside my own selfish reasons for wishing it success.[2]

1. *The Descent of Liberty, a Masque*, was published in 1815.

2. In the second edition of *The Feast of the Poets* a long passage is devoted to Byron, who is only mentioned in a note in the first edition of 1814. The passage begins thus—

> "When Byron relieved him by taking his place,
> Which he did with so kind yet unconscious a face,
> So ardent a frankness, yet modest an ease,
> As much as to say 'Now for me, if you please,'—
> That Apollo took *his* hand and earnestly said,
> 'Pray how came misanthropy into your head?'"
>
> Etc., etc.

Byron is admitted to the feast—

> "And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
> Lord Byron's with turk's-cap and cypress was mix'd,
> And Scott's with a thistle, with creeper betwixt."

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I fear you stand almost single in your liking of *Lara;* it is natural that *I* should, as being my last and most unpopular effervescence; passing by its other sins, it is too little narrative, and too metaphysical to please the greater number of readers. I have, however, much consolation in the exception with which you furnish me. From Moore I have not heard very lately: I fear he is a little humorous, because I am a lazy correspondent; but that shall be mended.

Ever your obliged and very sincere friend,

BYRON.

P.S.—"Politics!" The barking of the war-dogs for their carrion has sickened me of them for the present.

538.—To Thomas Moore.

13, Piccadilly Terrace, June 12, 1815.

I have nothing to offer in behalf of my late silence, except the most inveterate and ineffable laziness; but I am too supine to invent a lie, or I *certainly* should, being ashamed of the truth. Kinnaird, I hope, has appeased your magnanimous indignation at his blunders. I wished and wish you were in the Committee, with all my heart.[1] It seems so hopeless a business, that the

1. The allusion is explained by the following letter from Kinnaird, enclosing a letter from Moore:—

"Pall Mall, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—A pretty scrape I am in with *Moore*. Read "my answer and frank it, prythee. I hope you will think it will "appease him.

"Your's faithfully,
"D. K."

The following is Moore's answer:—

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company of a friend would be quite consoling,—but more of this when we meet. In the mean time, you are entreated to prevail upon Mrs. Esterre [1] to engage herself. I believe she has been written to, but your influence, in person or proxy, would probably go further than our proposals. What they are, I know not; all *my* new function consists in listening to the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw,[2] the hopes of Kinnaird, the wishes of Lord Essex,[3] the complaints of Whitbread, and the calculations of Peter Moore,[4] all of which, and whom, seem totally at

"finding a more worthy colleague than myself. I only wonder a little "that this possibility did not occur to you before you favoured me "with an application. Your fear of having too much poetry on the "Committee is highly laudable, and I think, what with Lord Byron, "Lord Essex, and Bradshaw, you have managed your lights and "shadows very skilfully.

"Tell Byron I shall remember his wishes on my journey, and shall "keep a sharp look-out from the coach-window for 'talent in "obscurity.' Shall I try and pick up a few more loose 'strings for "the bow,' too?

"Yours very truly,
"THOMAS MOORE."

1. Moore was at this time in Dublin, and possibly Byron suggested, by way of a joke, that Mrs. d'Esterre, the widow of Mr. J. N. d'Esterre, who was killed in a duel with Dan O'Connell, February 3, 1815, should be asked to appear on the stage as an attraction. The duel arose out of some contemptuous words applied by O'Connell to the Dublin Corporation, of which d'Esterre was a member.

2. The Hon. Augustus Cavendish Bradshaw, the third son of Sir H. Cavendish, Bart., and his wife Sarah Bradshaw, created in 1792 Baroness Waterpark, assumed in 1790 the name and arms of his maternal grandfather, Richard Bradshaw. He married, in 1796, the divorced wife of George Frederick, seventh Earl of Westmeath.

Gronow (*Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 70) speaks of the men, "re-"markable for their eccentricities of dress and manners," who were the lions of the day "both in London and Paris. For example, we "had such men as Brummel, Pierpoint, John Mills, Meyler, Bradshaw, "and others, who seemed to think that the principal object of their "existence ought to be that of obtaining notoriety by their dress."

3. George, fifth Earl of Essex (1758–1839).

4. Peter Moore (1753–1828), M.P. for Coventry (1803–24), the

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variance. C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre with *gas*,[1] which may, perhaps (if the vulgar be believed), poison half the audience, and all the *dramatis personæ*. Essex has endeavoured to persuade Kean not to get drunk; the consequence of which is, that he has never been sober since. Kinnaird, with equal success, would have convinced Raymond that he, the said Raymond, had too much salary. Whitbread wants us to assess the pit another sixpence,—a damned insidious proposition,—which will end in an O. P. combustion.[2] To crown all, Robins,[3]

attack on Warren Hastings. He was an intimate friend of Sheridan, whom he assisted in rebuilding Drury Lane. It was to Moore's house in Great George Street, Westminster, that the body of Sheridan was removed before burial in Westminster Abbey (July 13, 1816), and it was by Moore that the tablet to Sheridan's memory was placed in the Abbey. He was conspicuous in London society as the last wearer of a pig-tail. In 1825 he was ruined, and, to escape arrest, fled to France, where he died.

1. Gas, as a means of lighting, had been successfully used by William Murdock at Redruth (1792, or more probably 1794) and at Birmingham (1799–1802). In London it was employed by Winsor to light the Lyceum Theatre in 1803–4. The Gaslight and Coke Company received its charter in 1810.

2. To meet the expense of rebuilding Covent Garden Theatre in 1809, and, as the public believed, to pay higher salaries to Madame Catalani and other foreigners, the price of boxes was raised by a shilling, and that of the pit by sixpence. A number of persons in the theatre, in December, 1809, by barking, groaning, shouting, cat-calls, and cries of "Off! off!" interrupted the performances. Kemble submitted the accounts of the theatre to a committee, which reported that the rise was necessary. Still the riots continued, with cries of "Old prices!" "No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull!" Placards were exhibited, with such inscriptions as the following: "No private boxes for intriguing!" "A long pull, a strong pull, and "a pull altogether for old prices!" "No Catalani!" and—

> "Mr. Kemble, lower your prices; for no evasion
> Will suit John Bull on this occasion."

After half-time, performances were rendered inaudible by human noises, aided by watchmen's rattles, dustmen's bells, coachmen's horns; to these were added the "O. P. Dance," which consisted of stamping the feet to the accompaniment of shouts of "O. P.!" At last Kemble gave way, reduced the number of private boxes, and restored the old prices of admission.

3. George Henry Robins (1778–1847), the famous auctioneer who

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the auctioneer has the impudence to be displeased, because he has no dividend. The villain is a proprietor of shares, and a long-lunged orator in the meetings. I hear he has prophesied our incapacity,—"a foregone "conclusion," whereof I hope to give him signal proofs before we are done.

Will you give us an opera? No, I'll be sworn; but I wish you would. * * *

To go on with the poetical world, Walter Scott has gone back to Scotland. Murray, the bookseller, has been cruelly cudgelled of misbegotten knaves, "in "Kendal Green,"[1] at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner,—and robbed—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pound a piece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather's, worth a million! This is his version,—but others opine that D'Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, *The Quarrels of Authors*, in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his *injuria formæ*, and he has been embrocated, and invisible to all but the apothecary ever since.

Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation.

conducted the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842, had entertained Byron at dinner in 1813, together with Sheridan, Colman, Kinnaird, Kemble, and others. He appears in the moral to "The Babes in the Wood" in the *Ingoldsby Legends*—

"His 'riches will make themselves wings,'
And his property come to the hammer!
Then he,—and not those he bereaves,

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Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth's will, and in complaisance to the property bequeathed by him.

I hear that you have been gloriously received by the Irish,—and so you ought. But don't let them kill you with claret and kindness at the national dinner in your honour, which, I hear and hope, is in contemplation. If you will tell me the day, I'll get drunk myself on this side of the water, and waft you an applauding hiccup over the Channel.

Of politics, we have nothing but the yell for war; and C * * h [Castlereagh] is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done. The loan has made every body sulky.[1] I hear often from Paris, but in direct contradiction to the home statements of our hirelings. Of domestic doings, there has been nothing since Lady D * *. Not a divorce stirring,—but a good many in embryo, in the shape of marriages.

I enclose you an epistle received this morning from I know not whom; but I think it will amuse you. The writer must be a rare fellow.[2]

1. On May 26, before a Committee of the whole House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh introduced the financial arrangements for the war, and moved "That a sum not exceeding five millions be granted to "His Majesty to make good the arrangements entered into with the "Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia." The motion was carried by 160 to 17.

2. The following is the enclosure here referred to:—

"Darlington, June 3, 1815.

"My Lord,—I have lately purchased a set of your works, and "am quite vexed that you have not cancelled the 'Ode to Buona-"parte.' It certainly was prematurely written, without thought or "reflection. Providence has now brought him to reign over millions

P.S.—A gentleman named D'Alton (not your Dalton) has sent me a National Poem called *Dermid*.[1] The same cause which prevented my writing to you operated against my wish to write to him an epistle of thanks. If you see him, will you make all kinds of fine speeches for me, and tell him that I am the laziest and most ungrateful of mortals?

A word more;—don't let Sir John Stevenson[2] (as an evidence on trials for copy-right, etc.) talk about the price of your next poem, or they will come upon you for the *property tax* for it. I am serious, and have just heard a long story of the rascally tax-men making Scott pay for his.[3] So, take care. Three hundred is a devil of a deduction out of three thousand.

"while the torrents of blood shed in the East Indies cry aloud to "Heaven for retaliation. Learn, good sir, not to cast the first stone,
"I remain, your Lordship's servant,
"J. R * *."

1. John D'Alton (1792-1867), called to the Irish Bar in 1813, published, in 1815, *Dermid, or Erin in the Days of Brian Boru, a Poem*. The work, in large quarto and twelve cantos, was offered for sale at the price of 45*s*.

2. Sir John Stevenson (1762-1833), musical composer, knighted in 1803, and called by Byron "Sir John Pianoforte," wrote the symphonies and accompaniments for Moore's *Irish Melodies*.

3. "To add to his troubles," writes Lockhart (*Life of Scott*, ed. 1837, vol. iii. p. 106), "during this autumn of 1813, a demand was "made on him by the Commissioners of the Income Tax, to return in "one of their schedules an account of the profits of his literary exer- "tions during the last three years. He demurred to this. . . . "The grounds of his resistance are thus briefly stated in one of his "letters to his legal friend in London:—

"'MY DEAR RICHARDSON,—I have owed you a letter this long "time, but perhaps my debt might not yet be discharged, had I not "a little matter of business to trouble you with. I wish you to lay "before either the King's Counsel, or Sir Samuel Romilly, and any "other you may approve, the point whether a copyright, being sold

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539.—To Thomas Moore.

July 7, 1815.

Grata superveniet,[1] etc., etc. I had written to you again, but burnt the letter, because I began to think you seriously hurt at my indolence, and did not know how the buffoonery it contained might be taken. In the mean time, I have yours, and all is well.

I had given over all hopes of yours. By-the-by, my *grata superveniet* should be in this present tense; for I perceive it looks now as if it applied to this present scrawl reaching you, whereas it is to the receipt of thy Kilkenny epistle that I have tacked that venerable sentiment.

Poor Whitbread[2] died yesterday morning,—a sudden

"it was never contended that if a man sold a theatrical patent, or "a patent for machinery, property tax should be levied in the first "place on the full price as paid to the seller, and then on the profits "as purchased by the buyer. I am not very expert at figures, but "I think it clear that a double taxation takes place. 2nd. It should "be considered that a book may be the work not of one year, but of "a man's whole life; and as it has been found, in a late case of the "Duke of Gordon, that a fall of timber was not subject to property "tax because it comprehended the produce of thirty years, it seems "at least equally fair that mental exertions should not be subjected "to a harder principle of measurement. 3rd. The demand is, so "far as I can learn, totally new and unheard of. 4th. Supposing "that I died and left my manuscripts to be sold publicly along with "the rest of my library, is there any ground for taxing what might "be received for the written book, any more than any rare printed "book which a speculative bookseller might purchase, with a view "to republication? You will know whether any of these things "ought to be suggested in the brief. David Hume and every lawyer "here whom I have spoken to, consider the demand as illegal.

"'Believe me, truly yours,

"'WALTER SCOTT.'"

1. "Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora."
Horace, *Epist.* i. 4. 14.

2. See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 153, *note* 2. The following notice announced the closing of Drury Lane Theatre for the evening:—

"Thursday, July 6th, 1815. The Public are respectfully informed,

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and severe loss. His health had been wavering, but so fatal an attack was not apprehended. He dropped down, and I believe never spoke afterwards. I perceive Perry attributes his death to Drury Lane,—a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee. I have no doubt that * *, who is of a plethoric habit, will be bled immediately; as I have, since my marriage, lost much of my paleness, and—*horresco referens* (for I hate even *moderate* fat)—that happy slenderness, to which when I first knew you, I had attained, I by no means sit easy under this dispensation of the *Morning Chronicle*. Every one must regret the loss of Whitbread; he was surely a great and very good man.

Paris is taken for the second time. I presume it, for the future, will have an anniversary capture. In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connexion,—poor Frederic Howard,[1] the best of his race. I had little intercourse, of late years, with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him. Hobhouse's brother is killed. In short, the havoc has not left a family out of its tender mercies.

Every hope of a republic is over, and we must go on under the old system.[2] But I am sick at heart of

"that in consequence of the sudden and much lamented death of "Mr. Whitbread, to whose active and unremitting exertions they are "chiefly indebted for the rebuilding of this Theatre, there will be no "performance this evening."

In an obituary notice on Whitbread, the *Morning Chronicle* (July 7, 1815), speaking of his exertions on behalf of Drury Lane Theatre, says, "We fear that to the daily and hourly fatigue—"nay, we may say, the persecution that he endured in this great

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politics and slaughters; and the luck which Providence is pleased to lavish on Lord Castlereagh is only a proof of the little value the gods set upon prosperity, when they permit such * * * s as he and that drunken corporal, old Blucher, to bully their betters. From this, however, Wellington should be excepted. He *is* a man,—and the Scipio of our Hannibal. However, he may thank the Russian frosts, which destroyed the *real élite* of the French army, for the successes of Waterloo.

La! Moore—how you blasphemes about "Parnassus" and "Moses!" I am ashamed for you. Won't you do any thing for the drama? We beseech an Opera.

fragment on Louis XVIII. and Talleyrand, which he apparently meant to complete and send to a newspaper for publication:—

"July 29, 1815.

"SIR,—From the list of the proscribed which is published in the "French official paper, it should seem that the twice expelled "Louis the desired is firmly fixed in his desirable situation.

"It is well:—'Shed blood enough old Renault.' Paris is filled "with foreign troops; the army is, or is to be, disbanded; "Buonaparte, a helpless exile; and, last not least, Lord Castlereagh "—British Minister. All these are powerful sanctions to the "measures about to be adopted in France, and, whatever be the "result, not a life about to be shortened will be sacrificed in vain. "But let us look to the actual position of the person assisted by the "allies and the newspapers to be sovereign of France.

"It were superfluous to allude to the personal character of the "present representative of the Bourbons. Strict in devotion, "skilful in Cookery, kind to his favourites, a good, and probably "a mild man, but a martyr to the Gout, the allies and his new "subjects, between the disorders of his person and his Government, "his few remaining years will be probably embittered by his "physicians, and his own and foreign ministers. He is understood "to have selected for his premier a remarkable and judiciously "chosen individual. This man, the renegade from all religions; "the betrayer of every trust; the traitor to every government; the "Arch-Apostle of all apostasy; Ex-bishop, Ex-royalist, Ex-citizen, "Ex-republican, Ex-minister, Ex-prince, whose name every honest

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Kinnaird's blunder was partly mine. I wanted you of all things in the Committee, and so did he. But we are now glad you were wiser; for it is, I doubt, a bitter business.

When shall we see you in England? Sir Ralph Noel (*late* Milbanke—he don't promise to be *late* Noel in a hurry), finding that one man can't inhabit two houses, has given his place in the north to me for a habitation; and there Lady B. threatens to be brought to bed in November. Sir R. and my Lady Mother are to quarter at Kirby—Lord Wentworth's that was. Perhaps you and Mrs. Moore will pay us a visit at Seaham in the course of the autumn.[1] If so, you and I (*without*

1. The following letter from Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh refers, among other matters, to Moore's proposed visit:—

"Tuesday Evening [August, 1815].

"DEAREST LEI,—I must tell you how lovingly B. has been "talking of 'dear Goose,' till he had half a mind to cry—and so had "I. The conversation arose from his telling the contents of a Will "that he has just made—as far as I can judge, quite what he ought "to make—and though *you* could never derive any pleasure from the "possession of what he might *leave*, you should have satisfaction in "knowing that your children will afterwards have a provision, "besides what may afterwards devolve to them. The nature of "this Will is such as to exclude a change from any future contin- "gencies of family, etc.—and it appears to me very judicious. To "tell you these circumstances cannot, I know, please you in any "other way than as affording you a proof of his consideration for you, "even when most oppressed by his own difficulties. And, dearest "Augusta, believe that I know you too well to suppose what a "certain person might suppose, or any thing of the kind. By-the-bye, "I believe she is affronted with me. Knowing that I did not "voluntarily give cause, I shall not break my heart. She has never "called on me, and when I made her a Vis— with my Mother, was "very dignified. I never told you of it, nor of my meeting with Mrs. "Musters there. She asked after B.? Such a wicked-looking cat I "never saw. Somebody else looked quite virtuous by the side of her. "O that I were out of this horrid town, which makes me mad! The "moving will be a sad business! You know I am not apt to fancy "about my own salvation, but I really do feel a conviction that my "health will be much injured by a continuance here. If I were in the "country I believe I could regain my *good looks* (if I was ever blest

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our *wives*) will take a *lark* to Edinburgh and embrace Jeffrey. It is not much above one hundred miles from us. But all this, and other high matters, we will discuss at meeting, which I hope will be on your return. We don't leave town till August.

Ever yours, etc.,

B.

540.—To —— ——.[1]

Piccadilly Terrace, July 18th, 1815.

My dear Sir,—A Volume of Poems of which I have the pleasure of congratulating you as the author, was yesterday put into my hands, by the Bookseller—the satisfaction I experienced from the perusal, made me anxious for the immediate acquaintance and society of the Gentleman, who has so kindly favoured the world with the production of his leisure hours. As the first efforts of an aspiring muse they merit the warmest

"with any) and my good spirits wonderfully. Did I tell you that B. "has asked Moore and his wife to Seaham? I am very glad.

"B. has said something that has gratified me much, as it showed "consideration for my Mam. He said he meant to have her at "Seaham (not that I should like it) during my Accouchement, "because she would be so anxious at a distance. I am as apt to "fancy that the sort of things which please me are to be traced more "or less to you, as that those which pain me come from another "quarter,—and I always feel as if I had more *reasons* to love you "than I can exactly know. But reasons are not necessary to make "me do so, as I cannot say that you owe much to my sense of *Duty* "in that point.

"A thing that has annoyed me since has not effaced the more "pleasurable impression. This is his intention of visiting La Tante "[? Lady Melbourne] to-morrow. I do not like the inclination to

approbation. The works of the most experienced in the art, are not however void of defect, and be you not therefore surprised, if the eye of greater experience, though not of superior genius, to yourself may have discovered some redundancies of style—some points capable of correction, in the Volume before us.

I hope I shall not offend by offering my opinion, and soliciting your Company to Breakfast, on Friday Morning next for that purpose. To be allowed to guide your poetic flight to fame and to usher to the world your future labours is the earnest wish of

My dear sir, your faithful friend and warm admirer,

BYRON.

541.—To Thomas Dibdin.[1]

[Undated.]

DEAR SIR,—You will oblige me with a couple of pit orders for this night, particularly if prohibited.[2]

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I mean two orders for one each—single admission.

1. Thomas John Dibdin (1771–1841) gives a list in his *Reminiscences* (vol. ii. pp. 340–349) of 199 "Plays, Operas, Farces, "Pantomimes, etc.," composed by himself, and produced at various theatres. "Of the above nearly two hundred theatrical productions," he continues (*ibid.*, p. 350), "ten were failures, and not acted "more than four or five times each on an average; sixteen were

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542.—To Thomas Dibdin.

[Undated.]

DEAR SIR,—Is not part of the dialogue in the new piece a little too double, if not too broad, now and then? for instance, the word "ravish" occurs in the way of question, as well as a remark, some half dozen times in the course of one scene, thereby meaning, not raptures, but rape. With regard to the probable effect of the piece, you are the best judge: it seems to me better and worse than many others of the same kind. I hope you got home at last, and that Miss —— has recovered from the eloquence of my colleague, which, if it convinced, it is the first time,—I do not mean the first time his eloquence had that effect,—but that a woman could be convinced she was not fit for any thing on any stage.

Yours truly,

BYRON.

543.—To John Taylor.[1]

13, Piccadilly Terrace, July 23rd, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for a volume in the good old style of our elders and our betters, which I am

"which it was resolved, among other matters, *und voce* by the whole "Committee, that no free admissions should be issued" (*Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin*, vol. ii. pp. 64, 65).

1. John Taylor (circ. 1757–1832) was the grandson of the oculist who called himself "Opthalmiator Pontifical, Imperial, Royal," etc., passed as Chevalier Taylor, supplied an illustration to Foote in his *Mayor of Garratt* (act i. sc. 1), where "the Chevalier Taylor" cured Margery Squab of squinting, and was the subject of Horace Walpole's lines (*Letters*, vol. iii. p. 181)—

"Why Taylor the quack calls himself *chevalier*,
'Tis not easy a reason to render;
Unless blinding eyes, that he thinks to make clear

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very glad to see not yet extinct. Your good opinion does me great honour, though I am about to risk its loss by the return I make for your valuable present. With many acknowledgements for your wishes, and a sincere sense of your kindness, believe me,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

BYRON.

Jackson, as editor of the *Morning Post*, and owner of nine-tenths of the *Sun*. He was also the author of numerous poems and theatrical addresses, epilogues and prologues. *The Stage, a Poem* (containing criticisms on all the actors and actresses of the day), was published in 1795; *Poems on Several Occasions*, in 1811; and *Poems on Various Subjects*, in which were included all his previously published verses, in 1827. His humorous tale, *Monsieur Tonson*, appeared in 1830. His *Records of my Life* were published after his death in 1832. Taylor states that he first made acquaintance with Byron at Drury Lane Theatre (*Records of my Life*, vol. ii. p. 349, *et seqq.*), and mistook him for a lawyer; "but soon after, knowing who he was, "and gratified by the politeness of his manner, I began to see "'Othello's visage in his mind;' and if I did not perceive the "reported beauty, I thought I saw striking marks of intelligence, and "of those high powers which constituted his character." Taylor sent Byron a copy of his poems, and, in return, received the above letter, with "four volumes of his poems, handsomely bound, all "of his works that had been published at that time." On Taylor, George Colman the Younger wrote the following lines (*ibid.*, p. 382):—

"Nine Taylors (as the proverb goes)
Make but one man, though many clothes;
But thou art not, we know, like those,
My Taylor!

"No—thou can'st make, on Candour's plan,
Two of thyself—(how few that can!)
The Critic and the Gentleman,
My Taylor!"

Taylor, in the collected edition of his *Poems*, 1827, has four poems on Byron. Two sonnets appear in volume I (pp. 153, 154). The third poem is an "Inscription for the print representing the House "in which Lord Byron died at Missolonghi" (vol. ii. p. 83); the fourth is "The last words of Lord Byron versified" (vol. ii. pp. 120, 121). The motto of the edition is—

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544.—To John Murray.

Aug. 26th, 1815.

In reading the 4th vol. of your last Edition of the poems published in my name, I perceive that piece 12, page 55, is made nonsense of (that is greater nonsense than usual) by dividing it into Stanzas 1, 2, etc., etc., in which form it was not written,—and not printed in the 8vo Editions. The poem in question is one continued piece—and not divided into sections, as you may easily perceive by the pointing, and as such I request that in future (when opportunity occurs) it may be printed.

Yours truly,

B.

P.S.—The poem[1] begins "Without a Stone," etc. I send it as it was and ought to be.

545.—To the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb.[2]

Sept. 3, 1815.

We intend to be inveterately impartial, no doubt, and your request is in direct opposition to our intentions. I shall therefore do all I can to forward it. I return to town to-morrow, but write to the Committee before I set off, that no time may be lost; you say that you will "try "to *soften* Kinnaird and George." I beg leave to say that I expect to be *softened* as well as another, and desire you will set about that process immediately, and begin with me first, as the most obdurate of the party. I believe

1. Verses to Thyrza.
2. Caroline Rosalie Adelaide St. Jules (1786–1862) married, in

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the person on whose behalf you have applied to be the same recommended by Lady Besborough, a great point in her favour, particularly with me. You "*wish*, *beg*, and "*entreat*." I presume that these expressions are to be allotted one a piece to George, Kinnaird, and me; pray in future let me have the *first* only, and I shall consider it as a command.

I have been staying at Mrs. Leigh's since Wednesday, which prevented me receiving your note till this morning. Bell. is in town and very well. Will you give my love to aunt M[elbourne], and believe me, etc.

546.—To William Sotheby.

Sept. 15, 1815. Piccadilly Terrace.

DEAR SIR,—*Ivan*[1] is accepted, and will be put in progress on Kean's arrival.

The theatrical gentlemen have a confident hope of its success. I know not that any alterations for the stage will be necessary; if any, they will be trifling, and you shall be duly apprised. I would suggest that you should not attend any except the latter rehearsals—the managers have requested me to state this to you. You can see them, viz. Dibdin and Rae,[2] whenever you please, and I will do any thing you wish to be done on your suggestion in the mean time.

1. Sotheby's *Ivan* was published with *The Death of Darnley* and *Zamorin and Zama*, and two previously published tragedies, *Orestes* and *The Confession*, under the title of *Five Tragedies*, in 1814. *Ivan*

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Mrs. Mardyn[1] is not yet out, and nothing can be determined till she has made her appearance—I mean as to her capacity for the part you mention, which I take it for granted is not in *Ivan*—as I think *Ivan* may be performed very well without her. But of that hereafter.

Ever yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—You will be glad to hear that the season has begun uncommonly well—great and constant houses—the performers in much harmony with the Committee and one another, and as much good-humour as can be preserved in such complicated and extensive interests as the Drury Lane proprietary.

547.—To William Sotheby.[2]

September 25, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I think it would be advisable for you to see the acting managers when convenient, as there must

1. Mrs. Mardyn, who made her reputation in Dublin, appeared for the first time in London, at Drury Lane, September 26, 1815, in *Lovers' Vows*, a piece adapted for the English stage by Mrs. Inchbald, and produced at Covent Garden, October 11, 1798. A report was circulated (Nathan's *Fugitive Pieces*, pp. 110–114) that Byron had eloped with her, that they were living at Bath, and that they were daily seen together in the streets. While Nathan was with Byron, an actor named Dowton called and asked permission to read him a letter, which proved that Dowton's own son, a lad of 18, was the culprit, and was living with Mrs. Mardyn in Kent. Byron, however, declined to notice the report, or use the information in his own defence, saying, "I would not stir a step out of my way to prevent them from "indulging their *favourite* theme: slander will find its level."

Sotheby, in a letter to Byron, written in September, says, "The "public Papers have announced an acquisition to your Theatre of a "Dublin Actress, young, handsome, graceful, and pathetic. Be she "all this, and if you dare trust her to personate a love-lorn, "enthusiastic, half-frantic Girl, the Tragedy requires such talents."

2. The following is Sotheby's answer:—

"Lodge, Loughton, Essex, September 27, 1815.

"MY DEAR LORD,—'It is easier to wrest the club from Hercules

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be points on which you will want to confer; the objection I stated was merely on the part of the performers, and is *general* and not *particular* to this instance. I thought it as well to mention it at once—and some of the rehearsals you will doubtless see, notwithstanding.

Rae, I rather think, has his eye on Naritzin for himself. He is a more popular performer than Bartley,[1] and certainly the cast will be stronger with him in it: besides, he is one of the managers, and will feel doubly interested if he can act in both capacities. Mrs. Bartley

"than a verse from Homer:' so says the Classic; and Lord Byron "may echo something similar. My lightning was neither purloyned "from your inexhaustible artillery, nor was it fashioned on the Vir- "gilian forge. It is the genuine praying of Ivan's despair. And now "for business. *Imprimis*, you will find me very *docilis lætusque* "*doceri;* amidst many other deficiencies, I fortunately am depriv'd "of the poet's irritability. So, fit me with a Queen, as you can. If "I must be mouthed and murdered, you will feel my wounds.

Ivan	Kean.
Naritzin	Rae.
Mirovitz	Waltock.
Elizabeth	*Hilas!*
Petrowna	Mrs. Bartley.

"On your suggestion I have written to Mr. Rae, and propos'd "meeting him at D. L. Friday next, the 29th, at Twelve. Theatrical "hours are necessarily early; but much future time and trouble might "be sav'd, if you could break the bonds of sleep, and indulge me "with your presence there at that time.

"'Then
Ere we start, a thousand steps are gained.'

"If you cannot, pray favor me with a note at the Theatre, and I "will with pleasure meet you, either at Murray's, or your own house, "at your own time.

"Do me the favor to make my Comps. to Mr. G. Lamb, from "whom I shall be proud to hear, and prouder to be favor'd by him

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will be Petrowna;—as to the Empress, I know not what to say or think. The truth is, we are not amply furnished with tragic women; but make the best of those we have,—you can take your choice of them. We have all great hopes of the success—on which, setting aside other considerations, we are particularly anxious, as being the first tragedy to be brought out since the old Committee.

By the way—I have a charge against you. As the great Mr. Dennis roared out on a similar occasion—"By "G—d, *that* is *my* thunder!" so do I exclaim, "*This* is "*my* lightning!" I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the 3d canto of *The Corsair*. I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to exempt myself from suspicion,[1] as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies.

George Lambe meant to have written to you. If you

1. In spite of this precaution, the coincidence in question was cited in support of the charge of plagiarism brought against Byron. The following are Sotheby's lines:—

"And I have leapt
In transport from my flinty couch; to welcome
The thunder as it burst upon my roof,
And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
And sparkled on these fetters."

The following is the passage in *The Corsair*:—

"Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,

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don't like to confer with the managers at present, I will attend to your wishes—so state them.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

548.—To John Taylor.

13, Terrace, Piccadilly, September 25, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry you should feel uneasy at what has by no means troubled me.[1] If your editor,

1. John Taylor (*Records of my Life*, vol. ii. p. 352) had written to apologize for the insertion of some lines in the *Sun*, of which he was part-proprietor. His apology was answered by Byron in the above letter. In a postscript to a subsequent letter, dated October 27, 1815, Byron returns to the subject: "Your best way will be to "publish no more eulogies, except upon the 'elect;' or, if you do, "to let him (the editor) have a previous copy, so that the compliment "and the attack may appear together, which would, I think, have a "good effect." The following are three of the stanzas published in the *Sun* for September 23, 1815, under the heading of "Languish-"ing Lyrics, or the Lamentable Loves of the Lacrymose Lord and "the Lugubrious Lady:"—

"When my Lord came wooing to Miss Ann Thrope,
He was just a CHILDE from School;
He paid his addresses in a Trope,
And called her his pretty BUL-BUL.
But she knew not in the modern scale,
That a couple of Bulls was *a Nightingale*;—
So full in his face she turn'd her tail—
Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!
As sweet as a fresh-blown Gûl.

"Then he sent a Love-sonnet to Miss Ann Thrope,
Four stanzas of elegant woe.
The letters were cut in a comical slope
With Ζωη μου σας αγαπω.
'Twas all about Rivals and Ruins and Racks;
The bearer was drest in a new suit of blacks;
The paper was sable and so was the wax—
Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!
And his pen was the quill of a crow.

"What quere-looking words—thought Miss Ann Thrope—
To tag at the tail of a Distich!

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his correspondents, and readers are amused, I have no objection to be the theme of all the ballads he can find room for—provided his lucubrations are confined to *me* only.

It is a long time since things of this kind have ceased to "fright me from my propriety;" [1] nor do I know any similar attack which would induce me to turn again,—unless it involved those connected with me, whose qualities, I hope, are such as to exempt them in the eyes of those who bear no good-will to myself. In such a case, supposing it to occur—to *reverse* the saying of Dr. Johnson,—"what the law could not do for me, I would "do for myself," [2] be the consequences what they might.

I return you, with many thanks, Colman and the letters. The poems, I hope, you intended me to keep; —at least, I shall do so till I hear the contrary.

Very truly yours.

549.—To John Murray.

Sept. 25, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—Will you publish the Drury Lane *Magpie?* [3] or, what is more, will you give fifty, or even forty,

> So she clapped her eye to a microscope,
> To get at their sense cabalistic.
> He swore in the Hellespont he'd fall,
> If she would not go with him to Istambol;
> But all she would answer was, tol de rol lol—
> Oh Thrope! Ann Thrope! Oh Miss Ann Thrope!
> To his Lordship's Rhymes Hellenistic."

1. "Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety."

Othello, act ii. sc. 3.

2. Byron refers to Johnson's letter to "Ossian" Macpherson: "Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what "I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me."—Boswell's *Life*, ed. Hill, vol. ii. p. 298.

3. *The Magpie, or Maid of Palaiseau*, was a melodramatic romance in three acts, translated from the French (*La Pie Voleuse*) by

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pounds for the Copyright of the said? I have undertaken to ask you this question on behalf of the translator, and wish you would. We can't get so much for him by ten pounds from any body else, and I, knowing your magnificence, would be glad of an answer.

Ever yours,

B.

550.—To John Murray.

September 27th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—That's right—and splendid, and becoming a publisher of high degree. Mr. Concanen (the translator) will be delighted, and pay his washerwoman; and, in reward for your bountiful behaviour in this instance, I won't ask you to publish any more for Drury Lane, or any Lane whatever, again. You will have no tragedy or any thing else from me, I assure you, and may think yourself lucky in having got rid of me, for good and all, without more damage. But I'll tell you what we will do for you,—act Sotheby's *Ivan*, which will succeed; and then your present and next impression of the dramas of that dramatic gentleman will be expedited to your heart's content: and if there is any thing very good, you shall have the refusal; but you shan't have any more requests.

Sotheby has got a thought, and almost the words, from the third canto of *The Corsair*, which, you know,

Concanen. It was produced at Drury Lane, September 12, 1815, with Miss Kelly as "Annette." Two other versions were played: one, by Arnold, called *The Maid and the Magpye, or Which is the Thief?* was produced at the Lyceum, August 21, 1815; another, by Pocock,

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was published six months before his Tragedies. It is from the storm in Conrad's cell. I have written to Mr. Sotheby to claim it; and, as Dennis roared out of the pit, "By G—d, *that's my* thunder!" so do I, and will I, exclaim, "By G—d, that's *my lightning!*" that electrical fluid being, in fact, the subject of the said passage.

You will have a print of Fanny Kelly,[1] in the *Maid*, to prefix, which is honestly worth twice the money you have given for the MS. Pray what did you do with the note I gave you about Mungo Park?[2]

Ever yours truly,

BYRON.

1. Frances Maria Kelly (1790–1882) made her *début*, as a child of seven, at Drury Lane, January 16, 1798, in *Bluebeard*. For thirty-six years she was one of the mainstays of the theatre, and, according to Genest (*English Stage*, vol. ix. p. 423), "in a melodrama, was certainly superiour to all actresses." Miss Kelly told the author of the article upon her in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that "some years before her retirement from the stage Charles Lamb made her an offer of marriage." To her Lamb dedicates two sonnets: one is "To a celebrated female performer in the *Blind Boy*," in which Miss Kelly played "Edmund," at Drury Lane, June 20, 1826; the other, "To Miss Kelly," is as follows:—

"You are not, Kelly, of the common strain,
That stoop their pride and female honour down
To please that many-headed beast *the town*,
And vend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;
By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,
That vanish and return we know not how—
And please the better from a pensive face,
A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow."

2. Murray published, in 1815, *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa in the Year 1805 by Mungo Park, etc., etc.*, "to which is prefixed an account of the life of Mr. Park" (see *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. p. 239).

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551.—To Thomas Dibdin.

13, Piccadilly-terrace, Sept. 23d [28th], 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose Mr. Murray's bill (£40) for *The Magpie*, which is ten or twenty more than your publishers offer: he wishes the manuscript to be sent to Mr. Dove, printer, whose address he does not mention: the print of Miss Kelly should go with it; and any little memoir of the story would do to set off the preface. I suppose we have done all for [Concanen?] which we could, and have got him a decent price. You should have Mr. Sotheby's tragedy in hand: it is, I think, in the committee-room: but I have let loose the author upon you; so now shift for yourself. When will Kean be out? I think he should be announced. I have great hopes of Dowton's Shylock,[1] and Iago, if he will take the latter.

Yours truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—Murray is not in town, but at Chichester; his draft is, however, dated London, which I suppose will make no difference.

552.—To Leigh Hunt.

13, Terrace, Piccadilly, Oct. 7, 1815.

MY DEAR HUNT,—I had written a long answer to your last, which I put into the fire; partly, because it was a repetition of what I have already said—and next, because I considered what my opinions are worth, before I made you pay double postage, as your proximity lays

1. William Dowton (1764-1851) made his first appearance at

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you within the jaws of the tremendous "Twopenny," and beyond the verge of franking—the only parliamentary privilege (saving one other) of much avail in these "coster-"monger" days.

Pray don't make me an exception to the "Long live "King Richard" of your bards in the "Feast." I do allow him to be "the prince of the bards of his time," upon the judgment of those who must judge more impartially than I probably do. I acknowledge him as I acknowledge the Houses of Hanover and Bourbon, the —not the "one-eyed monarch of the blind,"—but the blind monarch of the one-eyed. I merely take the liberty of a free subject to vituperate certain of his edicts—and that only in private. I shall be very glad to see you, or your remaining canto; if both together, so much the better.

I am interrupted.

553.—To Leigh Hunt.

Oct. 15, 1815.

DEAR HUNT,—I send you a thing whose greatest value is its present rarity;[1] the present copy contains some manuscript corrections previous to an edition which was printed, but not published, and, in short, all that is in the suppressed edition, the fifth, except twenty lines in addition, for which there was not room in the copy before me. There are in it *many* opinions I have altered, and some which I retain; upon the whole, I wish that it had never been written, though my sending you this copy (the only one in my possession unless one of

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is, however, the only gift I have made of the kind this many a day.

P.S.—You probably know that it is not in print for sale, nor ever will be (if I can help it) again.[1]

554.—To Leigh Hunt.

Oct. 22, 1815.

My dear Hunt,—You have excelled yourself—if not all your contemporaries—in the canto [2] which I have just finished. I think it above the former books; but that is as it should be; it rises with the subject, the conception appears to me perfect, and the execution perhaps as nearly so as verse will admit. There is more originality than I recollect to have seen elsewhere within the same compass, and frequent and great happiness of expression. In short, I must turn to the faults, or what appear to be such to me: these are not many, nor such as may not be easily altered, being almost all *verbal*;—and of the same kind as I pretended to point out in the former cantos, viz., occasional quaintness and obscurity, and a kind of a harsh and yet colloquial compounding of epithets, as if to avoid saying common things in a common way; *difficile est proprie communia dicere* seems at times to have met with in you a literal translator. I have made a few, and but a few, pencil marks on the MS., which you can follow or not, as you please.

The Poem as a whole will give you a very high station; but where is the conclusion? Don't let it cool

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in the composition! You can always delay as long as you like revising, though I am not sure, in the very face of Horace, that the *nonum*, etc., is attended with advantage, unless we read "months" for "years." I am glad the book sent[1] reached you. I forgot to tell you the story of its suppression, which shan't be longer than I can make it. My motive for writing that poem was, I fear, not so fair as you are willing to believe it; I was angry, and determined to be witty, and, fighting in a crowd, dealt about my blows against all alike, without distinction or discernment. When I came home from the East, among other new acquaintances and friends, politics and the state of the Nottingham rioters—(of which county I am a landholder, and Lord Holland Recorder of the town,)—led me by the good offices of Mr. Rogers, into the society of Lord Holland, who, with Lady Holland, was particularly kind to me; about March, 1812, this introduction took place, when I made my first speech on the Frame Bill, in the same debate in which Lord Holland spoke. Soon after this, I was correcting the fifth edition of *E.B.* for the press, when Rogers represented to me that he knew Lord and Lady Holland would not be sorry if I suppressed any farther publication of that Poem; and I immediately acquiesced, and with great pleasure, for I had attacked them upon a fancied and false provocation, with many others; and neither was, nor am, sorry to have done what I could to stifle that ferocious rhapsody. This was subsequent to my acquaintance with Lord Holland, and was neither

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that's all. I sent you my copy, because I consider your having it much the same as having it myself. Lady Byron has one; I desire not to have any other; and sent it only as a curiosity and a memento.

555.—To Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Oct. 27th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I have the *Christabelle* safe, and am glad to see it in such progress; surely a little effort would complete the poem. On your question with W. Scott,[1] I know not how to speak; he is a friend of mine, and, though I cannot contradict your statement, I must look to the most favourable part of it. All I have ever seen of him has been frank, fair, and warm in regard towards you, and when he repeated this very production it was with such mention as it deserves, and *that* could not be faint praise.

But I am partly in the same scrape myself, as you will see by the enclosed extract from an unpublished poem, which I assure you was written before (not seeing

1. This refers to a curious point in literary history. John Stoddart, afterwards Chief Justice of Malta, a friend of Coleridge, read the MS. of *Christabel*, which was not published till 1816, and repeated the lines to Scott in the autumn of 1802, when he was meditating *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. In the Preface to the 1830 edition of his *Poems*—and not till then—Scott mentions the recitation, by Stoddart, of the fragment of *Christabel*, "which, from "the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty "which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, "seemed to be exactly suited to such an extravaganza as I meditated "on the subject of Gilpin Horner . . . it was in *Christabel* that I "first found it used in serious poetry, and it is to Mr. Coleridge "that I am bound to make the acknowledgment due from the pupil "to the master." Besides the cadence, Scott borrowed phrases from the poem. Thus his "Jesu Maria, shield us well" is taken from Coleridge's "Jesu Maria, shield her well." The impression which *Christabel* made on Scott is shown by his quoting the poem to Byron thirteen years after Stoddart had recited it to him.

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your *Christabelle*, for that you know I never did till this day), but before I heard Mr. S. repeat it, which he did in June last, and this thing was begun in January and more than half written before the Summer. The coincidence is only in this particular passage,[1] and, if you will allow me, in publishing it (which I shall perhaps do *quietly* in Murray's collected Edition of my rhymes—though not *separately*), I will give the extract from you, and state that the original thought and expression have been many years in the *Christabelle*. The stories, scenes, etc., are in general quite different; mine is the siege of Corinth in 1715, when the Turks retook the Morea from the Venetians. The Ground is quite familiar to me, for I have passed the Isthmus *six*, I think—*eight*, times in my way to and fro. The hero is a renegade, and, the night before the storm of the City, he is supposed to have an apparition, or wraith of his mistress, to warn him of his destiny, as he sits among the ruins of an old temple.

I write to you in the greatest hurry. I know not what you may think of this. If you like, I will cut out the passage, and do as well as I can without,—or what you please.

Ever yours,

BYRON.

P.S —Pray write soon; I will answer the other points of your letter immediately.

1. The passage occurs in the last twelve lines of stanza xix. of

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into a frenzy—as Castlereagh's would, if his audience was chained by the leg. He draws a dagger and rushes at the orator; but, finding himself at the end of his tether, he sticks it into his own carcass, and dies, saying, he has fulfilled a prophecy.

Now, this is *serious downright matter of fact*, and the gravest part of a tragedy which is not intended for burlesque. I tell it you for the honour of Ireland. The writer hopes it will be represented:—but what is Hope? nothing but the paint on the face of Existence; the least touch of Truth rubs it off, and then we see what a hollow-cheeked harlot we have got hold of. I am not sure that I have not said this last superfine reflection before. But never mind;—it will do for the tragedy of *Turgesius*, to which I can append it.

Well, but how dost thou do? thou bard not of a thousand but three thousand![1] I wish your friend, Sir John Piano-forte[2] had kept that to himself, and not made it public at the trial of the song-seller in Dublin. I tell you why: it is a liberal thing for Longman to do, and honourable for you to obtain; but it will set all the "hungry and dinnerless lank-jawed judges" upon the fortunate author. But they be damned!—the "Jeffrey and "the Moore together are confident against the world in "ink!"[3] By the way, if poor Coleridge—who is a man of wonderful talent, and in distress, and about to publish two volumes of Poesy and Biography, and who has been worse used by the critics than ever we were—will you, if he comes out, promise me to review him favourably in

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concern could be brought to pay a shilling in the pound, would do much credit to the management. Mr. [Sotheby] has an accepted tragedy, [*Ivan*], whose first scene is in his sleep (I don't mean the author's). It was forwarded to us as a prodigious favourite of Kean's; but the said Kean, upon interrogation, denies his eulogy, and protests against his part. How it will end, I know not.

I say so much about the theatre, because there is nothing else alive in London at this season. All the world are out of it, except us, who remain to lie in,—in December, or perhaps earlier. Lady B. is very ponderous and prosperous, apparently, and I wish it well over.

There is a play before me from a personage who signs himself "Hibernicus."[1] The hero is Malachi, the Irishman and king; and the villain and usurper, Turgesius, the Dane. The conclusion is fine. Turgesius is chained by the leg (*vide* stage direction) to a pillar on the stage; and King Malachi makes him a speech, not unlike Lord Castlereagh's about the balance of power and the lawfulness of legitimacy, which puts Turgesius

1. The following is the letter with which "Hibernicus" introduced his tragedy:—

"October 10, 1815.

"My Lord,—The Tragedy of *Turgesius* was expressly written to "be submitted to Your decisive Opinion, and thence, to come out "under Your Auspices at Drury Lane, if prov'd worthy of Your "Lordship's Approbation.

"Should the piece possess superior Merit, my presumption, great "as it is, will meet Pardon and Indulgence; but should it merely "deserve ranking among the publications of the day, I shall blush, I "shall take shame, at offering any thing so unworthy of Your "perusal.

"Next Monday or Tuesday I shall venture calling, or sending, to "know whether the production be, or be not, entitled to public "Favor. Permit me, my Lord, in the mean time, to subscribe "myself, with great Deference,

"Your Lordship's Sincere, Humble Servant,

"Hibernicus."

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would point out to us any young (or old) writer of promise. Mathurin sent his *Bertram*[1] and a letter *without* his address, so that at first I could give him no answer. When I at last hit upon his residence, I sent him a favourable answer and something more substantial. His play succeeded; but I was at that time absent from England.

I tried Coleridge too: but he had nothing feasible in hand at the time. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered *all* his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and, notwithstanding

of John Gibson Lockhart, "Byron and Scott were both authors of "established fame and extraordinary popularity. They had there- "fore overcome all the difficulties which men experience in the "commencement of a literary career; they were no longer obliged "to undergo the pain of negotiating with unwilling, indifferent, "cold, perhaps haughty, booksellers. Nor were they—at all "events, they ought not to have been—any longer under the fear "and dread of unpropitious Reviews, and such other ills as ink is "heir to. Why, therefore, should Scott or Byron commence a new "career, having, of course, its own new set of difficulties and "annoyances to be met and overcome on the threshold? The "question is a very different one in regard to an author who has "not as yet *succeeded* in any department of letters.

"'The good folks of the green-room' must, moreover, be tried "with first-rate authors, which they have not been in our time, ere "we are entitled to talk of their airs and the subjection under which "they wish to keep those who write for them. And first-rate "authors will never give them the chance of vindicating their "characters as to this, untill the law has been changed in regard to "the Authors' profits in a successful dramatic effort. These are at "present by far too slender to tempt men like Scott and Byron, "who have once tasted the liberality which the great booksellers of "our time never fail to exhibit when they are satisfied that the "Public backs their approbation of an author, and which, begging "authors' pardons, they would be very foolish, if not presumptuous, "to exhibit untill this was the case.

"For *cætera non subeunda meo ingenio*, read in plain English, "'to say nothing of money matters.' Who will believe anything "of Scott or Byron being afraid of a set of Managers or Players? "Neither Player nor Manager has lived in our time that durst have "stood erect in the presence of either of these men after they had "attained the eminence on which they stood at the period of this "conversation."

1. Maturin's *Bertram* was acted at Drury Lane, May 9, 1816 (see Appendix VI.).

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many squabbles with my Committed Brethren, did get *Ivan* accepted, read, and the parts distributed. But, lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon some *tepid*ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the author, Sotheby withdrew his play. Sir James Bland Burgess [1] did also present four tragedies and a farce, and I moved green-room and Sub-Committee, but they would not.

Then the scenes I had to go through!—the authors, and the authoresses, and the milliners, and the wild Irishmen,—the people from Brighton, from Blackwall, from Chatham, from Cheltenham, from Dublin, from Dundee,—who came in upon me! to all of whom it was proper to give a civil answer, and a hearing, and a reading. Mrs. Glover's father,[2] an Irish dancing-master of sixty years, calling upon me to request to play Archer, dressed in silk stockings on a frosty morning to show his legs (which were certainly good and Irish for his age, and had been still better),—Miss Emma Somebody, with a play entitled *The Bandit of Bohemia*, or some such

1. Sir James Bland Burges married, (1) in 1777, the Hon. Elizabeth Noel, daughter of Lord Wentworth, and sister of Lady Milbanke; (2) in 1780, Anne, daughter of Colonel Montolieu; (3) in 1812, Lady Margaret Fordyce, *née* Lindsay, who had been his boyish love. Sir James was the "Jamie" of *Auld Robin Gray*, written by Lady Anne Barnard, sister of Lady Margaret. Besides several volumes of poetry and legal works, he published, in 1816, a volume of *Dramas*. The following is the letter with which he introduces his *Cortes* to the Sub-Committee:—

"Lower Brook Street, Tuesday.

"My dear Lord,—I send you *Cortez*. You will be the best "judge whether my savage will do for Kean. I have tried to keep "him as true to nature as I can, which I take to be a safer course "than to make him too eloquent. At all events, I give you shew "and bustle enough, and that too naturally connected with the story. "My best compliments to Lady Byron.

"Ever your faithful

"J. B. Burges.

"I have no other copy. If this goes, I am undone."

2. Julia Betterton (1779–1850) married, March 20, 1800, Samuel Glover. After playing with Tate Wilkinson's York Company, and

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title or production,—Mr. O'Higgins, then resident at Richmond, with an Irish tragedy, in which the unities could not fail to be observed, for the protagonist was chained by the leg to a pillar during the chief part of the performance. He was a wild man, of a salvage appearance, and the difficulty of *not* laughing at him was only to be got over by reflecting upon the probable consequences of such cachinnation.

As I am really a civil and polite person, and *do* hate pain when it can be avoided, I sent them up to Douglas Kinnaird,—who is a man of business, and sufficiently ready with a negative,—and left them to settle with him; and as at the beginning of next year I went abroad, I have since been little aware of the progress of the theatres.

Players are said to be an impracticable people. They are so; but I managed to steer clear of any disputes with them, and excepting one debate [1] with the elder

at Bath, she appeared at Covent Garden, October 12, 1797, as "Elwina" in Hannah More's *Percy*. She finally retired from the stage July 12, 1850, when she played "Mrs. Malaprop" at Drury Lane. She died a few days afterwards. During Byron's period of management, she played "Eliza" at Drury Lane, in Cumberland's *Jew*, May 22, 1815; "the Unknown Female" in *The Foundling of the Forest*, June 10; "Tilburina" in *The Critic*, June 23; "Violante" in *The Wonder*, September 16; "Agatha" in *The Lovers' Vow*, September 26; "Lady Allworth" in *The New Way to Pay Old Debts*, January 12, 1816; "Madame de Cerval" in *Accusation*, February 1. Her father is said to have lived upon her, and treated her brutally.

1. Moore quotes from "one of the *Monthly Miscellanies*," James Smith's account of the incident :—

"During Lord Byron's administration, a ballet was invented by

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Byrne about Miss Smith's *pas de*—(something—I forget the technicals,)—I do not remember any litigation of my own. I used to protect Miss Smith, because she was like Lady Jane Harley in the face, and likenesses go a great way with me. Indeed, in general, I left such things to my more bustling colleagues, who used to reprove me seriously for not being able to take such things in hand without buffooning with the histrions, or throwing things into confusion by treating light matters with levity.

Then the Committee!—then the Sub-Committee![1]—we were but few, but never agreed. There was Peter

"complainants rushed angrily out of the room at the instant of my "entering it. 'If you had come a minute sooner,' said Lord Byron, "you would have heard a curious matter decided on by me: a "question of dancing!—by me,' added he, looking down at the "lame limb, 'whom Nature from my birth has prohibited from "taking a single step.' His countenance fell after he had uttered "this, as if he had said too much; and for a moment there was an "embarrassing silence on both sides."

1. Byron gave Dibdin two hundred Turkish costumes; Lord Essex presented him with his portrait; Peter Moore gave him credit for £500 at his bankers; and Douglas Kinnaird—notice to quit. The following are Dibdin's lines on the Sub-Committee (*Reminiscences of Thomas Dibdin*, vol. ii. p. 101):—

"Two hundred turban'd Turks Lord Byron gave;
Moore gave me credit; Capel! let me say,
Thy portrait Memory will deep engrave
While vital circulation warm shall play;
From Lamb I gain'd a merry Irish stave
To introduce in opera, farce, or play;
While Douglas join'd his bounty, when one day
He kindly gave me—leave to go away.

"My Surrey actors, oft as I disguised them
Like Turks, to Byron's truth of costume bow'd;
I paid thy bankers, Peter, and *surprised* them;
And still of Capel's *countenance* am proud;
With lines of Lamb, sung just as he advised them,
My singers have delighted many a crowd;
My feelings, too, though Douglas sacrificed them,
Can thank him for the freedom he allow'd;
I mean when (guided by no sudden whim)
He gave me leave to go away from him."

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Moore who contradicted Kinnaird, and Kinnaird who contradicted every body: then our two managers, Rae and Dibdin; and our secretary, Ward! and yet we were all very zealous and in earnest to do good and so forth. George Lamb furnished us with prologues to our revived old English plays; but was not pleased with me for complimenting him as "the Upton" of our theatre (Mr. Upton is or was the poet who writes the songs for Astley's), and almost gave up prologuing in consequence.

In the pantomime of 1815–16 there was a representation of the masquerade of 1814, given by "us youth" of Watier's Club to Wellington and Co. Douglas Kinnaird and one or two others, with myself, put on masks, and went on the stage with the οἱ πολλοι, to see the effect of a theatre from the stage:—it is very grand. Douglas danced among the figuranti too, and they were puzzled to find out who we were, as being more than their number. It was odd enough that Douglas Kinnaird and I should have been both at the *real* masquerade, and afterwards in the mimic one of the same, on the stage of Drury Lane theatre.[1]

557.—To Leigh Hunt.

13, Terrace, Piccadilly, September—October 30, 1815.

MY DEAR HUNT,—Many thanks for your books, of which you already know my opinion. Their external splendour should not disturb you as inappropriate—they

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with you; at that time I gave him credit for a promise, which is unfulfilled. I still think his capacity warrants all you say of *it* only, but that his performances since *Lyrical Ballads* are miserably inadequate to the ability which lurks within him: there is undoubtedly much natural talent spilt over the *Excursion;* but it is rain upon rocks—where it stands and stagnates, or rain upon sands—where it falls without fertilizing. Who can understand him? Let those who do, make him intelligible. Jacob Behmen, Swedenborg, and Joanna Southcote, are mere types of this arch-apostle of mystery and mysticism. But I have done,—no, I have not done, for I have two petty, and perhaps unworthy objections in small matters to make to him, which, with his pretensions to accurate observation, and fury against Pope's false translation of "the Moonlight scene in Homer," [1] I wonder he should

1. In Wordsworth's "Essay Supplementary to the Preface" (*Poems*, ed. 1815; see vol. ii. *Prose Works*, ed. William Knight, 1896, p. 240) he says, "To what a low state knowledge of the "most obvious and important phenomena had sunk, is evident from "the style in which Dryden has executed a description of Night in "one of his tragedies; and Pope his translation of the celebrated "moonlight scene in the *Iliad*. A blind man, in the habit of "attending accurately to descriptions casually dropped from the lips "of those around him, might easily depict these appearances with "more truth. Dryden's lines are vague, bombastic, and senseless; "those of Pope, though he had Homer to guide him, are throughout "false and contradictory," etc., etc. Pope's version of Homer's *Iliad*, viii. 555, *et seqq.*, runs as follows (lines 687-698):—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light,
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
[illegible]

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have fallen into;—these be they:—He says of Greece in the body of his book [1]—that it is a land of

> "*Rivers, fertile plains*, and *sounding* shores,
> Under a cope of *variegated* sky."

The rivers are dry half the year, the plains are barren, and the shores *still* and *tideless* as the Mediterranean can make them; the sky is any thing but variegated, being for months and months but "darkly, deeply, "beautifully blue."—The next is in his notes,[2] where he talks of our "Monuments crowded together in the busy, "etc., of a large town," as compared with the "still "seclusion of a Turkish cemetery in some *remote* place." This is pure stuff; for *one* monument in our churchyards there are *ten* in the Turkish, and so crowded, that you cannot walk between them; that is, divided merely by a path or road; and as to "*remote* places," men never take the trouble in a barbarous country, to carry their dead very far; they must have lived near to where they were buried. There are no cemeteries in "remote places," except such as have the cypress and the tombstone still left, where the olive and the habitation of the living have perished. . . .

1. The lines in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, bk. iv., are—

> "The lively Grecian, in a land of hills,
> Rivers, and fertile plains, and sounding shores,
> Under a cope of variegated sky,
> Could find commodious place for every god,
> From the surrounding countries—at the choice
> Of all adventurers."

2. In the notes to the *Excursion* (1st ed., 1814), or rather in an "Essay upon Epitaphs," added to the notes (p. 437), Wordsworth says, "Let a man only compare in imagination the unsightly manner "in which our Monuments are crowded together in the busy, noisy, "unclean, and almost grassless Church-yard of a large Town, with "the still seclusion of a Turkish Cemetery, in some remote place; "and yet further sanctified by the Grove of Cypress in which it is "embosomed."

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These things I was struck with, as coming peculiarly in my own way; and in both of these he is wrong; yet I should have noticed neither, but for his attack on Pope for a like blunder, and a peevish affectation about him of despising a popularity which he will never obtain. I write in great haste, and, I doubt, *not* much to the purpose; but you have it hot and hot, just as it comes, and so let it go. By-the-way, both he and you go too far against Pope's "So when the moon," etc.; it is no translation, I know; but it is not such false description as asserted. I have read it on the spot; there is a burst, and a lightness, and a glow about the night in the Troad, which makes the "planets vivid," and the "pole glowing." The moon is—at least the sky is, clearness itself; and I know no more appropriate expression for the expansion of such a heaven—o'er the scene—the plain—the sky—Ida—the Hellespont—Simois—Scamander—and the Isles—than that of a "flood of glory." I am getting horribly lengthy, and must stop: to the whole of your letter "I say ditto to Mr. Burke," as the Bristol candidate cried by way of electioneering harangue.[1] You need not speak of morbid feelings and vexations to me; I have plenty; but I must blame partly the times, and chiefly myself: but let us forget them. *I* shall be very apt to do so when I see you next. Will you come to the theatre and see our new management? You shall cut it up to your heart's content, root and branch, afterwards, if you like; but come and see it! If not, I must come and see you.

Ever yours, very truly and affectionately,

BYRON.

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P.S.—Not a word from Moore for these two months. Pray let me have the rest of *Rimini*. You have two excellent points in that poem—originality and Italianism. I will back you as a bard against half the fellows on whom you have thrown away much good criticism and eulogy; but don't let your bookseller publish in *quarto;* it is the worst size possible for circulation. I say this on bibliopolical authority.

Again, yours ever,

B.

558.—To Thomas Moore.

Terrace, Piccadilly, October 31, 1815.

I have not been able to ascertain precisely the time of duration of the stock market; but I believe it is a good time for selling out, and I hope so. First, because I shall see you; and, next, because I shall receive certain monies on behalf of Lady B., the which will materially conduce to my comfort,—I wanting (as the duns say) "to make up a sum."

Yesterday, I dined out with a large-ish party, where were Sheridan and Colman, Harry Harris of C[ovent] G[arden], and his brother, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Douglas Kinnaird, and others, of note and notoriety. Like other parties of the kind, it was first silent, then talky, then argumentative, then disputatious, then unintelligible, then altogethery, then inarticulate, and then drunk. When we had reached the last step of this glorious ladder, it was difficult to get down again without stumbling; and, to crown all, Kinnaird and I had to conduct Sheridan down a damned corkscrew staircase, which had certainly been constructed before the discovery of fermented liquors, and to which no legs, however crooked, could

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possibly accommodate themselves. We deposited him safe at home, where his man, evidently used to the business, waited to receive him in the hall.

Both he and Colman were, as usual, very good; but I carried away much wine, and the wine had previously carried away my memory; so that all was hiccup and happiness for the last hour or so, and I am not impregnated with any of the conversation. Perhaps you heard of a late answer of Sheridan to the watchman who found him bereft of that "divine particle of air," called reason, * * *. He, the watchman, who found Sherry in the street, fuddled and bewildered, and almost insensible, "Who are *you*, sir?"—no answer. "What's your name?"—a hiccup. "What's your name?"—Answer, in a slow, deliberate, and impassive tone—"Wilberforce!!!" Is not that Sherry all over?—and, to my mind, excellent. Poor fellow, *his* very dregs are better than the "first sprightly runnings" of others.

My paper is full, and I have a grievous head-ach.

P.S.—Lady B. is in full progress. Next month will bring to light (with the aid of "Juno Lucina, *fer opem*," or rather *opes*, for the last are most wanted,) the tenth wonder of the world—Gil Blas being the eighth, and he (my son's father) the ninth.

559.—To Thomas Moore.

November 4, 1815.

Had you not bewildered my head with the "stocks," your letter would have been answered directly. Hadn't I to go to the city? and hadn't I to remember what to ask when I got there? and hadn't I forgotten it?

I should be undoubtedly delighted to see you; but I don't like to urge against your reasons my own

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inclinations. Come you must soon, for stay you *won't*. I know you of old;—you have been too much leavened with London to keep long out of it.

Lewis[1] is going to Jamaica to suck his sugar canes. He sails in two days; I inclose you his farewell note. I saw him last night at Drury Lane Theatre for the last time previous to his voyage. Poor fellow! he is really a good man—an excellent man—he left me his walking-stick and a pot of preserved ginger. I shall never eat the last without tears in my eyes, it is so *hot*. We have had a devil of a row among our ballerinas. Miss Smith has been wronged about a hornpipe. The Committee have interfered; but Byrne, the damned ballet-master, won't budge a step. *I* am furious, so is George Lamb. Kinnaird is very glad, because—he don't know why; and I am very sorry, for the same reason. To-day I dine with Kd.—we are to have Sheridan and Colman again; and to-morrow, once more, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's.*

* Leigh Hunt has written a *real good* and *very original Poem*, which I think will be a great hit. You can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde it. As to us, Tom—eh, when art thou out? If you think the verses worth it, I would rather they were embalmed in the *Irish Melodies*, than scattered abroad in a separate song—much rather. But when are thy great things out? I mean the Po of Pos—thy Shah Nameh. It is very kind in Jeffrey to like the Hebrew Melodies.[2]

1. For "Monk" Lewis, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 314, *note* 4. This was the first of his two voyages to Jamaica.

2. "The *Hebrew Melodies*, though obviously inferior to Lord "Byron's other works, display a skill in versification, which would "have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction" (*Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 291). In a letter to Moore, dated June 11, 1815 (*Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 79), Jeffrey had also written, "I have just got a set of Lord Byron's works, and read his *Hebrew* "*Melodies* for the first time. There is rather a monotony in the

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Some of the fellows here preferred Sternhold and Hopkins, and said so;—"the fiend receive their souls therefor!"

I must go and dress for dinner. Poor dear Murat, what an end! You know, I suppose, that his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry IV.'s. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged.[1] You shall have more to-morrow or next day.

Ever, etc.

560.—To John Murray.

Nov. 4th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I will attend to the remarks when I have the proofs, of which there is no hurry. I send you a vol. of the Turkish History,[2]—with the page (151) and paragraph marked,—on which the story is founded, and which we must extract as a short advertisement. I suppose you mean it to be the 2d part of the 4th vol. of the poems.

"subjects, but a sweetness of versification to which I know but one "parallel, and a depth and force of feeling which, though indicated "only by short sobs and glances, is here as marked and peculiar as "in his greater pieces. I have heard nothing of him lately, but am "now persuaded that he cannot long be idle."

1. See Byron's *Ode from the French*, stanza iii.—

> "And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!
> Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;
> Better hadst thou still been leading
> France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,
> Than sold thyself to death and shame
> For a meanly royal name."

Joachim Murat (1771–1815) was proclaimed King of Naples and the Two Sicilies in August, 1808. On Napoleon's return from Elba, Murat declared in his favour, and began a campaign against the Austrians; but (May, 1815) was defeated near Tolentino. Sailing from Corsica (September 28), he landed (October 6) on Neapolitan territory at the head of about two hundred men. He was made prisoner, tried by martial law, and condemned to death, October 13, 1815.

2. See the "Advertisement" to *The Siege of Corinth*.

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I also want to make a short extract from *Christabelle* in a note about Coleridge, which I shall insert.

Yours ever,

B.

561.—To John Murray.

November 4, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—When you have been enabled to form an opinion on Mr. Coleridge's MS.[1] you will oblige me by returning it, as, in fact, I have no authority to let it out of my hands. I think most highly of it, and feel anxious that you should be the publisher; but if you are not, I do not despair of finding those who will.

I have written to Mr. Lh. Hunt, stating your willingness to treat with him, which, when I saw you, I understood you to be. Terms and time, I leave to his pleasure and your discernment; but this I will say, that I think it the *safest* thing you ever engaged in. I speak to you as a man of business; were I to talk to you as a reader or a critic, I should say it was a very wonderful and beautiful performance, with just enough of fault to make its beauties more remarked and remarkable.

And now to the last—my own, which I feel ashamed of after the others;—publish or not as you like, I don't care *one damn*. If *you* don't, no one else shall, and I never thought or dreamed of it, except as one in the collection. If it is worth being in the fourth volume, put it there and nowhere else; and if not, put it in the fire.

Yours,

B.

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562.—To Leigh Hunt.[1]

With regard to the *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*, I have no concealments, nor desire to have any from you or yours; the suppression occurred (I am as sure as I can be of anything) in the manner stated: I have never regretted that, but very often the composition, that is, the *humeur* of a great deal in it. As to the quotation you allude to, I have no right, nor indeed desire, to prevent it; but, on the contrary, in common with all other writers, I do and ought to take it as a compliment.

The paper on the Methodists[2] I redde, and agree with the writer on one point, in which you and he perhaps differ; that an addiction to poetry is very generally the result of "an uneasy mind in an uneasy body;" disease or deformity have been the attendants of many of our best. Collins mad—Chatterton, *I* think, mad—Cowper mad—Pope crooked—Milton blind—Gray (I have heard that the last was afflicted by an incurable and very grievous distemper, though not generally known) and others—I have somewhere read, however, that poets

1. This incomplete letter was written to Leigh Hunt early in November, 1815. (See Appendix V., 3.)

2. In the *Examiner* for October 22, 1815, appeared a "Round "Table" article on Methodism, in which the writer said, "Poets, "authors, and artists in general have been ridiculed for a pining, "puritanical, poverty-struck appearance, which has been attributed "to their real poverty. But it would perhaps be nearer the truth "to say, that their being poets, artists, etc., has been owing to their "original poverty of spirit and weakness of constitution." To this

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rarely go mad. I suppose the writer means that their insanity effervesces and evaporates in verse—may be so.

I have not had time to attack your *system*, which ought to be done, were it only because it is a *system*. So, by and by, have at you.

Yours ever,

BYRON.

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CHAPTER XII.

NOVEMBER 14, 1815—APRIL 25, 1816.

BIRTH OF ADA BYRON—
THE SIEGE OF CORINTH AND *PARISINA*—THE SEPARATION
—DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

563.—To John Murray.

November 14, 1815. . .

DEAR SIR,—I return you your bills not accepted, but certainly not *unhonoured*.[1] Your present offer is a favour which I would accept from you, if I accepted such from any man. Had such been my intention, I can assure you I would have asked you fairly, and as freely as you would give; and I cannot say more of my confidence or your conduct.

The circumstances which induce me to part with my books, though sufficiently, are not *immediately*, pressing. I have made up my mind to them, and there's an end.

Had I been disposed to trespass on your kindness in this way, it would have been before now; but I am not sorry to have an opportunity of declining it, as it sets my

1. Byron's pecuniary difficulties compelled him, in the autumn of 1815, to consult a bookseller as to selling his books. Murray,

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opinion of you, and indeed of human nature, in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to consider it.

Believe me, very truly your obliged and sincere friend,

BYRON.

564.—To John Murray.

December 25, 1815.

DEAR SIR,—I send some lines,[1] written some time ago, and intended as an opening to *The Siege of Corinth*. I had forgotten them, and am not sure that they had not better be left out now:—on that, you and your Synod can determine.

Yours ever,

BN.

565.—To Leigh Hunt.

—— good of *Rimini*—Sir Henry Englefield, a mighty man in the blue circles, and a very clever man anywhere, sent to Murray, in terms of the highest eulogy; and with regard to the common reader, my *sister* and *cousin* (who are now all my family, and the last since gone away to be married) were in fixed perusal and delight with it, and they are "not critical," but fair, natural, unaffected, and understanding persons. Frere, and all the arch *literati*, I hear, are also unanimous in a high opinion of the Poem. I hear this by the way—but I will send.

1. With this letter were enclosed the lines beginning—

> "In the year since Jesus died for men,
> Eighteen hundred years and ten,
> We were a gallant company,
> Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea."

And ending with—

> "Stranger—wilt thou follow now,
> And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?"

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566.—To John Murray.

January 3, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—Your offer is *liberal* in the extreme, (you see I use the word *to* you and *of* you, though I would not consent to your using it of yourself to Mr. H.,) and much more than the two poems[1] can possibly be worth; but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. But I cannot consent to their separate publication. I do not like to risk any fame (whether merited or not), which I have been favoured with, upon compositions which I do not feel to be at all equal to my own notions of what they should be, (and as I flatter myself some *have been*, here and there,) though they may do very well as things without pretension, to add to the publication with the lighter pieces.

I am very glad that the handwriting was a favourable omen of the *morale* of the piece: but you must not trust to that, for my copyist[2] would write out any thing I desired in all the ignorance of innocence—I hope, however, in this instance, with no great peril to either.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

1. *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* were published in 1816. Murray had enclosed a draft for 1000 guineas for the copyright of the two poems. This, at the time, Byron absolutely declined. But, on the suggestion of Mackintosh and Rogers, he afterwards (see pp. 255, 256) proposed to give £600 to Godwin, and to divide the remaining £450 between Coleridge and Maturin. Against this Murray strongly protested (see his letter to Byron, *Memoir of John Murray*, vol. i. pp. 355, 356). Ultimately Byron, hard pressed by creditors, took the thousand guineas, and applied it to the satisfaction of some debts.

2. The copyist was Lady Byron.

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P.S.—I have inclosed your draft *torn*, for fear of accidents by the way—I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances.

567.—To Thomas Moore.

January 5, 1816.

I hope Mrs. M. is quite re-established. The little girl was born on the 10th of December last; her name is Augusta *Ada*[1] (the second a very antique family name, —I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is, very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days—squalls and sucks incessantly. Are you answered? Her mother is doing very well, and up again.

I have now been married a year on the second of this month—heigh-ho! I have seen nobody lately much worth noting, except Sebastiani[2] and another general of

1. Augusta Ada Byron (born December 10, 1815, died November 27, 1852), married, July 8, 1835, William, first Earl of Lovelace. Three children were born of the marriage: (1) Viscount Ockham, who died in 1862; (2) the present Earl of Lovelace; (3) Lady Anna Isabella Noel, who married (1869) Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. Byron never saw his child again after January 15, 1816.

2. François Horace Bastien de la Porta, Comte Sebastiani (1772 or 1775-1851) was, says Larousse (*Dictionnaire du XIXme Siècle*), "un des hommes les plus beaux et les plus élégants de son temps, et "l'Abbé de Pradt l'avait surnommé le *Cupidon de l'Empire;* aux "grâces séduisantes de sa personne, il joignait une extrême facilité "d'élocution, une diction une peu emphatique, et cette assurance "imperturbable que donne la parfaite satisfaction de soi-même. Il a "passé pour l'auteur d'un ouvrage intitulé *Etat actuel de la Corse* "(Paris, 1821) publié sous le nom de P.-S. Pompeé."

Count Sebastiani was Naval Minister in 1830; Minister for Foreign Affairs, November, 1830—October, 1832; Ambassador at Naples, April—August, 1834; Ambassador at London, January, 1835—

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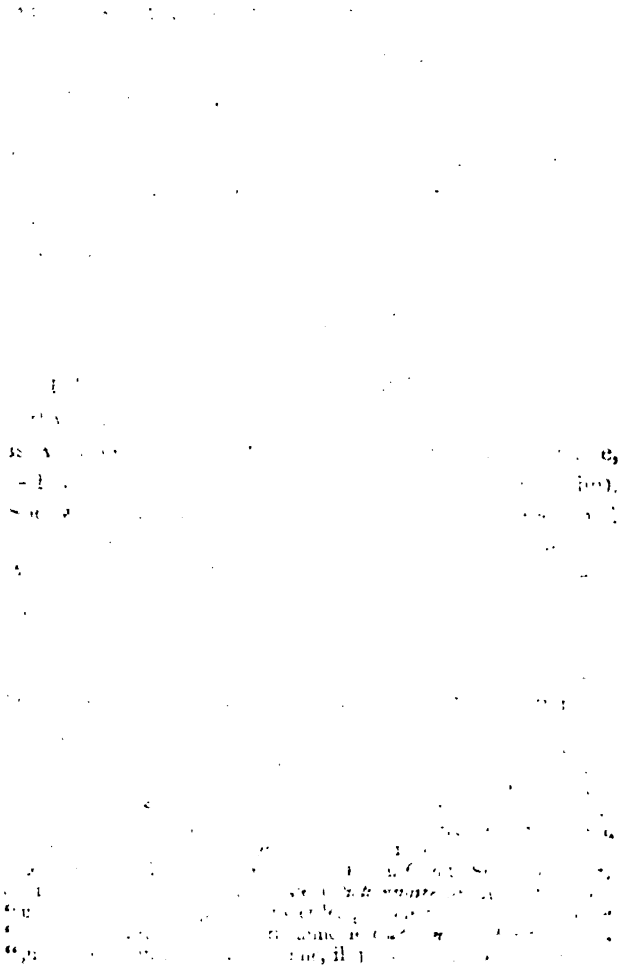

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Augusta Ada Byron.

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the Gauls once or twice at dinners out of doors. Sebastiani is a fine, foreign, villanous-looking, intelligent, and very agreeable man; his compatriot [1] is more of the

February, 1840. He was made a Marshal of France in October, 1840. He married, firstly, a daughter of Madame de Coigny, and secondly, in 1834, a widow, Madame Davidoff, daughter of the Duc de Grammont. Raikes (*Journal*, vol. i. p. 313) says that he was "a man without much talent, but of considerable vanity." He also says (*ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 122), in commenting on the fact that Russia and France were at the same time represented by two Corsicans—Russia by Pozzo di Borgo, France by Sebastiani, "They have "arrived at that distinction by very different routes. Pozzo, by the "most undeviating energy in the cause of legitimacy, and the "principles of the Holy Alliance; Sebastiani, by the most barefaced "adherence to every government which was in power at the time: "he has served under Napoleon, under the Bourbons, and now "under Louis Philippe."

1. Auguste Charles Joseph, Comte de Flahault de la Billarderie (1785-1870), some time aide-de-camp to Napoleon, subsequently Ambassador to Vienna, Berlin, and (1860) to London, and finally Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, married, June 20, 1817, at Edinburgh, Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, *suo jure* Baroness Keith. As Miss Mercer, Byron had met her at Lady Melbourne's, in 1812, and society had speculated on the probability of their marriage. With Lady Jersey, she stood by him in the storm of the separation from Lady Byron. "As he was embarking at Dover," says Madame Guiccioli (*My Recollections of Lord Byron*, translated by Hubert E. H. Jerningham, ed. 1869, p. 184), "Byron turned round to Mr. "Scroope Davies, who was with him, and giving him a little parcel "which he had forgotten to give her when in London, he added, "'Tell her that had I been fortunate enough to marry a woman "like her, I should not now be obliged to exile myself from my "country.'" Madame de Flahault became, by the death of her cousin William (December, 1837), *suo jure* Baroness Nairne. She died in Paris, November 11, 1867. Her husband died September, 1870, at the age of 85.

The Comte de Flahault was the son, by her first husband, of the Comtesse de Souza, author of *Adèle de Senanges* and other novels, who died in 1836.

Raikes (*Journal*, vol. iii. p. 182), speaking of Flahault's appointment, in 1837, as First Equerry to the Duke of Orleans, says, "Few "people in society are endowed with such advantages of manner and "person as Flahault; and, though he is no longer young, there is "something very captivating in his address and conversation. His "house is furnished in the modern style, with a profusion of valuable "ornaments of the old time in buhl, Sèvres china, and marqueterie. "There is a marked good-taste through the whole establishment, "which is a happy combination of French and English habits. By

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petit-maître and younger, but I should think not at all of the same intellectual calibre with the Corsican—which Sebastiani, you know, is, and a cousin of Napoleon's.

Are you never to be expected in town again? To be sure, there is no one here of the fifteen hundred fillers of hot rooms, called the fashionable world. My approaching papa-ship detained us for advice, etc., etc., though I would as soon be here as any where else on this side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

I would gladly—or, rather, sorrowfully—comply with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you mention.[1] But how can I write on one I have never seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better yourself. I could not write upon any thing, without some personal experience and foundation: far less on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in this case; and, if you had neither, you have more imagination, and would never fail.

This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull fellow. Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 contradictory contemplations, though with but one object in view—which will probably end in nothing, as most things we wish do. But never mind,—as somebody says, "for the "blue sky bends over all."[2] I only could be glad, if it bent over me where it is a little bluer; like the "skyish "top of blue Olympus," which, by the way, looked very white when I last saw it.

Ever, etc.

"his marriage with Miss Mercer, an heiress of high family, the

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568.—To Samuel Rogers.

Jny 20th, 1816.

DEAR ROGERS,—I wrote to you hastily this morning by Murray, to say that I was glad to do as Macintosh[1] and you suggested about Mr. Godwin.[2] It occurs to me now, that as I have never seen Mr. G[odwin] but once, and consequently have no claim to his acquaintance, that you or Sir James had better arrange it with him in such a manner as may be least offensive to his feelings, and so as not to have the appearance of officiousness nor obtrusion on my part. I hope you will be able to do

1. Sir James Mackintosh (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 211) wrote to Rogers the following letter, dated "Weedon Lodge: "Friday:"—

"DEAR ROGERS,—It is said that Lord Byron has refused a very "large sum from Murray for permission to publish separately two "new poems which his lordship wishes only to be added to the "collection of his works. Knowing the noble use which he has "hitherto made of the produce of his works, I venture to point out "to you poor Godwin as a person whom Lord Byron could save "from ruin by granting the permission on condition of Murray's "giving Godwin such part of the sum spoken of as Lord Byron may "be pleased to direct. Godwin is a man of genius, likely, for his "independence of thinking, to starve at the age of sixty for want "of a few hundred pounds necessary to carry on his laborious "occupation.

"If you agree with me, I am certain that the benevolence of your "heart will need no solicitor. But if you should not make any "application to Lord B., I shall conclude that it would be improper. "Say yes or no in writing.

"Ever yours,
"J. MACKINTOSH."

2. William Godwin (1756–1836) was not, perhaps, as a man, a worthy object of the bounty. He sponged on Shelley, yet treated

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this, as I should be very sorry to do any thing by him that may be deemed indelicate. The sum Murray offered and offers was and is one thousand and fifty pounds:—this I refused before, because I thought it more than the two things were worth to M[urray], and from other objections, which are of no consequence. I have, however, closed with M., in consequence of Sir James's and your suggestion, and propose the sum of six hundred pounds to be transferred to Mr. Godwin in such a manner as may seem best to you [*words cut out* ? and your] friend,—the remainder I think of for other purposes.

As M[urray] has offered the money down for the copyrights, it may be done directly, and I am ready to sign and seal immediately, and perhaps it had better not be delayed. I shall feel very glad if it can be of any use to Godwin; only don't let him be plagued, nor think himself obliged and all that, which makes people hate one another, etc.

Yours ever truly,

B.

569.—To John Murray.

Jy 21st, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I have had the enclosed note from Mr. R[ogers] who wishes me to pause, which I will for a day or two, and see you tomorrow at about three.

If you have not written to Coleridge or Maturin—it

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570.—To John Murray.

January 22, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—When the sum offered by you, and even *pressed* by you, was declined, it was with reference to a *separate* publication, as you know and I know. That it was large, I admitted and admit; and *that* made part of my consideration in refusing it, till I knew better what you were likely to make of it. With regard to what has passed, or is to pass, about Mr. Godwin, the case is in no respect different from the transfer of former copyrights to Mr. Dallas. Had I taken you at your word, that is, taken your money, I might have used it as I pleased; and it could be in no respect different to you whether I paid it to a w—, or a hospital, or assisted a man of talent in distress. The truth of the matter seems this: you offered more than the poems are worth. I *said* so, and I *think* so; but you know, or at least ought to know, your own business best; and when you recollect what passed between you and me upon pecuniary subjects before this occurred, you will acquit me of any wish to take advantage of your imprudence.

The things in question shall not be published at all, and there's an end of the matter.

Yours, etc.,

B.

P.S.—You will oblige me by returning the Manuscripts by the bearer immediately.

571.—To Samuel Rogers.

[illegible] 1816

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under sentence of pill and potion for an attack of liver, etc.

You may set your heart at rest on poor G.'s business. Murray, when it came to the point, demurred, and though not exactly refusing, gave such sort of answers as determined me to take the MS. away and not publish at all.

With regard to his offer, I can only say that some weeks ago he even pressed it upon me so far as (after I had returned his draft) to lay the money upon the table if I would consent to a *separate* publication; this I refused, because the pieces were in my opinion better adapted for, and at any rate safer in, the collection he had got together, and for *this purpose* I told him he was welcome to them for nothing. I never said, nor meaned to say, that if he was permitted to publish *separately*, that the purchase of the copyrights would not be accepted. When you sent me Macintosh's letter, I felt inclined to comply with its suggestion, and went to Murray, at the same time telling him my reason; in this at the time he acquiesced; but since, on my sending to him that it was thought a smaller sum would do for Mr. G., etc., he returns me an answer which—in short—it is no matter.

I am sorry for the trouble you have had on this occasion, and still more that I have failed in being of any use to Mr. Gn. Pray explain to Sir J. Macintosh for me, and believe me,

Ever yours most truly,

BYRON.

572.—To Leigh Hunt.[1]

January 29th, 1816.

DEAR HUNT,—I return your extract with thanks for the perusal and hope you are by this time on the verge

1. For an explanation of this letter, see the letters of Leigh Hunt (Appendix V., 3, 4).

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of publication. My pencil-marks on the margin of your former MSS. I never thought worth the trouble of deciphering, but I had no such meaning as you imagine for their being withheld from Murray, from whom I differ entirely as to the *terms* of your agreement; nor do I think you asked a piastre too much for the Poem. However, I doubt not he will deal fairly by you on the whole; he is really a very good fellow, and his faults are merely the leaven of his "trade"—"the trade!" the slave-trade of many an unlucky writer.

The said Murray and I are just at present in no good humour with each other; but he is not the worse for that. I feel sure that he will give your work as fair or a fairer chance in every way than your late publishers; and what he can't do for it, it will do for itself.

Continual business and occasional indisposition have been the causes of my negligence (for I deny neglect) in not writing to you immediately. These are excuses; I wish they may be more satisfactory to you than they are to me. I opened my eyes yesterday morning on your compliment of Sunday.[1] If you knew what a hopeless and lethargic den of dulness and drawling our hospital is during a debate, and what a mass of corruption in its patients, you would wonder, not that I very seldom speak, but that I ever attempted it, feeling as I trust I do, independently. However, when a proper spirit is manifested "without doors," I will endeavour not to be idle within. Do you think such a time is coming?

1. In the *Examiner* for Sunday, January 28, in an article on "Men "of Talent in Parliament," Leigh Hunt wrote, "To begin with

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Methinks there are gleams of it. My forefathers were of the other side of the question in Charles' days, and the fruit of it was a title and the loss of an enormous property.

If the old struggle comes on, I may lose the one, and shall never regain the other; but no matter: there are things, even in this world, better than either.

Very truly, ever yours,

B.

573.—To John Murray.

February 3, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I sent for *Marmion* (which I return), because it occurred to me there might be a resemblance between part of *Parisina* and a similar scene in Canto 2d of *Marmion*. I fear there is, though I never thought of it before, and could hardly wish to imitate that which is inimitable.[1] I wish you would ask Mr. Gifford whether

1. "She stood, I said, all pale, and still,
The living cause of Hugo's ill;
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,
Not once had turn'd to either side—
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood," etc.
Parisina, stanza xiv.

"Her look composed, and steady eye,
Bespoke a matchless constancy;
And there she stood so calm and pale,
That, but her breathing did not fail,
And motion slight of eye and head

I ought to say any thing upon it;—I had completed the story on the passage from Gibbon,[1] which in fact leads to a like scene naturally, without a thought of the kind; but it comes upon me not very comfortably.

There are a few words and phrases I want to alter in the MS., and should like to do it before you print. I will return it in an hour.

Yours ever,

BN.

574.—To Samuel Rogers.

February 8, 1816.

DEAR ROGERS,—Do not mistake me—I really returned your book for the reason assigned, and no other. It is too good for so careless a fellow. I have parted with all my own books, and positively won't deprive you of so valuable "a drop of that immortal man."

I shall be very glad to see you, if you like to call, as you intended, though I am at present contending with "the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune,"[2] some of which have struck at me from a quarter whence I did not indeed expect them.—But no matter; "there is a "world elsewhere," and I will cut my way through this as I can; if you write to Moore, will you tell him that I

1. In Gibbon's "Antiquities of the House of Brunswick" (*Misc. Works*, ed. 1796, vol. ii. p. 701) occurs the following passage:—"Under the reign of Nicholas III., Ferrara was polluted with a "domestic tragedy. By the testimony of a maid, and his own obser-"vation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his "wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant

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shall answer his letter the moment I can muster time and spirits?

Ever yours,

BN.

575.—To John Murray.

Feb 16th 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the account of Mr. and Lady F. W.'s triumph;[1] you see by it the exceeding advantage of unimpeachable virtue and uniform correctness of conduct, etc., etc.

They tell me you called on me a day or two ago. If you have any good news to tell it will not be unwelcome—if any bad—you need not be afraid. I am pretty well seasoned to all extremes.

Have you carried on *The Siege* tolerably? I suppose you begin to think with Lintot in "the Narrative "of Jno Dennis's Phrenzy" expressed in Pope's dialogue between the bookseller, physician, Nurse, and patient—"I believe the fellow is really mad and if he is who the "devil will buy the remarks?[2] I wish he had been —— "before I meddled with the remarks."

Have you got your picture from Phillips?

Yours, etc., etc.,

B.

1. In the case of *Webster* v. *Baldwin*. (See *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 2, *note* 1.)

2. In "The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris concerning Mr. John "Dennis" (Pope's *Works*, ed. Courthope, vol. x. p. 457), "Mr. "Lintot" says, "'Plague on't! I'm damnably afraid, they are in "the right of it, and he is mad in earnest. If he should be really "mad, who the devil would buy the Remarks?' (Here Mr. Lintot "scratched his head.)" Byron possibly refers to the question of his own sanity; the consultation which Lady Byron had with Dr. Baillie; and the visit which the doctor had paid him. See *Don Juan*, Canto I. stanza xxvii., and the prose fragment of "Donna "Josepha" (1817).

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576.—To John Murray.

February 20, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—To return to *our* business—your epistles are vastly agreeable. With regard to the observations on carelessness, etc.,[1] I think, with all humility, that the gentle reader has considered a rather uncommon, and designedly irregular versification for haste and negligence. The measure is not that of any of the other poems, which (I believe) were allowed to be tolerably correct, according to Byshe[2] and the fingers—or ears—by which bards write, and readers reckon. Great part of *The Siege* is in (I think) what the learned call Anapests, (though I am not sure, being heinously forgetful of my metres and my *Gradus*,) and many of the lines intentionally longer or shorter than its rhyming companion; and the rhyme also occurring at greater or less intervals of caprice or convenience.

I mean not to say that this is right or good, but merely that I could have been smoother, had it appeared to me of advantage; and that I was not otherwise without being aware of the deviation, though I now feel sorry for it, as I would undoubtedly rather please than not. My wish has been to try at something different

1. The reviews of *The Siege of Corinth* and *Parisina* were not always favourable. That, for instance, in the *Champion* for February 11, 1816, was severe; the reviewer particularly notices that Byron had broken his vow "to write no more. . . . *She Would* "*and She Would not* is a pleasing comedy when performed by a "lovely woman, but a change of gender converts it into a farce."

2. Edward Bysshe, *Gent.*, published, in 1702, *The Art of English Poetry*, "containing (i.) Rules for making verses; (ii.) a Dictionary "of Rhymes; (iii.) a Collection of the most natural, agreeable, and "noble thoughts, viz. Allusions, Similes, Descriptions, and Characters "of Persons and Things, that are to be found in the best English "Poets." In Mrs. Byron's copy of Hobhouse's *Imitations and Translations, etc.* (p. 21), Byron has written against some of his friend's bad rhymes, "Oh Byshe! Byshe! Byshe!"

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from my former efforts; as I endeavoured to make them differ from each other. The versification of *The Corsair* is not that of *Lara;* nor *The Giaour* that of *The Bride; Childe Harold* is again varied from these; and I strove to vary the last somewhat from *all* of the others.

Excuse all this damned nonsense and egotism. The fact is, that I am rather trying to think on the subject of this note, than really thinking on it. I did not know you had called; you are always admitted and welcome when you choose.

Yours, etc., etc.,

BN.

P.S.—You need not be in any apprehension or grief on my account: were I to be beaten down by the world and its inheritors, I should have succumbed to many things—years ago. You must not mistake my *not* bullying for dejection; nor imagine that because I feel, I am to faint:—but enough for the present.

I am sorry for Sotheby's row. What the devil is it about? I thought it all settled; and if I can do any thing about him or *Ivan* still, I am ready and willing. I do not think it proper for me just now to be much behind the scenes, but I will see the committee and Moore upon it, if S. likes.

If you see Mr. Sotheby, will you tell him that I wrote to Mr. Coleridge, on getting Mr. Sotheby's note, and have, I hope, done what Mr. S. wished on that subject?

577.—To Leigh Hunt.

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in town for a day or so, I should have seen you. I don't mean this as a hint at reproach for not calling, but merely that of course I should have been very glad if you had called in your way home or abroad, as I always would have been, and always shall be. With regard to the circumstances to which you allude, there is no reason why you should not speak openly to me on a subject already sufficiently rife in the mouths and minds of what is called "the world." Of the "fifty reports," it follows that forty-nine must have more or less error and exaggeration; but I am sorry to say, that on the main and essential point of an intended, and, it may be, an inevitable separation, I can contradict none. At present I shall say no more—but this is not from want of confidence: in the mean time, I shall merely request a suspension of opinion. Your prefatory letter to *Rimini*,[1] I accepted as it was meant—as a public compliment and a private kindness. I am only sorry that it may, perhaps, operate against you as an inducement, and, with some, a pretext for attack, on the part of the political and personal enemies of both;—not that this can be of much consequence, for in the end the work must be judged by its merits, and, in that respect, you are well armed. Murray tells me it is going on well, and, you may depend upon it, there is a substratum of poetry, which is a foundation for solid and durable fame. The objections (*if* there be objections, for this is a *pre*sumption, and not an *as*sumption) will be merely as to the mechanical part,

1. *The Story of Rimini, a Poem*, by Leigh Hunt, published by Murray, in 1816, is dedicated to Byron. The dedicatory letter begins thus—

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and such, as I stated before, the usual consequences of either novelty or revival. I desired Murray to forward to you a pamphlet with two things of mine in it, the most part of both of them, and of one in particular, *written* before *others* of my composing, which have preceded them in *publication;* they are neither of them of much pretension, nor intended for it. You will, perhaps, wonder at my dwelling so much and so frequently on former subjects and scenes; but the fact is, that I found them fading fast from my memory; and I was, at the same time, so partial to their *place* (and events connected with it), that I have stamped them, while I could, in such colours as I could trust to *now*, but might have confused and misapplied *hereafter*, had I longer delayed the attempted delineation.

578.—To Thomas Moore.

February 29, 1816.

I have not answered your letter[1] for a time; and, at present, the reply to part of it might extend to such a length, that I shall delay it till it can be made in person, and then I will shorten it as much as I can.

In the mean time, I am at war "with all the world "and his wife;" or rather, "all the world and *my* wife" are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me,—whatever they *may* do. I don't know that in the course

1. In a letter to Byron, Moore thus refers to rumours which had reached him of the impending separation: "I am most anxious to "hear from you, though I doubt whether I ought to mention the "subject on which I am so anxious. If, however, what I heard

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of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope for the future, as this same. I say this, because I think so, and feel it. But I shall not sink under it the more for that mode of considering the question—I have made up my mind.

By the way, however, you must not believe all you hear on the subject; and don't attempt to defend me. If you succeeded in that, it would be a mortal, or an immortal, offence—who can bear refutation? I have but a very short answer for those whom it concerns; and all the activity of myself and some vigorous friends have not yet fixed on any tangible ground or personage, on which or with whom I can discuss matters, in a summary way, with a fair pretext;—though I nearly had *nailed one* yesterday, but he evaded by—what was judged by others —a satisfactory explanation. I speak of *circulators*—against whom I have no enmity, though I must act according to the common code of usage, when I hit upon those of the serious order.

Now for other matters—poesy, for instance. Leigh Hunt's poem is a devilish good one—quaint, here and there, but with the substratum of originality, and with poetry about it, that will stand the test. I do not say this because he has inscribed it to me, which I am sorry for, as I should otherwise have begged you to review it in the *Edinburgh*.[1] It is really deserving of much praise, and a favourable critique in the *E. R.* would but do it justice, and set it up before the public eye, where it ought to be.

1. "My reply to this part of his letter was, I find, as follows:

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How are you? and where? I have not the most distant idea what I am going to do myself—or with myself—or where—or what. I had a few weeks ago, some things to say that would have made you laugh; but they tell me now that I must not laugh, and so I have been very serious—and am.

I have not been very well—with a *liver* complaint—but am much better within the last fortnight, though still under Iatrical advice. I have latterly seen a little of * *. * * I must go and dress to dine. My little girl is in the country, and, they tell me, is a very fine child, and now nearly three months old. Lady Noel (my mother-in-law, or, rather, *at* law) is at present overlooking it. Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is, I believe, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our late domestic discrepancies.[1]

In all this business, I am the sorriest for Sir Ralph. He and I are equally punished, though *magis pares quam similes* in our affliction. Yet it is hard for both to suffer for the fault of one, and so it is—I shall be separated from my wife; he will retain his.

Ever, etc.

579.—To James Hogg.[2]

13, Terrace, Piccadilly, March 1st, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I never was offended with you, and never had cause. At the time I received your last

1. Mrs. Clermont, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, entered the service of Lady Milbanke as lady's maid about 1792. She afterwards became governess to Miss Milbanke. She wrote several sensible letters, deprecating extreme measures. Mrs. Fletcher's affidavit, in the Appendix to this chapter (p. 320), explains the origin of Byron's mistake.

2. For Hogg's letter, to which Byron thus replies, see Appendix

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letters, I was "marrying, and being given in marriage;" and since that period have been occupied or indolent; and am at best a very ungracious or ungrateful correspondent,—hardly ever writing letters, but by fits and starts.

At this moment my conscience smites me with an unanswered letter of Mr. W. Scott's, on a subject which may seem to him to require an answer—as it was on something relative to a friend of his for whose talents I have a sincere admiration.[1]

My family about three months ago, was increased by a little girl, who is reckoned a fine child—I believe—though I feel loth to trust to my own partialities. She is now in the country. I will mention your wishes on the score of collection and publication to Murray—but I have not much weight with him; what I have I will use. As far as my approval of your intention may please you, you have it, and I should think Mr. Scott's liking to your plan very ominous of its success.

The objections you mention to the two things of mine lately published are very just and true, not only with regard to them but to all their predecessors—some more and some less with regard to the quarter from which you anticipate a probable and public censure. On such points, I can only say that I am very sure there will be no severity but what is deserved, and were there ever so much it could not obliterate a particle of the obligation

II., 3. With regard to this letter, David Macbeth Moir (Delta) has made the following note: "The above, along with two other letters "of the 'Noble Bard's' to Mr. Hogg, was lost at the time of the "publication of Mr. Moore's *Journals and Correspondence of Lord*

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which I am already too much under, to that journal and its conductors (as the grocer says to his customers) "for "past favours."

And so you want to come to London? It is a damned place to be sure, but the only one in the world (at least in the English world) for fun: though I have seen parts of the globe that I like better, still upon the whole it is the completest either to help one in feeling oneself—alive—or forgetting that one is so.

I am interrupted, but will write you again soon.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—I forgot to thank you for liking, etc., etc., but am much obliged to you, as well as for a former compliment in the inscription of your *Pilgrims of the Sun*.[1]

580.—To John Murray.

March 6, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I have received the enclosed, and beg you to send the writer immediately any thing of mine, coming under the description of his request—except the *Curse of Minerva*[2] (which I disown, as stolen and

1. Hogg's *Pilgrims of the Sun* (1815) is thus dedicated—

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

"Not for thy crabbed state-creed, wayward wight,
Thy noble lineage, nor thy virtues high,
(God bless the mark!) do I this homage plight;
No—'tis thy bold and native energy;

published in the miserable and villainous copy in the Mag[a]zine)—it was not, and is not, meant for publication.

I sent to you to-day for this reason—the books you purchased are again seized, and, as matters stand, had much better be sold at once by public auction.[1] I wish to see you to-morrow to return your bill for them, which, thank heaven, is neither due nor paid. *That* part, as far as *you* are concerned, being settled, (which it can be, and shall be, when I see you to-morrow,) I have no further delicacy about the matter. This is about the tenth execution in as many months; so I am pretty well hardened; but it is fit I should pay the forfeit of my forefathers' extravagances and my own; and, whatever my faults may be, I suppose they will be pretty well expiated in time—or eternity.

Ever yours very truly,

B.

1. In the late autumn of 1815 Byron intended selling his books to meet some of his debts, and for this purpose employed Messrs. Crook and Alexander. Afterwards it was decided to have the whole of the library valued, and taken at the valuation. The books were valued at £450, and Murray sent Byron "a bill of £500 for the "books as a temporary accommodation." But they were traced and attached by the sheriff. Ultimately, Byron paid the claims of Levy, the Jew who had lent the money for which the executions were levied, and the books were sold, at public auction, by Evans, of 26, Pall Mall, on April 5, 6, 1816. They were described in the catalogue as the property of "a Nobleman about to leave England "on a Tour."

From a note to Mr. Murray, it would appear that he had been first announced as going to the Morea:—

"I hope that the catalogue of the books, etc., has not been pub-"lished without my seeing it. I must reserve several, and many "ought not to be printed. The advertisement is a very bad one. I "am not going to the *Morea;* and if I was, you might as well "advertise a man in Russia as going to *Yorkshire.*—Ever, etc."

Together with the books was sold an article of furniture, which is now in the possession of Mr. Murray, namely, "a large screen "covered with portraits of actors, pugilists, representations of boxing-"matches," etc.

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P.S.—I need hardly say that I knew nothing till this *day* of the new *seizure* (I had released them from former ones) and thought, when you took them, that they were yours.

You shall have your bill again to-morrow.

581.—To Thomas Moore.

March 8, 1816.

I rejoice in your promotion as Chairman and Charitable Steward, etc., etc. These be dignities which await only the virtuous. But then, recollect you are *six* and *thirty*, (I speak this enviously—not of your age, but the "honour—love—obedience—troops of friends,"[1] which accompany it,) and I have eight years good to run before I arrive at such hoary perfection; by which time,—if I *am* at all,—it will probably be in a state of grace or progressing merits.

I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my "choice" (unless in *choosing at all*)—for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.[2]

1. "My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf:

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Her nearest relatives are a * * * *—my circumstances have been and are in a state of great confusion—my health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a considerable period. Such are the causes (I do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me into excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort. Something also may be attributed to the strange and desultory habits which, becoming my own master at an early age, and scrambling about, over and through the world, may have induced. I still, however, think that, if I had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly. But that seems hopeless,—and there is nothing more to be said. At present—except my health, which is better (it is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for the time)—I have to battle with all kinds of unpleasantnesses, including private and pecuniary difficulties, etc., etc.

I believe I may have said this before to you, but I risk repeating it. It is nothing to bear the *privations* of adversity, or, more properly, ill fortune; but my pride recoils from its *indignities*. However, I have no quarrel with that same pride, which will, I think, buckler me through every thing. If my heart could have been broken, it would have been so years ago, and by events more afflicting than these.

"he says, 'There is not existing a better, brighter, or more amiable "creature than Lady Byron.' Is not this odd? What can be the "reason of the separation?" A few weeks before, February, 1816 (*ibid.*, p. 94), Miss Godfrey wrote to him as follows: "I suppose "you have heard from Lord Byron the history of his separation "from his wife. The world are loud against him, and vote him a "worthless profligate. . . . He is completely lost in the opinion of "the world; and I fear he is the sort of character never to make "an effort to recover it. So I look on him as given up to every "worthless excess for the rest of his life."

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I agree with you (to turn from this topic to our shop), that I have written too much. The last things were, however, published very reluctantly by me, and for reasons I will explain when we meet. I know not why I have dwelt so much on the same scenes, except that I find them fading, or *confusing* (if such a word may be) in my memory, in the midst of present turbulence and pressure, and I felt anxious to stamp before the die was worn out. I now break it. With those countries, and events connected with them, all my really poetical feelings begin and end. Were I to try, I could make nothing of any other subject, and that I have apparently exhausted. "Wo to him," says Voltaire, "who says all "he could say on any subject." There are some on which, perhaps, I could have said still more: but I leave them all, and too soon.

Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year, which you still have? I don't wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald, in the *Morning Post*) to claim the character of "Vates" in all its translations, but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning, "There's not a joy the world "can," etc., etc., on which I rather pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.

What a scrawl have I sent you! You say nothing of yourself, except that you are a Lancasterian churchwarden,[1] and an encourager of mendicants. When are you out? and how is your family? My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's

1. "Be it known to you," writes Moore to Lady Donegal, April 4, 1816 (*Memoir, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 96), "that on Saturday last I took

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society, though I am unwilling to take it from the mother. It is weaned, however, and something about it must be decided.

Ever, etc.

582.—To John Murray.

March 22d, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I was in hope that I should have seen yourself or clerk this day for the final arrangement of the book-business, since, having given to you the sum due on the levy, I conceived there could be no further delay nor difficulty, and it is highly expedient that, whatever arrangements I may have to make, should be now completed.

The few prints and silver cup, which I sent to you this morning, were intended by me to be additional articles in the proposed sale, with the screen, and (if you had no objection) to be so accounted for, though they cannot make much difference. I wish, if possible, to have this off my mind, and the sooner the better. I am not aware of any further pretext on the part of A[rmstrong] and L[evy] and C[rook] for the non-delivery of the books.

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

583.—To Samuel Rogers.

March 25th, 1816.

DEAR ROGERS,—You are one of the few persons with whom I have lived in what is called intimacy, and have heard me at times conversing on the untoward topic of my recent family disquietudes. Will you have the goodness to say to me at once, whether you ever

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heard me speak of her with disrespect, with unkindness, or defending myself at *her* expense by any *serious* imputation of any description against *her*? Did you never hear me say "that when there was a right or a wrong, she "had the *right*?"—The reason I put these questions to you or other of my friends is because I am said, by her and hers, to have resorted to such means of exculpation.

Ever very truly yours,

B.

584.—To John Murray.

[Undated.]

DEAR SIR,—Will you send me copies (to-morrow) of the several agreements which have hitherto passed on the copyright score? You shall have them again when you please.

Yours very truly,

B.

585.—To John Murray.

March 29th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I did imagine, and perhaps you will find it so by a reference to accounts, that my *book bill* with you was paid up to a much later period than is specified by the account which begins in *January 1813*, and some parts of my Banker's book appear to refer to this, though I cannot take upon me to assert it, till my receipts have been examined. But that a payment and clearance on

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years at other markets, and, though I am not aware of many lost or mislaid, I am aware that the cost was a much greater sum in the previous purchases than the valuation of the present whole, and the bill due to you for a part, put together.

Under these circumstances, and the further consideration that the sale of the later publications has not answered expectation, I beg leave to decline any negotiation whatsoever on the subject. I return you your bills accordingly, and the papers concerning the copyrights. I must remain your debtor for the present on the book account, and will take my chance from Evans's sale, returning you your note, which is not due till the 12th of April, and which I will reclaim tomorrow from my bankers.

I am, your very obed^{t}., etc., etc.,

BYRON.

586.—To John Murray.

[March 30, 1816.]

DEAR SIR,—I send you my last night's dream [1]—and request to have *50* copies (for *private distribution*) struck

1. The lines here referred to are those entitled, "A Sketch," written on Mrs. Clermont—

"Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred."

They were printed and circulated among Byron's friends and acquaintances, together with those to Lady Byron, entitled, "Fare "thee well." The MS. of the latter poem is blotted all over with the marks of tears. Through the folly of some friend, the poems found their way into the newspapers. "Fare thee well" was published in the *Sun*, April 15, 1816, under the heading of "Poems "by Lord B * * * N on his own Domestic Circumstances." It was followed next day by the "Sketch." The *Courier* at first declined

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off—and a proof tomorrow—if possible. I wish Mr. Gifford to look at them; they are from life.

Yours, etc.,

BYRON.

587.—To John Murray.

April 2d, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I send back the Catalogue and the proof of the "Sketch."[1] I doubt about "*weltering*" but the dictionary should decide—look at it. We say "weltering "in blood"—but do not they also use "weltering in the "wind" "weltering on a gibbet"—there is no dictionary, so look or ask. In the meantime I have put "festering" which perhaps in any case is the best word of the two—Shakespeare has it often and I do not think it too strong for the figure in this thing.

Yours, etc.,

B.

P.S.—Be quick.

588.—To John Murray.

Tuesday, 5 o'clock, April 2d, 1816.

You will think me a great bore, but I have one alteration to make where there is an ambiguity. The second

1. Murray, who had shown the lines to Rogers, Canning, and Frere, writes to Byron (*Memoir*, vol. i. p. 362), "They have all "seen and admired the lines; they agree that you have produced "nothing better; that satire is your forte; and so in each class as

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of the two last lines of the second paragraph must run thus—

"Foe to all Vice—yet hardly Virtue's friend,
For Virtue pardons those she would amend."

Pray attend to this—and excuse all this trouble from

Yours very truly.

589.—To John Murray.

April 2d, 1816.

Look to your *printer*, and don't let him make the same blunders over again. I have *corrected* hastily, and, if you can help him correct, you may strike off the *50*.

Number the lines. Recollect it is "BLIGHT" and not "*light*" twice over.

Let me see you when you come as I have something to say.

Yours very truly,

B.

I am not sure whether I shall not print the "Fare "thee well" with these—as a relief to the shade. What think you?

590.—To John Murray.

April 6th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to be understood about the books.

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it. Such a thing would be a sort of swindling, more particularly with an account still owing to you. So there's an end of that matter; besides you bought many of the dearest bargains yourself.

Your bill for them is due on the 12th—and the duplicate of it I shall put in the fire when I see you on Monday.

With regard to the account, perhaps you will let it stand over for the present, and I will not allow it to remain longer than I can help, as I have some hopes of being able to put my affairs in a train for liquidation.

Yours very truly,

B.

591.—To Lady Byron.[1]

More last words—not many—and such as you will attend to; answer I do not expect, nor does it import; but you will at least hear me.—I have just parted from Augusta, almost the last being whom you have left me to part with.

Wherever I may go,—and I am going far,—you and I can never meet in this world, nor in the next. Let this content or atone.—— If any accident occurs to me, be kind to Augusta; if she is then also nothing—to her children. You know that some time ago I made my will in her favour and her children, because any child of ours was provided for by other and better means. This could not be prejudice to you, for we had not then differed, and even now is useless during your life by the

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terms of our settlements. Therefore,—be kind to her, for never has she acted or spoken towards you but as your friend. And recollect, that, though it may be an advantage to you to have lost a husband, it is sorrow to her to have the waters now, or the earth hereafter, between her and her brother. It may occur to your memory that you formerly promised me this much. I repeat it—for deep resentments have but *half* recollections. Do not deem this promise cancell'd, for it was not a vow.

I have received from Mr. Wharton a letter containing one question and two pieces of intelligence. The carriage is yours, and, as it only carried us to Halnaby, and London, and you to Kirkby, it will yet convey you many a more propitious journey.

The receipts can remain, unless you find them troublesome; if so, let them be sent to Augusta, through whom I would also receive occasional accounts of my child. My address will be left with Mrs. Leigh; the ring is of no lapidary value, but it contains the hair of a King and of an ancestor, and I wish it to be preserved to Miss Byron.

With regard to a subsequent letter from Mr. Wharton I have to observe that it is the "law's delay" not mine, and that, when the tenor of the bond is settled between him and Mr. H., I am ready to sign.

Yours truly,

BYRON.

592.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

April 15th, 1816.

DEAREST A.,—Enclosed is a letter from George. *Who* is "Dr. Middleton," and what is all this about him,

1. Mrs. Leigh, who had been staying at Piccadilly Terrace since

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etc.? G.'s affairs or mine? . . . I trust you got home *safe* and are well. I am sadly without you, but I won't complain. I will write more soon.

Ever thine, dearest A., most truly,

B.

P.S.—I can't bear to send you a short letter, and my heart is too full for a long one: don't think me unkind or ungrateful, dearest A., and tell me how is Georgey and *Do*, and you and *tip*, and all the *tips* on four *legs* or *two:* ever and again, and for ever, thine.

593.—To John Murray.

April 15th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I wished to have seen you to scold you. Really you must not send any thing of mine to Lady *C. L.*[1] I have often sufficiently warned you on this topic—you do not know what mischief you do by this.

Of the copies of things written by me—I wish more particularly the *last* not to be circulated, at present (you know which I mean, those to A.), and there was a short epigram some time ago, of which I trust you have given no copies as it never was intended for publication at all.

Ever yours,

B.

December, 1815, left Byron on April 13, 1816, in expectation of her confinement, which took place early in May. "Tip" (see above) was the name of her dog. Moore (*Life*, p. 305) quotes from Byron's note to Rogers, "dated April 16th:" "My sister is now

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594.—To Isaac Nathan.

Piccadilly, Tuesday Evening.

MY DEAR NATHAN,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your very seasonable bequest,[1] which I duly appreciate; the unleavened bread shall certainly accompany me in my pilgrimage; and, with a full reliance on their efficacy, the *Motsas* shall be to me a charm against the destroying Angel wherever I may sojourn; his serene highness, however, will, I hope, be polite enough to keep at a desirable distance from my person, without the necessity of besmearing my *door posts* or *upper lintels* with the blood of any animal. With many thanks for your kind attention, believe me, my dear Nathan,

Yours very truly,

BYRON.

595.—To John Hanson.

Dover, April 24th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—Denan (?) has distrained on the effects left at the house in Piccadilly terrace for the half year's rent;—I know not if this be lawful *without* a *previous action*. This *you* know best. If it be, there is one trunk

1. Nathan was with Byron "at his house in Piccadilly, the best "part of the three last days before he left London, to quit England" (*Fugitive Pieces*, p. 87). Byron gave him a fifty-pound note. After leaving the house, it occurred to Nathan that, as Byron "was par- "ticularly fond of biscuits, some Passover Cakes would be acceptable "on his voyage." He therefore sent him "some holy biscuits, "commonly called unleavened bread, denominated by the Nazarenes "*Motsas*, better known in this enlightened age by the epithet pass- "over cakes," adding at the same time the following wish: "As

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of wood, with papers, letters, etc., also some *shoes*, and another thing or two, which I could wish redeemed from the wreck.

They have seized all the *servants' things*, Fletcher's and his wife's, etc. I hope you will see to these poor creatures having *their* property secured; as for *mine*, it must be sold. I wish Mr. Hobhouse to confer with you upon it.

Many thanks for your good wishes. I sail tonight for Ostend.[1] My address had best be (for the present) A—Milord Byron—Poste Restante—*à Genève.*

1. The following note, in Byron's handwriting, is endorsed, but not by Byron, "April 14, 1816." It has been misquoted by Moore, who makes Byron (*Life*, p. 305) include Dr. Polidori among his servants:—

"Servants—
Berger—a Swiss
William Fletcher
Robert Rushton

John William Polidore, M.D.

Switzerland—Flanders—Italy—and (perhaps) France.
Austend."

John William Polidori (1795–1821), son of Gaetano Polidori, teacher of Italian, and formerly secretary to Alfieri, obtained the post of travelling physician to Byron, on the recommendation of Sir H. Halford. His parents, it is said, endeavoured to dissuade him from going (*Christina Rossetti*, by Mackenzie Bell, p. 151). At Geneva, and during the stay at the Villa Diodati, the two men disagreed, and eventually parted, but met again at Milan (see p. 379) in October. Moore (*Life of Byron*, pp. 318–320) gives several instances of Polidori's impracticability of temper, and his jealousy of Byron's intimacy with Shelley. But they remained better friends than Moore implies. Byron watched his subsequent career with interest, and exerted himself to secure him employment. After

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I hope that you will not forget to seize an early opportunity of bringing Rochdale and Newstead to the hammer, or private contract. I wish you for yourself and family every possible good and beg my remembrances to all, particularly to Lady P[ortsmouth] and Charles. I am, with great sincerity,

Yours very affectionately,

BYRON.

P.S.—Send me some news of my *child* every now and then. I beg as a favour not to hear a word of that branch of the family. Of course I do not mean *my own* immediate relatives.

596.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

April 25th, 1816.

MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—We sail tonight for Ostend,[1] and I seize this moment to say two or three words.

Œdipus, and *Ximenes*, *The Wreath*, and other poems. In April, 1821, he died, probably from poison administered by himself.

"I was convinced," said Byron to Medwin (*Conversations*, pp. 139, 140), "something very unpleasant hung over me last night; I "expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead;—so it turns "out! Poor Polidori is gone! When he was my Physician, he "was always talking of Prussic acid, oil of amber, blowing into "veins, suffocating by charcoal, and compounding poisons; but for "a different purpose to what the Pontic Monarch did, for he has pre- "scribed a dose for himself that would have killed fifty Mithridates, "—a dose whose effect, Murray says, was so instantaneous that he "went off without a spasm or struggle. It seems that disappoint- "ment was the cause of this rash act."

During his attendance on Byron, Polidori kept a diary, which Hobhouse, with some difficulty, prevented him from publishing in 1820. Byron denied that it could contain anything about him which, if true, was interesting. The diary is in the possession of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. Polidori's picture, now in the National Portrait Gallery, used to hang in the drawing-room of his niece, Christina Rossetti, at 30, Torrington Square, Bloomsbury (*Christina Rossetti*, by Mackenzie Bell, p. 149).

1. Byron was seen off from Dover by Scrope Davies and Hobhouse.

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I met last night with an old Schoolfellow (Wildman [1] by name), a Waterloo Aid-de-camp of Lord Uxbridge's. He tells me poor Fred. Howard [2] was *not* mangled, nor in the hands of the French: he was shot through the body charging a party of infantry, and died (*not* on the field) half an hour afterwards at some house not far off, and in no great pain.

I thought this might make his friends easier, as they had heard that he was a sufferer by falling into the enemy's hands. Capt. Wildman was near him at the time, and I believe saw him again shortly before his death, and after his wound.

We left town early yesterday morning, that is, *rose* early and *set* off late, after all the usual bustle and confusion.

Address to me—à Genève *Poste Restante*, and (when you hear) tell me how my little *Da* is, and [3]

1. John Wildman (died 1878), son of T. Wildman, of Bacton Hall, Suffolk, entered Harrow School in January, 1801, three months before Byron. He served in the Peninsular War; was present at Waterloo; became Lieut.-Colonel of the 7th Hussars, afterwards Colonel of the 1st Dragoon Guards; and retired from the army in 1854. He purchased Newstead Abbey from Byron.

2. In going over the field of the battle (*Personal Memoirs, etc.*, by P. L. Gordon, vol. ii. p. 322), Byron asked where Picton fell?—"because," he continued, "I have heard that my friend Howard "was killed at his side, and nearly at the same moment." Gordon showed him the spot. "Howard," said his lordship, with a sigh, "was my relation and dear friend; but we quarrelled, and I was in "the wrong; we were, however, reconciled, at which I now rejoice." (See also *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza xxx., and Byron's *note*.)

3. The rest of the letter is missing.

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APPENDIX TO CHAPTER XII.

JANUARY—APRIL, 1816.

THE SEPARATION.

No evidence exists to prove the precise nature of the charges on which Lady Byron separated from her husband. They were, as Byron alleged, unknown to himself and his friends. In these circumstances, nothing can be gained by adding another guess to the conjectures which have been, at various times, hazarded.

The following letters, together with Lady Byron's own statement and other documents, relate the history of the actual separation :—

1. LADY BYRON'S REMARKS ON MOORE'S *LIFE OF LORD BYRON.*

[Reprinted from Moore's *Life*, pp. 661–663.]

"I have disregarded various publications in which facts within my own knowledge have been grossly misrepresented; but I am called upon to notice some of the erroneous statements proceeding from one who claims to be considered as Lord Byron's confidential and authorised friend. Domestic details ought not to be intruded on the public attention: if, however, they *are* so intruded, the persons affected by them have a right to refute injurious charges. Mr. Moore has promulgated his own impressions of private events in which I was most nearly concerned, as if he possessed a competent knowledge of the subject. Having survived Lord Byron, I feel increased reluctance to advert to any circumstances connected with the period of my marriage; nor is it now my intention to disclose them, further than may be indispensably requisite for the end I have in view.

"Self-vindication is not the motive which actuates me to make this appeal, and the spirit of accusation is unmingled with it; but

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when the conduct of my parents is brought forward in a disgraceful light, by the passages selected from Lord Byron's letters, and by the remarks of his biographer, I feel bound to justify their characters from imputations which I *know* to be false. The passages from Lord Byron's letters, to which I refer, are the aspersion on my mother's character (p. 294): 'My child is very well, and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the *contagion of its grandmother's society*.' The assertion of her dishonourable conduct in employing a spy (p. 293): 'A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and *spy of Lady N.*'s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our domestic discrepancies.' The seeming exculpation of myself, in the extract (p. 294), with the words immediately following it, 'Her nearest relatives are a ———;' where the blank clearly implies something too offensive for publication. These passages tend to throw suspicion on my parents, and give reason to ascribe the separation either to their direct agency, or to that of 'officious spies' employed by them.

"From the following part of the narrative (p. 291) it must also be inferred that an undue influence was exercised by them for the accomplishment of this purpose. 'It was in a few weeks after the latter communication between us (Lord Byron and Mr. Moore), that Lady Byron adopted the determination of parting from him. She had left London at the latter end of January, on a visit to her father's house, in Leicestershire, and Lord Byron was in a short time to follow her. They had parted in the utmost kindness,—she wrote him a letter full of playfulness and affection, on the road; and immediately on her arrival at Kirkby Mallory, her father wrote to acquaint Lord Byron that she would return to him no more.' In my observations upon this statement, I shall, as far as possible, avoid touching on any matters relating personally to Lord Byron and myself.

"The facts are: I left London for Kirkby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. Lord Byron had signified to me in writing (Jan. 6th) his absolute desire that I should leave London on the earliest day that I could conveniently fix. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed on my mind, that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived, in a great measure, from the communications made to me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunities than myself of observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself. *With the concurrence of his family*, I had consulted Dr. Baillie, as a friend (Jan. 8th), respecting this supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, *assuming* the fact of mental derangement; for Dr. Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He

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enjoined, that in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions, I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the nature of Lord Byron's conduct towards me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for *me*, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest, at that moment, a sense of injury. On the day of my departure, and again on my arrival at Kirkby, Jan. 16th, I wrote to Lord Byron in a kind and cheerful tone, according to those medical directions. The last letter was circulated, and employed as a pretext for the charge of my having been subsequently *influenced* to 'desert' my husband.

"It has been argued, that I parted from Lord Byron in perfect harmony; that feelings, incompatible with any deep sense of injury, had dictated the letter which I addressed to him; and that my sentiments must have been changed by persuasion and interference, when I was under the roof of my parents. These assertions and inferences are wholly destitute of foundation. When I arrived at Kirkby Mallory, my parents were unacquainted with the existence of any causes likely to destroy my prospects of happiness; and when I communicated to them the opinion which had been formed concerning Lord Byron's state of mind, they were most anxious to promote his restoration by every means in their power. They assured those relations who were with him in London, that 'they would devote their whole care and attention to the alleviation of his malady,' and hoped to make the best arrangements for his comfort, if he could be induced to visit them. With these intentions, my mother wrote on the 17th to Lord Byron, inviting him to Kirkby Mallory. She had always treated him with an affectionate consideration and indulgence, which extended to every little peculiarity of his feelings. Never did an irritating word escape her lips in her whole intercourse with him.

"The accounts given me after I left Lord Byron by the persons in constant intercourse with him, added to those doubts which had before transiently occurred to my mind, as to the reality of the alleged disease, and the reports of his medical attendant, were far from establishing the existence of any thing like lunacy. Under this uncertainty, I deemed it right to communicate to my parents, that if I were to consider Lord Byron's past conduct as that of a person of sound mind, nothing could induce me to return to him. It therefore appeared expedient, both to them and myself, to consult the ablest advisers. For that object, and also to obtain still further information respecting the appearances which seemed to indicate mental derangement, my mother determined to go to London. She was empowered by me to take legal opinions on a written statement of mine, though I had then reasons for reserving a part of the case from the knowledge even of my father and mother.

"Being convinced by the result of these enquiries, and by the tenor of Lord Byron's proceedings, that the notion of insanity was an illusion, I no longer hesitated to authorise such measures as were necessary, in order to secure me from being ever again placed in his

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power. Conformably with this resolution, my father wrote to him on the 2d of February, to propose an amicable separation. Lord Byron at first rejected this proposal; but when it was distinctly notified to him, that if he persisted in his refusal, recourse must be had to legal measures, he agreed to sign a deed of separation. Upon applying to Dr. Lushington, who was intimately acquainted with all the circumstances, to state in writing what he recollected upon this subject, I received from him the following letter, by which it will be manifest that my mother cannot have been actuated by any hostile or ungenerous motives towards Lord Byron:—

"'MY DEAR LADY BYRON,—I can rely upon the accuracy of my memory for the following statement. I was originally consulted by Lady Noel on your behalf, whilst you were in the country; the circumstances detailed by her were such as justified a separation, but they were not of that aggravated description as to render such a measure indispensable. On Lady Noel's representation, I deemed a reconciliation with Lord Byron practicable, and felt most sincerely a wish to aid in effecting it. There was not on Lady Noel's part any exaggeration of the facts; nor, so far as I could perceive, any determination to prevent a return to Lord Byron: certainly none was expressed when I spoke of a reconciliation. When you came to town in about a fortnight, or perhaps more, after my first interview with Lady Noel, I was, for the first time, informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel. On receiving this additional information, my opinion was entirely changed: I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added, that if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part towards effecting it.

"'Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"'STEPH. LUSHINGTON.

"'Great George-street, Jan. 31, 1830.'

"I have only to observe, that if the statements on which my legal advisers (the late Sir Samuel Romilly and Dr. Lushington) formed their opinions were false, the responsibility and the odium should rest with *me only*. I trust that the facts which I have here briefly recapitulated will absolve my father and mother from all accusations with regard to the part they took in the separation between Lord Byron and myself. They neither originated, instigated, nor advised that separation; and they cannot be condemned for having afforded to their daughter the assistance and protection which she claimed. There is no other near relative to vindicate their memory from

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2.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 21.]

"THE MAGPIE.

"The fame of Old Drury must surely revive,
Mis-managed by such a Committee of Five!
Their *labours* already bring forth—not a *Mouse*
For 'twas thought there were too many *cats* in the house.

"Nor a *goose*. Though perhaps you would guess it *the* bird,
As the offspring of Wit has been often absurd.
But an emblem more just of the eloquent things
Which the Green-room applauds from its Manager Kings.

"Their *Tyrant*,[2] at least, ably mimics the part,
And seems to be formed by the very same art
As the *Magpie* which chatters so mal-à-propos,
Too foolish the mischiefs it causes to know.

"Then there's Byron, ashamed to appear like a Poet,
He talks of Finances, for fear he should show it—
And makes all the envious Dandys despair,
By the cut of his shirt and the curl of his hair.

"I have not got the others down yet. I believe B. will go to the Theatre to-night; but you seem to have mistaken, for the mischief has not lately taken place *there* but after *his return*—when alone. I grow more unable to sit up late."

3.—Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Printed from a copy in the possession of Mr. Murray.]

"13, Piccadilly Terrace, Monday Night, Dec. 11.

"MY DEAR MR. HODGSON,—I know how happy you will be to hear of Lady Byron's safety and the birth of a very fine little Girl. This event happened at one o'clock yesterday, and both Mother and Daughter have been, and are, as well as possible in every respect. I would have communicated this by to-day's post, but had so many Epistles to write and no spare Franks, that I was compelled, however unwillingly, to defer it till to-morrow's. B. is in great good

1. This fragment, written by Lady Byron before the birth of her daughter, gives the first hint of domestic unhappiness.
2. D[ouglas] K[innaird].

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looks, and much pleased with his *Daughter*, though I believe he would have preferred a *Son*. I am one of those who always endeavour to think 'whatever *is*, is right,' and independent of that I see several reasons for being well satisfied with Miss B.

"I have *often lately* thought I would give half the world *at least*, that I could have an hour's conversation with you. *Don't allude to this hint in your answer*, for fear of its being read by others; but tell me, *if* there should be any chance of your being in Town soon. The subject only concerns you so far as you are interested for others, and I must add B. mentions you always most affectionately. I was most happy to hear of *your* being so, but ten thousand vexations have prevented me of late from saying it, and writing any but disagreeable letters. You will therefore kindly pardon omissions, and may offer my best regards to Mrs. H. I have left my *3 young* ones at home, and only brought my eldest girl; they are all well—and I am ever,

"Dear Mr. H., yours very truly,

"AUGUSTA LEIGH.

"P.S.—*Remember my caution*, and don't repeat it even to the winds."

4.—Lady Byron to Lady Melbourne.

[Maggs MSS. and Kölbing's *Englische Studien*, Band xxv. (Leipzig, 1898), pp. 158, 159.]

"Piccadilly Terrace, Jan. 4 [1816].

"MY DEAR AUNT,—You will allow me the use of my eyes by this time without a lecture, to tell you that I and the child are perfectly well. We took a drive in the Park to-day. My confinement has been rendered so comfortable by Mrs. Leigh's kindness and attention, which I never can forget, that I feel no inclination to break loose. You will be glad to hear that my Niece [1] is now almost well, and also that I have had a better account of my Mother since she left Town. She regretted much not being able to make you a Visit.

"Not having seen any company, I have scarcely heard any news, and cannot give you information except of a domestic nature. Of this kind I may (or perhaps may *not*, for I have not asked leave) mention two new poems, which the Newspapers have metamorphosed into one Epic—likewise giving me the credit of 'tasteful criticism,' which I have hitherto exercised only in the more literal way over roast and boiled. The subjects are founded on historical facts—*The Siege of Corinth*, and *Parisina*. There is more description in the former and more passion in the latter; which will be preferred on the whole I know not—they are now in Murray's hands.

1. Probably Mrs. Leigh's eldest daughter, Georgiana, who, with her mother, was staying at 13, Piccadilly Terrace.

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"I hope Lord Melbourne has quite recovered from his rheumatism, for that grievance in addition to his absence from Town would be too much for human endurance. I shall not be sorry if he grows impatient and hastens your return. Believe me, dear Aunt,

"Yours most affᵉˡʸ,
"A. I. N. B."

5.—Lady Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Piccadilly Terrace, Jan. 9, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I wish to know if you can see me at twelve this morning, or, if not, I beg you to name another hour in the course of the day, as I have to consult you on business of importance.

"Yours very truly,
"A. I. BYRON."

6.—Lady Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Jan. 12, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I enclose the pamphlet (see page 478). Mr. Le Mann[1] has made some marks which you will judge if it be advisable to leave. The symptoms correspond too well not only with those in the *first*, but also in the *second* stage of the Disease, when an effusion may take place from any act of excess.

"Not a moment must be lost, and the best medical advice must be insisted on.

"Yours very truly,
"A. I. BYRON."

7.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

[No date.]

"You will think me very foolish, but I have tried two or three times, and cannot *talk* to you of your departure with a

1. Probably Charles R. Le Mann, F.R.C.P., London, of 34, Soho Square, who appears in the first volume of *The London Medical Directory* (1845) as a physician retired from practice. His name, which does not occur in *Boyle's Court Guide* (1816), or *Kent's London Directory* (1816), or *The Post-Office Annual London Directory* (1816), disappears from the *London Post-Office Directory* as an occupant of 34, Soho Square, after 1852.

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decent visage; so let me say one word in this way to spare my philosophy.

"With the expectations which I have, I never will nor can ask you to stay one moment longer than you are inclined to do. It would [be] the worst return for all I have received from you. But in this at least I *am* 'truth itself,' when I say that, whatever the situation may be, there is no one whose society is dearer to me, or can contribute more to my happiness. These feelings will not change under any circumstances, and I should be grieved if you did not understand them. Should you hereafter condemn me, I shall not love you less.

"I will say no more. Judge for yourself about going or staying. I wish you to consider *yourself*, if you would be wise enough to do that for the first time in your life.

"Thine,
"A. I. B."

[Endorsed by Mrs. Leigh]
"Written before Ly Byron left Piccadilly."
[by John Hanson]
"There is no date to this note, and Ly B. left Piccadilly Jany. 15th"

8.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 22, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, Tuesday.

"My dearest A.,—I arrived here last night, and was not disappointed by you. You cannot know the feeling with which I receive every mark of your affection, because you will not allow—what I shall always feel—that I have much to repair in my conduct towards you, for having sore pained you by mistrusting your kindness after *such* an experience of it. No, if all the world had told me you were doing me an injury, I *ought not* to have believed it. My chief feeling, therefore, in relation to you and myself must be that I *have* wronged you, and that you have never wronged me. You will wish to contradict this; but my impression is not to be changed, so it is useless to say more of it than that it makes me feel I have no *claim* to what you *give*.

"My looks have disappointed my Mother, but *you* have had little

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whilst I am amongst them, and render me more thankful in performing them by the comfort of being dear to one who feels for me as you do."

9.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, January 16th, 1816.

"My dearest Sis.,—I am safe here, and have your letter. I hope Le Mann will write me his opinion after this interview, which must have rendered it more decided. He is right in not seeing H.[1] I have made the most explicit statement to my father and mother, and nothing can exceed their tender anxiety to do everything for the sufferer. She is quite composed, though deeply affected, and able to use her judgment, which certainly is excellent when not impaired by too great indulgence of feeling. She has relieved my mind about the foreign scheme by a mode of prevention that appears likely to be effectual against any practices of H.'s, viz. that if requisite my father and Captain B.[2] should wait upon him, and state as their joint opinion that it would be a measure most injurious to B., after which H. dare not promote it for his own character's sake. My father and mother agree that in every point of view it would be best for B. to come here; they say he shall be considered in everything, and that it will be impossible for him to offend or disconcert them after the knowledge of this unhappy cause. I assure you that my mother could not be more affectionate towards her *own* son. Has Le Mann advised the country? It will be by means of the *heir* that it can be effected, and you will be able to touch that subject skillfully before you go, and give G. B. a hint of it if you can.

"My dearest A., it is my great comfort that you are in Piccadilly. Don't restrain your communications from the idea of my mother's inspection, for I only read passages. Tell me exactly how B. is affected by my absence. I conceive that in his morbid state of feeling he has no desire for the absent, and may feel relieved for a time as Le Mann expected. Make him write to me if you can, because any manual exertion is good for him, since his active habits decrease with the progress of disease, and to employ the powers externally diminishes the mental irritability.

"On the whole I am satisfied to have come here. I am sure it was *right*, and must tend to the ultimate advantage of all. I am very well. I shall hope to get another letter from you before post goes out. My mother suggests what would be more expedient about the laudanum bottle than taking it away, to fill it with about three-quarters of water, which won't make any observable

1. Probably John Hanson.
2. Captain George Anson Byron, R.N.

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difference, or, if it should, the brown might be easily made deeper coloured.

"I am obliged to send this in haste, but may be able to write again by this post.

"A. I. N. B."

10.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Jan. 18.

"MY DEAREST GUSS,—I will not miss this opportunity of writing to you, having been so negligent by the General Post, and I must give you a bulletin for B. of the child's well-being and well-doing.

"The vaccination was at the height yesterday; but she was not ill, sleeps well, and drinks more, having more to drink.

"I am sorry to hear the pills are untaken, and I assure you *my* liver is the worse in consequence.

"Yours most affect^ly,

"A. I. B."

11.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby Mallory, January 18th, 1816.

"MY OWN DEAR SIS.,—You will think my silence very strange; but you know not how I am bewildered, and afraid of writing just the reverse of what I mean. . . . It seems the malady is by no means more confirmed, and I conceive that it does not at present exist more strongly than at many former periods. This is melancholy for those to whom he is dear, for it does not render the case more hopeful, though it suspends the melancholy termination.

"Do you remember he said I was to nurse till Feby. 10th? I think it is his intention about that time to join me *pour des raisons*, and to go abroad as soon as there is a probability of having attained the object in view.

"I think that if conscious of the disease he may have a design in admitting Le Mann, before whom he is able to control himself,

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state of health than from any want of heart. Having placed myself at present under the protection of my parents, it is of course my duty to allow them to take such measures as they deem requisite for my welfare, provided they are not such as can injure others. My father is urgent that I should have some confidential advice, which I believe my mother will be able to procure. Knowing your anxiety for *me*, I do not withhold the knowledge of this intention.

"The child is well, but you will hear of it from her. God bless you.

"I enclose two letters. One you will send *if you approve.*

"I meant first to send it from hence, which will account for the beginning. I also write a few lines if you should wish to have a note for *B.'s inspection.* I am anxious to hear of G. B.'s success.

"Ever thine,

"A. I. N. B."

12.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Jan. 19, 1816.

"My dearest Sis.,—Thanks for your true and faithful accounts; they do not however lead to any conclusion. I cannot believe in the loss of Memory from the appearances you mention, because they might equally arise, as they often have, from *absorption in deep thought*—and I am sure he is dwelling on *deep* (and perhaps *wild*) projects concerning me. The occasional silence, or casual mention of me in a kind or light way, tends to confirm this conjecture.

"Such is peculiarly the character of Revenge—a passion you know he is capable of feeling, and which has so long formed the *principle of conduct* towards me (as all my retrospections prove), that a change is impossible unless the whole mind were renovated or restored. And it is unhappy that my presence must, in case of more confirmed disease, tend to awaken the morbid ideas by association. In short, there *cannot* be any hope for me. *I* never can do good.

"I think he was so much pleased with my 2nd letter from one expression which acknowledged the power he still has over my affections; and the *love of power* is one principal feature of his Disease or Character. My own conviction of the existence of the former, in any greater degree than many years ago, decreases; but I enclose a few lines for his inspection, if you think that conformable with medical directions: it may be of service that he should read

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13.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 24, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"I have had worse than my usual waking to-day, Augusta. I am not fit to have the management of myself, not to be left alone; but Heaven will take care of me. I have not deserved to lose its protection, and perhaps all this may be its mercy.

"I have been endeavouring to write off some of my agonies, and have addressed them to B. in the enclosed, which I wish you to read attentively. . . . God bless you and *him!*

"The child is very well, and begins to take notice. [Tell B. (if you think fit) that I am unwell, but not seriously; *words erased.*] No; I won't send the enclosed to-day."

14.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 25, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, Jan. 19, 1816.

"DEAREST GUSS,—I was in a state of I know not what yesterday, and could not write to you, nor shall I say much to-day. But you will want to know how I am. Well enough as the World goes; and I mean to break my neck upon my old horse, which is here.

"I am waiting with some anxiety for this day's post, and really cannot say more.

"Pray forgive my taciturnity, which may soon come to the same degree as B.'s. Let me hear of his health.

"Ever thine,
"A. I. B."

15.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Jan. 20, 1816.

"MY DEAREST A.,—Indeed, I don't think you do know what I am feeling, nor all the causes I have to feel; and it makes me sicker still to write about them.

"Disease or not—all my recollections and reflections tend to convince me that the irritability is inseparably connected with me

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"I had written you a longer letter on this subject, which I now withhold, but may show you sometime.

"Le Mann has written to me very sensibly: I am comforted by knowing that such an Adviser is at hand.

"Ever, dearest friend, thine,
"A. I. B.

"I have been with *my* Augusta, and whilst I was nursing her, happened to sigh, whereupon she looked up in my face and sighed too. It was so very odd as to strike the Nurse as well as myself. I hope the Blue Devils cannot be sucked?

"Indeed, I have done nothing except on the strictest principle of Duty, yet I feel as if I were going to receive sentence from the Judge with his black cap on. In short, I feel—I feel—as if I were in the regions below, to speak of them genteelly. Then I have dreadful *head*-aches—to mind other aches, and am altogether growing a little rebellious. O that I were in London, if in the coal-hole.

"Monday.

"A little more crazy still. Nothing but Conscience to comfort me, and just now it is a Job's comforter."

16.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"January 23rd, 1816.

"DEAREST A.,—I know you feel for me as I do for you—and perhaps I am better understood than I think. You have been ever since I knew you my best comforter, and will so remain, unless you grow tired of the office, which may well be.—You cannot think how severe my father is—much more than my mother.—The facts you last relate tend very much to the point I wish to have established.—It is impossible for a true friend not to wish it.

"Rushton's coming is quite unnecessary—and makes me a little suspicious.—I shall take care what I say to him, if he comes—but if he has not set off, he had better be prevented—for William has nothing to do.

"I enclose the Ticket——Lucky I have not lost it. Have you ever acquainted Hanson that Le M. had not on further investigation found any *cause* to be *alarmed* for B.'s *health*?—as I do not understand the affection of the Liver to be at all dangerous.

"Your God-daughter is very well indeed—and almost makes me laugh with her laughter.—Her temper is serene as possible.—You have never mentioned Georgy but once—nor told me how *her* brains are.

"Ever thine,
"A. I. B."

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17.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"January 25th, 1816.

"I am better, dearest A., and do not fear for my peace and preservation. You and G. B. shall have the earliest knowledge of any measures which I may positively resolve to take, unless you would rather be ignorant on account of the embarrassment which questions might occasion before they could be truly answered. At present the less suspicion there is the better. Above all, let H—n remain in ignorance. An opinion of great weight which I have just heard alarms me a little about him. But 'we must tell truth and shame the devil' in a lawyer's wig as well as any other dress.

"'The thunder' to which you allude would not be so terrible. If it be disease any strong shock will for a time restore reason, though in the end it can make no difference, and as far as a boundless and impious pride may be combined with it, reverses and humiliations would be mercies, indulgence and success more injurious than anything. I have neither forgotten considerations of *justice* or *charity*, and for the latter I have done much since I saw you. My own mind has been more shaken than I thought, and is sometimes in a useless state for hours. You are indeed kind and wise in giving me all details. I might have guessed them pretty nearly, but it is better to *know*. I cannot regret the report of *derangement*.

"I galloped yesterday like Lady C. L., and felt something like good spirits whilst I was in danger of fracturing my sconce. . . . . But I must not forget my mamaship. The bairn is as well as possible.

"Ever thine,
"A. I. B."

18.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 26, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Jan. 25.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Shall I still be your sister? I [have resigned; *words erased*] must resign my *rights* to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you. I follow my Duty, and look to that peace which it alone can ensure—here or hereafter. It would have been deception and inconsistency in me to give *advice* or *opinion* to B. . . . I have written you the few lines in the enveloppe to be shown if you please.

"I am sorry—very sorry—to have occasioned you or other friends more than necessary uneasiness by the weakness of my mind during that struggle which is now past: I will not renew your anxiety in the same way. I have not heard from my Mother to-day. Yesterday

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she wrote of you most kindly, and with the fullest sense of what you have been to me. I fear her nerves will not keep quiet much longer. If she should quarrel with you, think of it but as the misery of the moment. I know she will ever feel grateful to you *in her heart*, and it is one of the best in spite of an irritable temper.

"It is often a great comfort to me to think that the approaching event will not be felt *severely*—certainly the *heart* will not suffer. So far from ever wishing to be the source of regrets, it would grieve me most to think that I should be a *loss*. The dispositions are so *anti-domestic*, that I hope to be remembered only as a *burden*.

"Feelings must not now be indulged; but whenever I feel at all, it will be as kindly as you could. *Independent* of malady, I do not think of the past with any spirit of resentment, and scarcely with the sense of injury. God bless him!

"You must not let B. know the contents of this, as it would be disadvantageous before my father's letter."

19.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"January 28th.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—Hereafter you shall hear from me more[1] . I hope you are not going to leave London just yet. I am not ill.

"Yours ever,
"A. I. B.

"I meant to enclose—I forget what—I suppose my mother will return to-night."

20.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

Private.

"Jan. 28, [1816].

"It is not my intention to discontinue my considerations of B.'s welfare, which have hitherto guided me in every thing, if they can be of any service or comfort to you. Consult me therefore whenever you please, excepting only that I must request to be left at present wholly ignorant of his sentiments concerning myself; and, should it be desirable for my parents to know them, you can give the information either directly or through Mrs. Clermont.

"It must not be known that I had anticipated to you my father's communication, as it would be prejudicial to me and mine.

1. A word torn out.

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"As far as it is possible to judge *at a distance*, I think he had better not know, or be encouraged to believe the power he may have over my feelings, as the desire to *work upon them* might lead him to measures more hurtful to himself. The Paris scheme was *very near* executed in the Summer.

"Much more hereafter if you wish to have it: I dare not *feel* anything now. You can show the enveloppe or not as you please."

21.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Kirkby Mallory, Feb. 3rd, 1816.

"MY DEAREST AUGUSTA,—You are desired by your brother to ask, if my father has my concurrence in proposing a separation. He has. It cannot be supposed that, in my present distressing situation, I am capable of stating in a detailed manner the reasons which will not only justify this measure, but compel me to take it; and it never can be my wish to remember *unnecessarily* those injuries for which, however deep, I feel no resentment. I will only recall to Lord Byron's mind his avowed and insurmountable aversion to the married state, and the desire and determination he has expressed ever since its commencement to free himself from that bondage, as finding it quite insupportable, though candidly acknowledging that no effort of duty or affection has been wanting on my part. He has too painfully convinced me that all these attempts to contribute towards his happiness were wholly useless, and most unwelcome to him. I enclose this letter to my father, wishing it to receive his sanction.

"Ever yours most affectionately,

"A. I. BYRON."

22.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Saturday, 3d Feby. 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sent to you by my Brother, and was *most* particularly anxious to have seen you. If I should not before you have an interview with him, I cannot help imploring that you will recommend *mildness* and *temperance* on his part, as (according to my judgement) the most desirable line of conduct under the present circumstances for *both* parties.

"I can't in writing say how truly wretched I am about the affair on which you will be consulted—exceedingly uneasy about the health of *both*—I hear dreadful accts of *hers*, and cannot but fear the effects of agitation on *his*.

"Pray excuse my hurry.

"Truly yours,

"A. LEIGH."

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23.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Feb. 4th, 1816.

"I hope, my dear A., that you would on no account withhold from your brother the letter which I sent yesterday, in answer to yours written by his desire; particularly as one which I have received from himself to-day renders it still more important that he should know the contents of that addressed to you. I am, in haste, and not very well,

"Yours most affectionately,

"A. I. BYRON."

24.—John Hanson to Lord Byron.

[Murray MSS.]

"Bloomsbury Square, 5 Feby. 1816.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Most truly distressed have I been with the Perusal of the Letters which Mrs. Leigh left with me, and which I now return.

"I recommend it to you in the strongest Terms not to acquiesce in the Measure proposed by Sir Ralph Noel: you would repent it all your Life. Surely there is nothing but what through the Mediation of respectable Friends might be amicably adjusted; at least it should be tried. But Separation is the last Expedient, and I never can think that Lady Byron wishes it; but even if it were her Ladyship's Desire, by no Means accede to it.

"Nothing could be more proper than your Lordship's Answer to Sir Ralph.

"If your Lordship wishes to see me, I will call upon you Tomorrow at any Hour you like.

"Believe me, my dear Lord, your truly faithful

"J. HANSON."

25.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 20, 21.]

"13, Piccadilly Terrace, Wednesday, 7 Feby. [1816].

"DEAR MR. HODGSON,—Can you *by any means* contrive to come up to Town? were it only for *a day*—it might be of the most essential service to a friend I know you love and value: there is too much probability of a *separation* between him and his Wife—no time is to be lost, but even if you are *too late* to prevent that happening

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decidedly, yet it would be the very greatest comfort and relief to me to confide other circumstances to you and consult you; and so, IF POSSIBLE, oblige me, if only for *24* hours.

"Say not *a word* of *my summons*—but attribute your coming, if you come, to business of your own or chance.

"Excuse brevity—I am so perfectly wretched I can only say

"Ever yours most truly,

"AUGUSTA LEIGH.

"It is probable I may be obliged to go home next week: if my scheme appears wild, pray attribute it to ye state of mind I am (*sic*). Alas! I see only *ruin* and *destruction* in *every* shape to one most dear to me."

26.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. p. 21.]

"How very good of you, dear Mr. H.! I intend showing your letter to B., as I *think* he will jump at seeing you just now; but *I* MUST see you FIRST, and how? I am now going to Mr. Hanson's from B. I'm afraid of y^r^ meeting people here *who do no good*, and w^d^ counteract yours, but will you call about 2, or after that, and ask for *me* first. I shall be home, I hope, and *must* see you: if I'm out, ask for *Capt. B.*

"Yours sincerely,

"A. L."

27.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 22, 23.]

"Friday eve^g^, 9 o'clock, [Feb. 9, 1816].

"DEAR MR. HODGSON,—I've been unable to write to you till this moment. Mr. H. staid till a late hour and is now here again. B. dined with me, and after I left ye room I sent your note in, thinking him in better spirits and more free from irritation; he has only just mentioned it to me—'Oh, by the bye, I've had a note from H., Augusta, whom you must write to and say I'm so full of domestic calamities that I can't see any body:' still I think he

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situation, dear Mr. H.! Y^e^ worst is that IF you said 'you have done so and so' (*sic*), he w^d^ deny it, and I see he is afraid of *your* despair, as he terms it, when you hear of his situation—and in short of your *telling him the truth*; he can only bear to see those who flatter him and encourage him to all that is wrong. I've not mentioned having seen you, because I wish him to suppose your opinions *unprejudiced*. You *must* see him, and pray and see me and George B. to-morrow Morn^g^, when we will consult upon ye best means. You are the only comfort I've had this long time. I'm *quite* of your opinion on all that is to be feared.

"Ever yours truly,
"A. L."

28.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[*Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. p. 23.]

"Piccadilly Terrace.

"DEAR MR. H.,—About three you will be sure of finding me, if not sooner. I've sent in your letter; he said in return I was to do what I pleased about it. I *think* and *hope* he will find comfort in seeing you.

"Yours truly,
"A. L."

29.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.]

"Saturday, [Feb. 10, 1816].

"DEAR MR. H.,—B. will see you. I saw him open your note, and said I had given his message this morng. when I had seen you, and talked *generally* on the subject of his present situation of which you had before heard: he replied, 'Oh! then tell him I will see him CERTAINLY, my reason for *not* was the fear of distressing him.' You had better call towards *3*, and *wait* if he is not yet out of his room.

"Mr. Hanson has sent for me, in consequence (probably) of your interview; I'm going to him about 3 with Capt. B., but have said nothing to B. of it.

"Ever yours,
"A. L."

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30.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Piccadilly Terrace, Saturday, 10 Feby.

"DEAR SIR,—I will call upon you as soon after 3 as possible.

"Yours very truly,

"AUGUSTA LEIGH.

"My Brother desires me to say that he understands much pains has been taken to receive evidence on the *other side*, and therefore he begs you will immediately take steps to do so on his. He desires me to send the enclosed, and begs you will take great care of it."

31.—The Rev. Francis Hodgson to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"London, 5 o'Clock, Sunday Evening, 11th Feby. 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have been detained in Town till this moment by the unfortunate affair which we conversed upon the other morning. I was desired to call upon you and request your presence, as soon as you could get to his Lordship. Not being able to call, I have sent a porter with this note.

"The result of your meeting with the other party is anxiously anticipated. I fear there is every disposition to push things to extremities in them, but there seems such a sincere desire of reconciliation in our friend that this would be a most cruel measure indeed. God grant it may all yet end well!

"My interview has given me great pleasure, and indeed strong hope that all may be set right.

"I remain, sincerely yours,

"F. HODGSON."

32.—The Rev. Francis Hodgson to Lady Byron.

[Copy in Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 24–27.]

"Whether I am outstepping the bounds of prudence in this address to your Ladyship I cannot feel assured; and yet there is so much at stake in a quarter so loved and valuable, that I cannot forbear running the risque and making one feeble effort more to plead a cause which your Ladyship's own heart must plead with a power so superior to all other voices. If, then, a word that is here said only adds to the pain of this unhappy conflict between affection and views of duty, without lending any weight of reason to the object it seeks, I would earnestly implore that it may be forgiven; and,

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above all, the interference itself, which nothing but its obvious motive and the present awful circumstances could in any way hope to justify.

"After a long and most confidential conversation with my friend (whom I have known thoroughly, I believe, for many trying years), I am convinced that the deep and rooted feeling of his heart is regret and sorrow for the occurrences which have so deeply wounded you, and the most unmixed admiration of your conduct in all its particulars, and the warmest affection. But may I be allowed to state to Lady Byron that Lord B., after his general acknowledgment of having frequently been very wrong, and from various causes in a painful state of irritation, yet declares himself ignorant of the specific things which have given the principal offence, and that he wishes to hear them, that he may, if extenuation or atonement be possible, endeavour to make some reply, or at all events may understand the fulness of those reasons which have now, and as unexpectedly as afflictingly, driven your Ladyship to the step you have taken.

"It would be waste of words and idle presumption for me, however your Ladyship's goodness might be led to excuse it, to observe how very extreme, how decidedly irreconcilable, such a case should be before the last measure is resorted to. But it may not be quite so improper to urge, from my deep conviction of their truth and importance, the following reflections. I entreat your Ladyship's indulgence to them. What can be the consequence to a man so peculiarly constituted of such an event? If I may give vent to my fear, my thorough certainty, nothing short of absolute and utter destruction. I turn from the idea; but *no* being except your Ladyship can prevent this. *None*, I am convinced, ever could have done so, notwithstanding the unhappy appearances to the contrary.

"Whatever, then, may be against it, whatever restraining remembrances or anticipations to a person who was not already qualified by sad experience to teach this very truth, I would say that there is a claim paramount to all others—that of attempting to save the human beings nearest and dearest to us from the most comprehensive ruin that can be suffered by them, at the expense of any suffering to ourselves.

"If I have not gone too far, I would add, that so suddenly and at once to shut every avenue to returning comfort must, when looked back upon, appear a strong measure; and, if it proceeds (pray pardon the suggestion) from the unfortunate notion of the very person to whom my friend now looks for consolation being unable to administer it, that notion I would combat with all the energy of conviction, and assert that, whatever unguarded and unjustifiable words, and even actions, may have inculcated this idea, it is the very rock on which the peace of both would, as unnecessarily as wretchedly, be sacrificed. But God Almighty forbid that there should be any sacrifice!

"Be all that is right called into action, all that is wrong suppressed (and by your only instrumentality, Lady Byron, as by yours only it can be) in my dear friend. May you both yet be what God intended you for—the support, the watchful correction, and

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improvement of each other. Of yourself, Lord B. from his heart declares that he would wish nothing altered—nothing but the sudden, surely sudden, determination which must *for ever* destroy one of you, and perhaps even both. God bless both!

"I am, with deep regard,

"Your Ladyship's faithful servant,

"FRANCIS HODGSON."

33.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Kirkby, Feb. 12, 1816.

"MY DEAREST A.,—Conceiving it possible that you might mistake the grounds of my request for information yesterday, which were only that I might in every *minor* point consult *your* wishes as far as possible, I shall deem it honorable not to open your letter in reply to that, until I receive an answer to this, permitting me to do so.

"I cannot say how much I feel for you. *Myself* is a lesser grief.

"Ever thine,

"A. I. B."

34.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Fy 12th 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—It shall be done. You and Mr. F[arquhar][1] can come at your own hour for the purpose.

"I have heard nothing further, except all kinds of vague and exaggerated rumours from different quarters. It seems a little unfair, that the parties should furnish all the world with their charges, except the person against whom they are directed.

"Are you sure that Sir Samuel Romilly is retained for me?

"Yours ever,

"B."

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35.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Chancery Lane, Tuesday, 3 o'clock, 13 Feby. 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I was particularly anxious to see you, as I really know not what to do: my Brother is this mon^t. *exactly the reverse* in determination of what he was last night. He is now for *acquiescence* to ye separation having made me write to Ld B. yesterday *nothing on earth should make him resign her willingly;* and the reason he gives for this extraordinary change is having received a Bill from his Coachmaker for £2000, and his affairs being in such a state that if Ld B. came back he should have no where to receive her. I'm afraid he will write to her in this strain by the post, but has told me he will not do so to Sir Ralph tho' *you* might go to him if you liked. I really think you had better come as *soon* as you can to Piccadilly, as this sort of step on his part will make *so much inconsistency* that it will do away all the good that might be done thro' the medium of friends. *I* am quite at a loss I confess how to act with him. He said *you* might come if you pleased but *not* Mr. Parke, as it was of no use now to have any depositions, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.

"He has desired me to write so many things to Ld B. that my head can't hold them, and I'm sure my pen could not write them. In short I see nothing for it but for somebody who has *weight* with him to speak *as soon as possible* and prevent all this strange conduct.

"Yours truly,
"A. L."

36.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"4 o'clock.

"DEAR SIR,—I am just desired (upon my return home) to say that '*upon second thoughts*' my Brother wishes you to bring *Mr. Farquhar* as you intended.

"I left a note in Chancery Lane for you which I hope you received.

"Yours truly,
"AUG. LEIGH.

"Tuesday [13 Feby., 1816], ½ past 4."

37.—Lady Byron to Lord Byron.

[Copy in Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

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answered by others because the explanation may be less disagreeable to you from myself.

"My letters of January 15th and 16th. It can be fully and clearly proved that I left your house under the persuasion of your having a complaint of so dangerous a nature that any agitation might bring on a fatal crisis. My entreaties before I quitted you that you would take medical advice, repeated in my letter of Jan^{y}· 15th, must convince you of such an impression on my mind. My absence, if it had not been rendered necessary by other causes, was medically recommended on that ground, as removing an object of irritation. I should have acted inconsistently with my unchanged affection for you, or indeed with the common principles of humanity, by urging my wrongs at that moment. From subsequent accounts I found that these particular apprehensions which I, and others, had entertained, were groundless. Till they were ascertained to be so, it was my intention to induce you to come to this place where, at every hazard, I would have devoted myself to the alleviation of *your* sufferings, and should not then have reminded you of *my own*, as believing you, from physical causes, not to be *accountable* for them. My parents, under the same impression communicated to me, felt the kindest anxiety to promote my wishes and your recovery, by receiving you here. Of all this my letter of Jan^{y}·16th is a testimony. If for these reasons (to which others were perhaps added) I did not remonstrate at the time of leaving your house, you cannot forget that I had before warned you, earnestly and affectionately, of the unhappy and irreparable consequences which must ensue from your conduct, both to yourself and to me, that to those representations you had replied by a determination to be wicked, though it should break my heart.

"What then had I to expect? I cannot attribute your 'state of mind' to any cause so much as the *total* dereliction of principle, which, since our marriage, you have professed and gloried in. Your acknowledgements have not been accompanied by any intentions of amendment.

"I have *consistently* fulfilled my duty as your wife. It was too dear to be resigned till it became hopeless. Now my resolution cannot be changed.

"A. I. BYRON."

38.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, February 14th, 1816.

"MY DEAREST A.,—I won't enter into explanations, but the reasons for my second letter were *meant* to be the *kindest*.

"Now in answer to yours. *Happiness* no longer enters into my

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I deem it *my duty to God* to act as I am acting, and I am resigned to the misfortunes that may flow from that source, since by any other conduct I should forfeit my peace of conscience, the only good that remains to me. No temporal advantages or privations will have the least weight. In regard to him, it is my decided opinion there will be no fatal event, and I think it a great error to regard 'worldly disgrace' as a serious evil compared to some that must ensue, with his character, from worldly prosperity. If Pride be not expiated on earth, but indulged, who may dare to look beyond? The lessons of adversity may be most beneficial when they are most bitter. Not that I would *voluntarily* be the means of chastisement, but I seem to have been made so, and am doomed to participate in the suffering.

"His grief and despair, which I do not doubt, are of the same too worldly nature. The loss of character by the anticipation of a measure which he had long intended, only with advantages of which he is deprived in this case, touches him most sensibly. It is not for *me*, but for the *accompanying circumstances*, that he feels so deeply. All this it is in his disposition to revenge on the object, if *in his power*. When his revenge avowedly began as soon as I became so by marriage, and seems to have increased in force rather than diminished, what would it be *now*? Those who consider his welfare ought not to desire my return, there is nothing of which *I* am more certain.

"The present sufferings of *all* may yet be repaid in blessings. Don't despair absolutely, dearest; and leave me but enough of your interest to afford you any consolation by partaking that sorrow which I am most unhappy to cause even thus unintentionally. You *will* be of my opinion hereafter, and at present your bitterest reproach would be forgiven, though Heaven knows you have considered me more than one in a thousand would have done, more than anything but my affection for one most dear to you could deserve. I must not remember these feelings. Farewell. God bless you, from the bottom of my heart.

"A. I. B.

"This letter has not been seen though sent circuitously, as I thought it better it should not be received *by post*."

39.—John Hanson to William Hoar.

[Murray MSS.]

"14th Feby. 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—It is with infinite Pain and Regret that I obtrude myself upon you as the Friend of Lady Byron's Family, but I cannot feel satisfied that I discharged my Duty as a Friend of Lord Byron, and consequently a Wellwisher to her Ladyship, were I to omit it.

"Doubtless you have heard of the very unfortunate Misunderstanding that has taken Place, and which it seems has brought her

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Ladyship's Friends to the Determination of insisting on immediate Separation. Surely any Differences between two Persons so recently united might through the Medium of Friends be made up and conjugal Harmony restored, without coming to so desperate an expedient as that of Articles of Separation.

"There is every Disposition I am happy to say in Lord Byron towards a Reconciliation, and surely the Parents would best consult the Happiness of their Child by lending their Aid in promoting it.

"There is I am convinced a Mutual Love and Regard between the Parties which should be cherished, and they may yet be happy together whatever may have been the past.

"I assure you if all Reconciliation should be rejected I dread the consequences of it: it would I fear for ever destroy the Peace of Mind of Lady Byron, and I should not be at all surprized (and I have warned Sir Ralph Noel of it) if it were more serious to his Lordship, whose present State of Distress and Irritability threaten most alarming Consequences.

"Lady Byron is now at Kirkby. And allow me, my dear Sir, to entreat you to exert your kind Offices as a Friend to the Parties to bring about a reconciliation. You cannot do a greater Act of Kindness to Lady Byron and indeed to every one of her Family.

"Believe me, Dear Sir, your very faithful and obt. servt.,

"J. HANSON."

40.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Thursday, 5 o'clock, 15th Feby. 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I am desired to send you the enclosed which my Brother has just received, and to say that he may perhaps call on you this Eveg.

"I think you will be surprised as I am at the abruptness of the communications contained in Ly B.'s letter; but I have not time to say more at this moment.

"Yours truly,

"A. L."

41.—Lady Byron to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 28–30.]

"Kirkby. February 15th. 1816.

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"I married Lord B. determined to endure everything whilst there was *any* chance of my contributing to his welfare. I remained with him under trials of the severest nature. In leaving him, which, however, I can scarcely call a *voluntary* measure, I probably saved him from the bitterest remorse. I may give you a general idea of what I have experienced, by saying that he married me with the deepest determination of revenge, avowed on the day of my marriage, and executed ever since with systematic and increasing cruelty which no affection could change. My security depended on the total abandonment of every moral and religious principle against which (though I trust they were never obtruded) his hatred and endeavours were uniformly directed. The circumstances, which are of too convincing a nature, shall not be generally known while Lord B. allows me to spare him. It is not unkindness that can always change affection.

"With you I may consider this subject in a less worldly point of view. Is the present injury to his reputation to be put in competition with the danger of unchecked success to this wicked pride? and may not his actual sufferings (in which be assured that affection for me has very little share) expiate a future account? I know him too well to dread the fatal event which he so often mysteriously threatens. I have acquired my knowledge of him bitterly indeed, and it was long before I learned to mistrust the apparent candour by which he deceives all but himself. He *does* know—too well—what he affects to enquire.

"You reason with me as I have reasoned with myself, and I therefore derive from your letter an additional and melancholy confidence in the rectitude of this determination which has been deliberated on the grounds that you would approve. It was not suggested, and has not been enforced by others, though it is sanctioned by my parents.

"You will continue Lord Byron's friend, and the time may yet come when he will receive from that friendship such benefits as he now rejects. I will even indulge the consolatory thought that the remembrance of me, when time has softened the irritation created by my presence, may contribute to the same end. May I hope that you will still retain any value for the regard with which I am,

"Your most obliged and faithful servant,

"A. I. BYRON.

"I must add that Lord Byron had been fully, earnestly, and affectionately warned of the unhappy consequences of his conduct."

42.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

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I suppose alluding to the note you sent him last night, recommending the *decisive answer*, and in circumstances he may have heard since.

"*I wish* you could contrive to see him soon—*as* soon as possible.

"In haste,

"Yours truly,
"A. LEIGH."

43.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Thursday, 5 o'clock [February, 1816].

"DEAR MR. H.,—I've not time to say more than a few words to-day, but you shall hear more to-morrow. The *definitive refusal* is sent this morning to Sr. R. [Sir Ralph]. Yesterday Captain B. was summoned to Mrs. Clermont's. It appeared to me they either wished to frighten or coax B. into an amicable arrangement. From what passed, however, *now*, if *they* choose it, it must come into Court! God alone knows the consequences. I think all you do of poor Ly. B., and, alas, of my dearest B. He is much the same as when I last wrote. This is all I've time for to-day. God bless you, dear Mr. H."

44.—William Hoar to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Durham, 17th Febr 1816. Saturday.

"DEAR SIR,—Before I receiv'd your Letter, brought by yesterday's post, I had suffer'd much from the afflicting State of Lord and Lady Byron and her Family, and your Intelligence has greatly added to my pain. I have lost no Time in communicating to Lady Byron, through Lady Noel, the Representations you have made;—This is the only Course I can take;—it must be left to them to act upon it, as in their Judgement may seem best;—And most truly should I rejoice if it should bring about a Result productive of the Happiness of all the Parties.

"You can have been actuated only by a sincere Desire to be instrumental to such an Issue as may best promote their Welfare.

"I am, Dear Sir, yours very faithfully,
"Wm HOAR."

45.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 28, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, Feb. 19, 1816.

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"On the mysterious subject of which I am ignorant, I can only say that if the reports allude to anything I know to be false, I will bear testimony of its falsehood.

"With the history of the letter I was before acquainted—and, having guessed the author, had written to impose silence as to whatever might have been collected from Servants or Observation during the visit here. The [*blotted out;* imprudence?] has been acknowledged [*erasure*]. You do not know the person. I am stopped by post.

"Yours ever,
"A. I. B."

46.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[B.M. Add. MSS. 31037, f. 30, and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Kirkby, Feb. 20.

"I will take a moment's opportunity, dearest A., to say I am better and the child quite well. Dear A., more soon.

"Ever yours,
"A. I. B."

47.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Feb. 21, 1816.

"MY DEAREST A.,—I have received your letter, and with it one which it adds to my affliction to read. He has written in a state of agitation that does not allow his judgment its due weight.

"I cannot suppose that my silence will occasion suspense, but *to-day* I really am unable to write to *him*.

"I must desire that you will *explicitly* state to me every thing that you allude to as suppressed.

"A. I. B."

48.—Lady Byron to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Memoir of Rev. F. Hodgson*, vol. ii. pp. 30–33.]

"February 24th, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your second letter.[1] First let me thank you for the charity with which you consider my motives. And now of the principal subject.

"I eagerly adopted the belief of insanity as a consolation, and,

1. This "second letter" has been lost.

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though such malady has been found insufficient to prevent his responsibility with man, I will still trust that it may latently exist, so as to acquit him towards God. This no human being can judge. It certainly does not destroy the powers of self-control, or impair the knowledge of moral good and evil.

"Considering the case upon the supposition of derangement, you may have heard what any medical adviser would confirm, that it is in the nature of such malady to reverse the affections, and to make those who would naturally be dearest the greatest objects of aversion, the most exposed to acts of violence, and the least capable of alleviating the malady. Upon such grounds my absence from Lord B. was medically advised before I left town, but the advisers had not then seen him, and since Mr. Le Mann has had opportunities of personal observation, it has been found that the supposed physical causes do not exist, so as to render him not an accountable agent.

"I believe the nature of Lord B.'s mind to be most benevolent; but there may have been circumstances (I would hope the *consequences*, not the *causes*, of mental disorder) which would render an original tenderness of conscience the motive of desperation, even of guilt, when self-esteem had been forfeited too far. No *external* motive can be so strong. I entrust this to you under the most absolute secrecy. Goodness of heart, when there are impetuous passions and no principles, is a frail security.

"Every possible means have been employed to effect a private and amicable arrangement, and I would sacrifice such advantages in terms as I believe that the Law would ensure to me to avoid this dreadful necessity. Yet I must have some *security*, and Lord B. refuses to afford any. If you could persuade him to the agreement, you would save me from what I most deprecate. I have now applied to Lord Holland for that end.

"If you wish to answer, and I shall always be happy to hear from you, I must request you to enclose your letter to Sir Ralph Noel, Mivart's Hotel, Lower Brook St., London, as I am not sure where I may be at that time.

"My considerations of duty are of a very complicated nature, but my duty as a mother seems to point out the same conduct that I pursue upon other principles, that I have partly explained.

"I must observe upon one passage of your letter that I ~~have~~ had expectations of personal violence, though I was too miserable to have *feelings* of fear, and those expectations would now be still stronger.

"In regard to any changes which the future state of Lord B.'s mind might justify in my intentions, an amicable arrangement would

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49.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Fr 29th 1816.

"Dear Sir,—I hear they have got *Romilly;* pray ascertain that point because he may have forgotten that he has a retainer for us, and do not delay in it as it may lead to awkward mistakes on both sides.

"Yours ever,
"B."

50.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to the Rev. Francis Hodgson.

[Morrison MSS., and *Athenæum*, August 18, 1883.]

"Saturday, [February], 1816.

"Dear Mr. H.,—I have heard no more, but believe Ly. B. is in town. B. heard last night from Dr. Holland to this effect, that he had been requested by *Dr. Lushington*, a particular friend of his, to *hear* him and *see* B. You recollect, I daresay, that he is the legal adviser on the other side. Dr. H. very properly asked B.'s will and pleasure before he consented; permission being granted, Dr. H. is now here, and it will be too late to tell you the result, *post hour* as usual, and no time to say more, except that I agree in all you said in yr letter, it strikes me that if their *pecuniary* proposals are favourable he will be too happy to escape the exposure. He *must* be anxious, dear Mr. H. It is *impossible* he should not in some degree. I can say no more to-day.

"Ever yours,
"A. L."

51.—Lord Holland to Lord Byron.

[Murray MSS.]

"Saville Row, 3d March, 1816.

"My dear Lord,—I am quite vexed at what the French would call most correctly a 'Contretemps,' tho' I cannot reproach myself with having occasioned it.

"On receiving your note I wrote the substance of it to Dr. Lushington, and happening to dine in the neighbourhood took my note with me and sent it from the place where I dined. On my return home I found that Dr. Lushington, who was out when my note was delivered, had called here without receiving it. He now informs me that he did so for the purpose of communicating a proposal in consequence of our former conversation. His letter and enclosure will explain the rest. If the delay of the other party in answering was the real motive of your determination, and if the proposal now

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made suits your views in any degree, surely the difference of a few hours, or rather the mere accident of Lushington's being occupied all the morning and consequently compelled to defer his visit here till the evening, will not be sufficient to prevent you from giving due consideration to any arrangement that can save both parties the trouble, inconvenience, vexation, and expence of a suit. At any rate it would not justify me in withholding the communication of the enclosed papers. On their contents I do not venture to offer an opinion; but as by calling at Doctors' Commons I might perhaps have received the proposal before I got your note declaring off, I do venture to entreat you to read them in case they should contain any suggestions likely to bring matters to an accommodation.

"Ever truly yours,

"VASSALL HOLLAND."

52.—Dr. Lushington to Lord Holland.

[Murray MSS.]

"Doctors Commons, March 3d, 1816.

"MY DEAR LORD HOLLAND,—On my return home last night I found your note, and tho' the terms in which Lord Byron's communication to you are couched, seem to close up all the avenues to an amicable arrangement, yet it is my duty to all parties, to prevent any measure being adopted under misapprehension.

"I think it right therefore to send you the inclosed proposal, which I hope you will submit to Lord B. for his consideration, and at the same time explain the causes of such a proposition being deferred till last night.

"Before it was possible to offer any specific terms, it was necessary to obtain information as to the property. Neither Lady B. nor any of her friends were in possession of a copy of the marriage settlement; application was made to Mr. Hanson on the same day I last saw you, but he was absent from London, and I did not receive it [till] Wednesday night. Thursday I was engaged before the Privy Council all day and could not possibly read so voluminous an instrument till Friday. I then waited upon Lady B., and last night called in Saville Row for the purpose of requesting you to communicate the proposal now inclosed.

"I am sure you will be satisfied that there has been no delay which could possibly be avoided, and, I think, agree with me in opinion that an explanation should be given to Lord Byron. Whatever determination he may think fit to adopt, he must be anxious not to form his resolutions without a full knowledge of all the circumstances; I therefore trust you will concur in thinking an explanation due to Lord B. And I must add, I feel personally desirous it should be made in justification of any part I may have borne in this transaction.

"Ever most truly yours,

"STEPHEN LUSHINGTON.

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"P.S.—It is unnecessary to remind you that I called in Saville Row last night with the proposal, in entire ignorance of your note, which I did not receive till I returned home last night."

"Lady B.'s fortune, 20,000, interest . . . 1000 per an.

"At the time of the marriage Mr. Hanson stated to Mr. Hoare, who drew the marriage settlement, that the rents of the land belonging to the estate of Newstead, let to tenants, amounted to . . . . 3200 per an.

"That Lord B. was also in possession of about 1000 acres more, which would let for £1 per acre, or 1000 per an.

"Mr. Hanson also stated that Lord B. was intitled to a property, or to certain rights, in the neighbourhood of Rochdale, the annual value of which it was difficult to estimate, but the whole property, if put up to sale, might fetch £50,000. This property has however been put up to sale, but no purchaser could be found at a price at all approaching to the estimated value.

"By the marriage settlement, £300 per an. was secured to Lady B. as pin-money, and £2000 per an. for jointure. The Newstead Estate is security for the jointure, and the pin-money is to be paid by the Trustees who receive Lady B.'s marriage portion.

"£3000 per an. is also secured to a son (if any) upon the Newstead Estate, and there are certain provisions for raising portions for younger children.

"Lord Wentworth, the uncle of Lady B., died in April, 1815, and by his will Lady B. is intitled to a life interest in certain estates after the death of her mother, Lady Noel, without male issue.

"The present annual value of these estates is about 6500 per an. Upon the death of Lady Noel without issue male, Lord B. will, in right of Lady B., become intitled to an interest in these estates during Lady B.'s life.

"Lady Byron will be satisfied with £200 per an. in addition to her pin-money, during the life of Lady Noel, and at her decease one half of the Noel property. This proportion shall be estimated by competent persons within one twelvemonth after the death of Lady Noel, and the whole estate shall be secured for the regular payment of the same by two half-yearly payments, commencing from the day of Lady Noel's death.

"A similar estimation shall be made every seven years, under the same stipulations, and so every seven years succeeding.

"Lord and Lady B. will enter into the usual stipulations by themselves and trustees, as is commonly done in cases of separation.

"Under this arrangement Lord B. will claim immediately a pecuniary profit of £500 per an. in consequence of his marriage with Lady B., and be relieved from all expence of maintaining her.

"At the death of Lady Noel he will be benefited to the amount of from £3500 to 4000 per an."

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53.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"March 4th, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—Before *we cite*, it will be better to ascertain (if possible) whether *they really* mean to go into court; because, if they do not, or she does not, this measure on our part may be a pretext for them to urge and induce her to go on, by saying that we have set the example, and that it is now self defence and so forth.

"I wish this to be considered, and will see you upon it this evening when you like. Mrs L.h will call upon you and fix an hour.

"Yours truly,

"B."

54.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Piccadilly Terrace, Tuesday Eveg, 5th March, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—My Brother requests that you will send him a copy of Mrs. Fletcher's deposition.

"Yours very sincerely,

"AUG. LEIGH."

55.—STATEMENT BY MRS. FLETCHER.[1]

[Murray MSS.]

"Ann Fletcher went down on 15th January to Kirkby with Lady Byron, with the Nurse (Mrs. Grimes) and the Child, and Lady Byron's Footman, William Gudgeon. They all travelled together, slept the first night at Wooburn, and arrived at Kirkby at 6 o'clock the next evening.

"She staid with Lady Byron at Kirkby till yesterday week, when Lady Byron went to Town accompanied by Miss Doyle and Miss Doyle's Maid. During the Time Lady Byron was at Kirkby, constantly attended her: she was some times and in general very low, sometimes better.

"Mrs. Fletcher thinks that Lady Byron did not mention the Subject to her Parents for a fortnight after she was at Kirkby. About a Week after Lady Byron had arrived at Kirkby, Lady Noel came to Town and returned in a Week. About 4 or 5 Days after Lady Noel returned to Kirkby, Lady Byron told Mrs. Fletcher that Sir Ralph had written a Letter to Lord Byron—did not say on what Subject. She appeared very low and much distressed. This was on a Tuesday. About 3 or 4 Days Lady Byron said she had still Hopes, for the Letter to Lord Byron had not been delivered, and Sir Ralph, finding his Letter had not been delivered, he went on the Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Clermont, to London.

1. The wife of Byron's valet.

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"On the Day Lady Byron supposed Lord Byron would have received the Letter, Lady Byron was extremely distressed and almost insensible; but when she received Mrs. Leigh's Letter that Sir Ralph's Letter had not been delivered to Lord Byron, she said, 'I have still hopes' for the Letter had not been delivered; and she seemed much better and lookt much better.

"The Morning she supposed the Letter would be delivered to Lord Byron, Lady Byron asked Mrs. Fletcher how soon she could pack her Things to go to Town: she sayd in about an Hour. She then said she would go to Town, but was kept there against her will. She wished Mrs. Fletcher to speak to them—meaning her Mother and Mrs. Clermont, meaning to let her away and act from her own Will. Mrs. Fletcher then went to Mrs. Clermont, and told her what a State her Lady was in, and to desire her to pacify her, as she wanted to go to Town. Mrs. Clermont told Mrs. Fletcher not to pity her, and not to mind her—that it was to be expected she would often be in that Low Way. That Sir Ralph and Lady Noel were going to interfere.

"Lady Byron never mentioned the Subject particularly after this to Mrs. Fletcher, which induced Mrs. Fletcher to think She had been desired not to mention it.

"Has often heard Lady Byron express herself with great Love and Affection for Lord Byron, and has heard her say that, if a Separation was to take place, She would be a wretched Creature and never more be happy.

"Has heard her say She would go back to Lord Byron, but they would not let her.

"That one Morning Mrs. Fletcher went with a Message from her Lady to Lady Noel. On this Occasion Lady Noel asked her how her Lady was, She said She had had a better Night. She replied she lookt very thin: Mrs. Fletcher replied it was owing to her Distress of Mind. Lady Noel then observed, 'You know you said to Mrs. Clermont that her Ladyship was in danger of her Life whilst she remained in the House with Lord Byron—you know it was so.' Mrs. Fletcher replied, 'No, My Lady, it was what Mrs. Clermont had said to me.' Lady Noel was then in a rage and sayd, 'You know it was so.' Mrs. Fletcher denied it, for that she never saw Lord and Lady Byron together once in a Month, and that She never saw or heard any Thing unpleasant pass between them."

56.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Thursday Night, 7th March, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—My Brother has desired to beg you will write to Mr. Claughton about letting him have Newstead Abbey as I mention'd to you to day.

"Yours truly,
"AUGUSTA LEIGH."

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57.—Lord Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"An Interview. If not an interview a disclosure to you of the circumstances on which she acts.

"Of anything said to Mrs. L. by Lady B. on this subject Ld B. promises on his honour to take no advantage."

58.—The Hon. Augusta Leigh to Lord Byron.

[Murray MSS.]

"DEAREST B.,—I will see L^y^ B the *first* thing and do all you desire. I shall call on you *late* today on account of your *other* visitors, whom you may wish to see *tête à tête*.

"Believe me, dearest, in a 1000 hurries and worries,

"*Ever* your most affec^te^ Sister.

"I ordered *Fish—pray eat.*"

59.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"In *this critical* moment it would be impossible for me to *speak* on the subjects which I conceive you wish to discuss. And your difficulties would be nearly equal, since we might both be called upon to answer for words uttered in the *most private* conversation. This has been so strongly represented to me by Dr. Lushington, that he positively forbids any such interview—which, however, I cannot refuse without the greatest pain.

"Yours most affy.,

"A. I. B."

60.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"March 9th, 1816.

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61.—REFERENCE TO SIR SAMUEL SHEPHERD.

[Murray MSS.]

By the following document, agreed upon, after consultation, between Hobhouse and Colonel Doyle, drawn up in the former's handwriting, and signed by both Byron and his wife, the only outstanding questions were referred to the arbitration of Sir Samuel Shepherd, Solicitor-General :—

"Lord and Lady Byron refer to the sole and final decision of Sir Samuel Shepherd a question to be proposed to him relative to which they empower their legal or other advisers to answer any such queries as the Solicitor General may think necessary to ask for his information on the point.

"As a preliminary, it is thought necessary to state the following particulars for Sir S. Shepherd's information :—

"First, with respect to a Separation by agreement, the Parties respectively consider that point as hereby assented to, in case Sir S. Shepherd should undertake the arbitration.

"Secondly, in a principle of Separation formerly discussed between the parties, it was proposed by Lord Byron that the whole income of Lady Byron's present fortune should be now resigned to Lady B. for her use. But Lady B. would consent to receive only one half of the said sum, *viz.* 200*l.* per annum in addition to her pin money of 300*l.* per annum, secured to her by marriage settlement. It is now agreed that this question should be referred to their respective legal advisers to be determined by them, calling in, if necessary, a third person to arbitrate between them, whose decision in this point shall be final and make part of the articles of Separation.

"The matter now to be arbitrated by Sir Samuel Shepherd relates to the Noel property, for it is hereby expressly understood and agreed that the separation itself and the mode of fixing the proportion of Lady Byron's *present* income, are, and are to be, formally agreed upon as above specified; provided always that Sir S. Shepherd undertake the arbitration.

"Lady Byron, under the will of Lord Wentworth her uncle, will, upon the death of Lady Noel, her mother, without issue male, become entitled to a life estate in a considerable landed property, the rental of which is between six and seven thousand pounds a year. This estate on the death of Lady Byron would go to her son, if any, and, in default of issue male, in the first instance, to another family, but, in the event of certain contingencies, to the present daughter of L^d^ and Lady Byron; so that Lord Byron has the power of immediately disposing of the reversion of the estate on the death of Lady Noel without issue male, for the joint lives of Lady Byron and himself.

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"By the principle of separation formerly discussed and above referred to, Lord Byron was required to bind himself immediately by a *legal instrument* to give Lady Byron for her own use out of this property when it should devolve to her upon Lady Noel's death, such a provision as *arbitrators then appointed* should deem reasonable. To this proposition, on the suggestion of his legal advisers, Lord Byron *demurs*, but consents, and the parties respectively, do hereby agree, that Sir S. Shepherd shall consider this point, and say, whether, under all the circumstances of the case, Lord Byron ought in fairness and equity *now* to bind himself by a *legal* instrument to make, on Lady Noel's death, such arrangement as may be deemed right by arbitrators appointed at *that* time. This therefore is the question submitted for Sir Samuel Shepherd's decision, and the parties mutually agree to be bound thereby, and to consent that the separation shall be carried into effect on such terms and conditions as Sir S. Shepherd shall, in this respect, decide to be right.

"It is hereby moreover understood and agreed, that this separation shall now be drawn up and carried into effect by a conveyancer nominated by Sir S. Shepherd, and if either party should be of opinion that in the draft he shall make, Sir S. Shepherd's directions are not strictly complied with, reference shall be made to him, and his decision shall be final.

"The parties declare that in case Sir S. Shepherd shall decline the above arbitration, that then the present document in every and each respect shall be considered null and void, and be cancelled; but that Sir Arthur Pigott, in the first instance, or, in case he should also decline, Mr. Shadwell, shall be requested to act as arbitrator on the same conditions by the respective subscribing Parties.

"Signed "BYRON.
"A. I. BYRON."

62.—John Hanson to Sir Samuel Romilly.

[Murray MSS.]

"Bloomsbury Square, 18th March, 1816.

"SIR SAMUEL,—I feel myself placed in a most unpleasant situation in consequence of having repeatedly assured Lord Byron that you were generally retained for his Lordship, which I find was the Case some time ago; and, finding that his Lordship would have Occasion to resort to your Advice in an unfortunate Mis-understanding with Lady Byron, I sent my Clerk, about 6 Weeks

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few Lines to mention how this has arisen, that his Lordship may not imagine that I have not acted with a proper Attention to his Interest or represented to him what was not Strictly true.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obt. and most humble servt.,

"J. HANSON."

63.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"March 19th 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—Mr. Hobhouse has the copy of the agreement, and he is now at his father's,—Whitton nr. Hounslow. I have no copy whatever, nor know where to get one unless from Mr. Hobhouse.

"I will show him your correspondence with [Romilly] when I see him.

"Yours very truly,

"BYRON"

64.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"Thursday" [endorsed by Hanson, "March 21, 1816"].

"DEAR SIR,—The sum now due from Sir R. Noel is *three* quarters of a year's interest on the 2nd of *this month*, and I hope you will impress on Mr. Wharton the propriety of its being paid up, as I conceive that can have nothing to do with the subjects of present discussion.

"Yours very truly,

"BYRON."

65.—AWARD OF SIR SAMUEL SHEPHERD.

[Murray MSS.]

Sir Samuel Shepherd accepted the position of arbitrator, expressly stipulating that he should receive no fee. He delivered his award March 27, 1816:—

"I am of opinion and do decide that Lord Byron should *now* bind himself, on the event of Lady Noel's death, to appoint an Arbitrator who, together with an Arbitrator then to be appointed by Lady Byron, should decide whether any and what portion of that Estate should be secured to the sole and separate Use of Lady Byron during the life of Lord Byron."

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By the same award Sir S. Shepherd appointed Charles Butler, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, to draw up the articles of separation, etc.

66.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"My dearest A.,—Hearing that you are going out of Town, I must pray you to grant me what I refused, both because I cannot bear to think of not seeing you first, and also the grounds of the case are in some degree changed, as you will learn. Will you come to me here at any time in the course of the morning?—or would you like better that I should meet you at Mrs. Wilmot's?

"Most affec^y yours,

"A. I. B."

67.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Hennell MSS.]

"Mivarts, March 26, 1816.

"My dear Augusta,—I do not know if it is from the misapprehension of parts of the conversation between you and me yesterday that the letters I have since received from Lord Byron have arisen. The testimonies which he has sent me, and which I shall return tomorrow, are quite unnecessary as I had not accused him of speaking of me in the manner which is denied.

"His letter was delivered to me immediately by my father. I beg you to communicate this note.

"Believe me, ever yours affec^y,

"A. I. Byron."

68.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

[Murray MSS.]

"Mivarts, March 27, 1816.

"As I must go out at half past two, I may again lose your visit,

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69.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Mrs. George Lamb.

[Morrison MSS.]

"Monday, April 1st, 1816.

"I assure you I do not trust less to your discretion than your zeal, and whatever you think best has great weight with me, nor did I mean to prevent the mention of those qualities of his character in general terms, without giving the particular instances. In regard to the child, it appears to my advisers most advantageous that it should not be made a subject of discussion at present, or in any way suggested to him as such, because it is highly improbable that he would resign the power *in a formal manner;* and, by not making any particular provision for it, if he goes abroad, he will virtually, to a certain extent, acknowledge my guardianship. To let him know these reasons would be to defeat them. I am glad that you think of *her* with the feelings of pity which prevail in my mind, and surely if in *mine* there must be some cause for them. I never was, nor never can be, so *mercilessly* virtuous as to admit *no* excuse for even the worst of errors.

"I want to see you very much. Can you call upon me to-morrow evening?

"I will send the carriage for you at any hour you will name."

70.—John Cam Hobhouse to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"April 13, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—You have asked me whether, in assisting Colonel Doyle to draw up the original paper to be referred to the arbitration of Sir Samuel Shepherd, concerning the future arrangement of the Noel property, I contemplated assigning a share of the property itself to Lady Byron, or merely providing that her Ladyship should receive from Lord Byron, when that property fell in, a certain rent charge. In answer to this question I have to state that by referring to a copy of that paper, I find the words made use of as follows:—'To give Lady Byron for her own use out of the Property when it should devolve to her upon Lady Noel's death, such a provision as arbitrators then appointed should deem reasonable.' . . .

"I have no hesitation in stating that by the words 'provision out of the property' . . . I conceived would be understood *an allowance from the profits of the property to be granted to Lady Byron by Lord Byron as the holder of the estate.* I must at the same time mention that the point was not at all discussed or made a question in any way between Colonel Doyle and myself, and that my past and present impressions are derived merely from my own conception, and the notion that in similar cases the words 'provision out of the property' would not have any other interpretation than that above assigned to them.

"I remain, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN HOBHOUSE."

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71.—Lord Byron to John Hanson.

[Murray MSS.]

"April 17th 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—It is a question for you, and Mr. Wharton, and the Solicitor General, settle it amongst you. I am ready to sign, only let it be soon, for I go on Sunday.

"Pray, conclude, and believe me,

"Ever yours very truly,

"BYRON.

"P.S.—I am sorry to hear you have been ill. When you and Wharton are ready, I am at home every day till 4 in the afternoon.

"Col. Doyle might as well have repeated the *whole* as well as 'part' of Mr. H.'s letter: it contained (I believe, for I did not see it) a repetition of Mr. H.'s interpretation of the paper when drawn up."

72.—Lady Byron to the Hon. Augusta Leigh.[1]

[Murray MSS.]

"Beckenham, Septr 21st.

"DEAREST A.,—I had meant to thank you vocally for your satisfactory information about the funeral, but will not so long defer my communication, as I shall not be in London till the middle of next week.

"I have directed a supply of game to be sent to you *weekly* from Kirkby. For this you need not thank me, because, if I had no pleasure in sending them to *you*, I should think it proper to send them to the nearest connection of him who has the same property in the Estate as myself. Whenever you write to him, it may perhaps be as well to mention that this direction has been given by me, that he may be sensible of a disposition to do whatever shows respect for his claims.

"As to the impressions of my parents towards you, I feel that I ought to say a few words on their accounts, lest they should appear to have been actuated by an irrational spirit of resentment. After they became acquainted with what had been *his* habits of life, and decided propensities, previous to my marriage, and during a time when his general proceedings must have been known to you (and indeed he made it clear that they *were* known), it was their opinion that in allowing any young woman to be united to him, and still more in endeavoring to smooth the apparent obstacles, you were

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in their situation the inference appears to me very natural, and their conduct not inconsistent, however concerned I may feel for some of the consequences.

"Pray do not think this unkind. It would perhaps have saved you some uncomfortable speculation, if I had been more explicit sooner. I trust that between *you and me* individually no explanations can be necessary.

"Yours most affec^ly,
"A. I. B."

73.—LORD BYRON'S STATEMENT.

[Murray MSS., and *Academy*, October 9, 1869.]

"It has been intimated to me, that the persons understood to be the legal advisers of Lady Byron, have declared 'their lips to be sealed up' on the cause of the separation between her and myself. If their lips are sealed up, they are not sealed up by me, and the greatest favour *they* can confer upon me will be to open them. From the first hour in which I was apprized of the intentions of the Noel family to the last communication between Lady Byron and myself in the character of wife and husband (a period of some months), I called repeatedly and in vain for a statement of their or her charges, and it was chiefly in consequence of Lady Byron's claiming (in a letter still existing) a promise on my part to consent to a separation if such was *really* her wish, that I consented at all; this claim and the exasperating and inexplicable manner in which their object was pursued, which rendered it next to an impossibility that two persons so divided could ever be re-united, induced me reluctantly then, and repentantly still, to sign the deed, which I shall be happy——most happy——to cancel, and go before any tribunal which may discuss the business in the most public manner.

"Mr. Hobhouse made this proposition on my part, viz., to abrogate all prior intentions——and go into Court——the very day before the separation was signed, and it was declined by the other party, as also the publication of the correspondence during the previous discussion. Those propositions I beg here to repeat, and to call upon her and hers to say their worst, pledging myself to meet their allegations——whatever they may be——and only too happy to be informed at last of their real nature.

"Byron.

"August 9, 1817.

"P.S., I have been, and am now, utterly ignorant of what description her allegations, charges, or whatever name they may have assumed, are; and am as little aware for what purpose they have been kept back——unless it was to sanction the most infamous calumnies by silence.

"Byron.

"La Mira, near Venice."

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CHAPTER XIII.

MAY—OCTOBER, 1816.

SWITZERLAND—*CHILDE HAROLD*, CANTO III.—*PRISONER OF CHILLON*—*MANFRED*.

597.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Bruxelles,[1] [Wednesday,] May 1st, 1816.

MY HEART,—We are detained here for some petty carriage repairs,[2] having come out of our way to

1. The two first stanzas of the verses on Waterloo, "Stop! for "thy tread is on an empire's dust" (*Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanzas xvii. and xviii.), were written at Brussels, after a visit to the field with Pryse Lockhart Gordon (*Personal Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. p. 325). Mrs. Gordon asked Byron to write some lines in her scrap-book. He "readily consented, saying, 'If she would trust him with "her book, he would insert a verse in it before he slept.' He "marched off with it under his arm, and next morning returned with "the two beautiful stanzas which were soon after published in his "third canto of *Childe Harold*."

"A few weeks after he had written them," continues Gordon (*ibid.*, p. 327), "the well-known artist, R. R. Reinagle, a friend of "mine, arrived in Brussels, when I invited him to dine with me, "and showed him the lines, requesting him to embellish them with "an appropriate vignette to the following passage:—

"'Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
Then tore, with bloody beak, the fatal plain,' etc., etc.

"Mr. Reinagle sketched with a pencil a spirited chained eagle, "grasping the earth with his talons.

"I had occasion to write to his Lordship, and mentioned having "got this clever artist to draw a vignette to his beautiful lines, and "the liberty he had taken by altering the action of the eagle. In "reply to this, he wrote to me: 'Reinagle is a better poet and a

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the Rhine on purpose, after passing through Ghent, Antwerp, and Mechlin. I have written to you twice,—

"better ornithologist than I am; eagles and all birds of prey "attack with their talons, and not with their beaks, and I have "altered the line thus—

"'Then tore, with bloody talon, the rent plain.

"This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice.'"

2. In the *Courier* for May 13, 1816, appeared the following paragraph:—

"The following is an extract from the *Dutch Mail*, dated Brussels, "May 8th:—'In the *Journal de Belgique*, of this date, is a petition "from a coachmaker at Brussels to the President of the Tribunal de "Premier Instance, stating that he has sold to Lord Byron a carriage, "etc., for 1882 francs, of which he has received 847 francs; but "that his Lordship, who is going away the same day, refuses to pay "him the remaining 1035 francs; he begs permission to seize the "carriage, etc. This being granted, he put it into the hands of a "proper officer, who went to signify the above to Lord Byron, and "was informed by the landlord of the hotel that his Lordship was "gone without having given him anything to pay the debt, on which "the officer seized a chaise belonging to his Lordship as security for "the amount."

"Lord Byron," says Pryse Gordon (*Personal Memoirs, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 328–330), "travelled in a huge coach, copied from the cele- "brated one of Napoleon taken at Genappe, with additions. Besides "a *lit de repos*, it contained a library, a plate-chest, and every "apparatus for dining." But he also bought a *calèche* at Brussels for his servants, and it was this carriage which broke down, and became the subject of dispute. Hobhouse, writing to Murray, May 22, 1816, says, "Let one of your young men write out the little "article below, and do you get it inserted in the *Courier*." The "little article" was as follows:—

"An article from the *Brussells Gazette*, published in a London "journal, having mentioned the seizure of a carriage belonging to "Lord Byron, in lieu of the purchase money of another carriage "bought by the noble Lord at that place, we have authority to "state that the difference between the fact, as represented in the "*Gazette*, and the real transaction is merely this: Instead of his "Lordship endeavouring to defraud the coachmaker of one thousand "francs, it was the coachmaker who unfairly procured from his "Lordship eight hundred, by taking that sum for a chariot which "Lord Byron was *to try* by a day's journey to Waterloo, which "broke down on that journey, and which, *together with the* 800 *francs*, "was left for the honest tradesman, who came to take by force what "was given to him voluntarily. His Lordship made no effort to "recover any portion of his 800 francs; but leaving him that sum "as an indemnity for a damage which it might cost the coachmaker

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once from Ostend, and again from Ghent. I hope most truly that you will receive my letters, not as important in themselves, but because you wish it, and so do I. It would be difficult for me to write anything amusing; this country has been so frequently described, and has so little for description, though a good deal for observation, that I know not what to say of it, and one don't like talking only of oneself. We saw at Antwerp the famous basons of Bonaparte for his navy, which are very superb—as all his undertakings were, and as for churches, and pictures, I have stared at them till my brains are like a guide-book:—the last (though it is heresy to say so) don't please me at all. I think Rubens a very great dauber, and prefer Vandyke a hundred times over (but then I know nothing about the matter). Rubens' women have all red gowns and red shoulders—to say nothing of necks, of which they are more liberal than charming; it may all be very fine, and I suppose it may be Art, for 'tis not Nature.

As the low Countries did not make part of my plan (except as a route), I feel a little anxious to get out of them. Level roads don't suit me, as thou knowest; it must be up hill or down, and then I am more *au fait*. Imagine to yourself a succession of avenues with a Dutch Spire at the end of each, and you see the road;—an accompaniment of highly cultivated farms on each side, intersected with small canals or ditches, and sprinkled with very neat and clean cottages, a village every two miles,—and you see the country; not a rise from Ostend to Antwerp—a molehill would make the inhabitants think

"no more than a hundred francs to repair, departed from Brussells "in a carriage purchased from an English traveller."

The matter is, of course, unimportant, except as an illustration of the feeling entertained against Byron by the press of the day.

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that the Alps had come here on a visit; it is a perpetuity of plain and an eternity of *pavement* (on the *road*), but it is a country of great apparent comfort, and of singular though *tame* beauty, and, were it not out of my way, I should like to survey it less cursorily. The towns are wonderfully fine. The approach to Brussels is beautiful, and there is a fine palace to the right in coming.[1]

598.—To John Murray.

Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I am thus far (kept by stress of weather) on my way back to Diodati[2] (near Geneva) from a

1. Here the sheet ends, and no more of the autograph is preserved.

2. On May 13 or 15, Shelley, Mary, their son William, and Jane Clairmont arrived at Dejean's Hotel d'Angleterre, at Sécheron, a suburb of Geneva, on the northern side of the lake. To the same hotel, on Saturday, May 25, came Byron. The two poets met for the first time. Both were enthusiastically fond of boating, and every evening went together on the lake. Moore (*Life*, p. 316) gives the following account, probably from Mrs. Shelley, of one of these evening excursions:—

"When the *bise* or north-east wind blows, the waters of the Lake "are driven towards the town, and with the stream of the Rhone, "which sets strongly in the same direction, combine to make a very "rapid current towards the harbour. Carelessly, one evening, we "had yielded to its course, till we found ourselves almost driven on "the piles; and it required all our rowers' strength to master the "tide. The waves were high and inspiriting—we were all animated "by our contest with the elements. 'I will sing you an Albanian "song,' cried Lord Byron; 'now, be sentimental and give me all "your attention.' It was a strange, wild howl that he gave forth; "but such as, he declared, was an exact imitation of the savage "Albanian mode—laughing, the while, at our disappointment, who "had expected a wild Eastern melody."

At the end of May the Shelleys moved to the Maison, or Campagne, Chapuis, or, as it was also called, the Campagne Mont-

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voyage in my boat round the Lake; and I enclose you a sprig of *Gibbon's Acacia* and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen. You will find honorable mention, in his *Life*, made of this "Acacia," when he walked out on the night of concluding his history.[1] The garden and *summer-house*, where he composed, are neglected, and the last utterly decayed; but they still show it as his "Cabinet," and seem perfectly aware of his memory.

My route through Flanders, and by the Rhine, to Switzerland, was all I expected, and more.

"and which is to me inextricably linked with his remembrance." On June 10 he also crossed to the southern shore, and took the Villa Diodati, standing above the lake, a few minutes' walk from the Campagne Chapuis. The villa was named after the theologian, Jean Diodati (1576–1649), with whom Milton stayed in 1639.

1. "It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, "1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the "last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After "laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered "walk of Acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the "lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was "serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, "and all Nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions "of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establish- "ment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober "melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken "my everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, "whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the "historian must be short and precarious."—Gibbon's *Autobiography*, ed. 1896, pp. 333, 334. It is a coincidence, whether accidental or designed, that Byron visited Gibbon's house, and wrote his letter to Murray, on the anniversary of the completion of Gibbon's work.

"The rain," writes Shelley to Peacock, July 12, 1816, "detained "us two days at Ouchy. We, however, visited Lausanne, and saw "Gibbon's house. We were shown the decayed summer-house "where he finished his *History*, and the old acacias on the terrace, "from where he saw Mont Blanc, after having written the last "sentence. There is something grand, and even touching, in the "regret which he expresses at the completion of his task."

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I have traversed all Rousseau's ground,[1] with the *Héloise* before me; and am struck, to a degree, with the force and accuracy of his descriptions and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little, because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp.

Three days ago, we were most nearly wrecked in a Squall off Meillerie,[2] and driven to shore. I ran

1. Byron, in his note to *Childe Harold*, Canto III. stanza xcix., quotes a passage from *Les Confessions* (livre iv. p. 306: Lyons, 1716): "Allez à Vevai—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, pro-"menez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau "pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais "ne les y cherchez pas." "It would be difficult," adds Byron, "to "see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Bôveret, "St. Gingo, Meillerie, Evian, and the entrances of the Rhone) "without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the "persons and events with which it has been peopled," etc.

At Vevey was born and educated Rousseau's patroness, Madame de Warens. Between Vevey and Chillon, above Clarens, was her country home, Bassets de Pury, with its view of Meillerie, St. Gingolph, and Bouveret. Close by are Chailly, her resort at the time of vintage, and the Château Les Crêtes, under the walls of which were the *bosquets de Julie*. At Evian she found a protector in Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy. To Meillerie the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar drives for shelter. Near the Castle of Chillon is the scene of the catastrophe of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, the spot where Julie saves her daughter, and, in so doing, contracts her fatal illness. It was at Annecy that Rousseau first saw Madame de Warens (1728), and at Les Charmettes, near Chambéry (1736–40), that he spent with her his idlest and happiest years. But the *Clef* at Vevey was one of his favourite haunts, and all the scenes of her earlier life were frequently visited by him. Among these scenes, inspired by his passion for Madame d'Houdetot, the sister of his second patroness, Madame d'Epinay, when living on the skirts of the forest of Montmorency, he laid the plot of *Julie, ou la Nouvelle Héloïse* (1760).

2. Byron and Shelley left Montalègre on June 23, and stayed the first night at Nerni, where the rooms reminded Byron of Greece; "it was five years, he said, since he had slept in such beds." The next day (June 24) they reached Evian, where they had some trouble with their passports; "but," says Shelley, "so soon as the Syndic "heard my companion's rank and name, he apologised for the "circumstance." From Evian they went to St. Gingoux (June 25);

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no risk, being so near the rocks, and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal, the wind was strong enough to blow down some trees, as we found at landing, however, all is righted and right, and we are thus far on return.

Dr. Polidori is not here, but at Diodati, left behind in hospital with a sprained ancle, acquired in tumbling from a wall—he can't jump.[1]

I shall be glad to hear you are well, and have received for me certain helms and swords, sent from Waterloo, which I rode over with pain and pleasure.

I have finished a third canto of *Childe Harold*

June 26 to Clarens and the Castle of Chillon; by Vevey (June 27) to Ouchy, where they were detained two days by the wet weather. On Saturday, June 30, they left Ouchy, and reached Montalègre on July 1. The storm, by which they were so nearly wrecked between Evian and St. Gingoux, is thus described by Shelley in the letter to Thomas Love Peacock, dated July 12, from which the above facts are quoted: "The wind gradually increased in violence, "until it blew tremendously; and as it came from the remotest "extremity of the lake, produced waves of a frightful height, and "covered the whole surface with a chaos of foam. One of our "boatmen, who was a dreadfully stupid fellow, persisted in holding "the sail at a time when the boat was on the point of being driven "under water by the hurricane. On discovering his error, he let it "entirely go, and the boat for a moment refused to obey the helm; "in addition, the rudder was so broken as to render the manage- "ment of it very difficult; one wave fell in, and then another. My "companion, an excellent swimmer, took off his coat, I did the "same, and we sat with our arms crossed, every instant expecting "to be swamped. The sail was, however, again held, the boat "obeyed the helm, and still in imminent peril from the immensity "of the waves, we arrived in a few minutes at a sheltered port, in "the village of St. Gingoux."—*An Account of Shelley's Visits to France, Switzerland, and Savoy*, by Charles I. Elton, pp. 161–173.

1. "Mrs. Shelley was, after a shower of rain, walking up the hill "to Diodati, when Byron, who saw her from his balcony where he "was standing with Polidori, said to the latter, 'Now, you who wish

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(consisting of one hundred and seventeen stanzas), longer than either of the two former, and in some parts, it may be, better; but of course on that *I* cannot determine. I shall send it by the first safe-looking opportunity.

Ever very truly yours,

B.

599.—To John Murray.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 22d, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote to you a few weeks ago, and Dr. P[olidori] received your letter; but the packet has not made its appearance, nor the epistle, of which you gave notice therein. I enclose you an advertisement,[1] which was copied by Dr. P[olidori], and which appears to be about the most impudent imposition that ever issued from Grub Street. I need hardly say that I know nothing of all this trash, nor whence it may spring,—"Odes to St. Helena,"—"Farewells to England," etc., etc.; and if it can be disavowed, or is worth disavowing, you have full authority to do so. I never wrote, nor conceived, a line on any thing of the kind, any more than of two other things with which I was saddled—something about "Gaul," and another about "Mrs. La Valette;" and as to the "Lily of *France*," I should as soon think of celebrating a turnip. On the "Morning of my

1. The following was the advertisement enclosed :—

"Neatly printed and hot-pressed, 2*s*. 6*d*.

"*Lord Byron's Farewell to England*, with Three other Poems—"*Ode to St. Helena, to My Daughter on the Morn of her Birth*, and "*to the Lily of France*.

"Printed by J. Johnston, Cheapside, 335, Oxford St.

"The above beautiful Poems will be read with the most lively 'interest, as it is probable they will be the last of the author's that "will appear in England."

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"Daughter's Birth," I had other things to think of than verses; and should never have dreamed of such an invention, till Mr. Johnston and his pamphlet's advertisement broke in upon me with a new light on the Crafts and subtilties of the Demon of printing,—or rather publishing.

I did hope that some succeeding lie would have superseded the thousand and one which were accumulated during last winter. I can forgive whatever may be said *of* or against me,—but not what they make me say or sing for myself. It is enough to answer for what I have written; but it were too much for Job himself to bear what one has not. I suspect that when the Arab Patriarch wished that his "Enemy had written "a book,"[1] he did not anticipate his own name on the title-page. I feel quite as much bored with this foolery as it deserves, and more than I should be, if I had not a headache.

Of *Glenarvon*,[2] Madame de Stael told me (ten days

1. "Oh . . . that mine adversary had written a book!"—*Job* xxxi. 35.

2. For a key to the characters in *Glenarvon*, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 137, *note*. "In one month," said Lady Caroline Lamb, "I wrote "and sent *Glenarvon* to the press. It was written at night, without "the knowledge of any one but a governess, Miss Walsh. I sent for "a copyist, and when he came she pointed to me seated at a table "and dressed in boy's clothes. He would not believe that a school-"boy could write such a thing. In a few days, I received him "dressed as usual. I told him the author, William Osmand, was "dead. When printed, I sent it to my husband, who was delighted "with it, and we became united just as the world thought we "were parted for ever" (Torrens, *Life of Lord Melbourne*, vol. i. p. 110).

In a letter to Murray, endorsed, but not dated, September, 1816, Lady Caroline Lamb writes, "Write to me, I entreat you, and "tell me if it is true you have paid so enormous a price for the new "poem, and also do tell me all you know of him. . . . Do you "ever read the *Augustan Review*? It is stupid, though it thinks me

ago, at Copet) marvellous and grievous things; but I have seen nothing of it but the Motto, which promises amiably "for us and for our tragedy."[1] If such be the posy, what should the ring be? "a name to all succeed-"ing,"[2] etc. The generous moment selected for the publication is probably its kindest accompaniment, and —truth to say—the time was well chosen. I have not even a guess at the contents, except from the very vague accounts I have heard, and I know but one thing which a woman can say to the purpose on such occasions, and that she might as well for her own sake keep to herself, which by the way they very rarely can—the old reproach against their admirers of "*Kiss* and *tell*," bad as it is, is surely somewhat less than—and publish.

I ought to be ashamed of the Egotism of this letter. It is not my fault altogether, and I shall be but too happy to drop the subject when others will allow me.

1. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."
Hamlet, act iii. sc. 2.

2. The mottoes varied with each edition. The motto of the first edition is—

"Disperato dolor, che il cor mi preme
Gia pur pensando, pria che ne farelle."

That of the second edition is from *The Corsair*—

"He left a name to all succeeding times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

That of the third edition is—

"Les passions sont les vents qui enflent les voiles du vaisseau; "elles le submergent quelquefois, mais sans elles il ne pourrait "voguer. Tout est dangereux ici-bas, et tout est necessaire."

"The Misses here," writes Mrs. Piozzi from Bath to Sir James

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I am in tolerable plight, and in my last letter told you what I had done in the way of all rhyme. I trust that you prosper, and that your authors are in good condition. I should suppose your Stud has received some increase, by what I hear. *Bertram*[1] must be a good horse; does he run next meeting? and does the *Quarterly* cover still at so much the mare and the groom? I hope you will beat the Row.

Yours alway, very truly,

B.

600.—To Samuel Rogers.

Diodati, near Geneva, July 29, 1816.

DEAR ROGERS,—Do you recollect a book Mathisson's *Letters*,[2] which you lent me, which I have still, and yet hope to return to your library? Well, I have encountered at Copet and elsewhere Gray's correspondent (in its appendix), that same Bonstetten,[3] to whom I lent the

1. "Last night," says the *Courier* for May 10, 1816, "presented "the rare phenomenon of a new and successful tragedy." Maturin's *Bertram, or The Castle of Aldobrand* was produced at Drury Lane, May 9, 1816. Kean played "Count Bertram;" Pope, "St Aldo-"brand;" in the part of "Imogine" Miss Somerville made her *début*. The prologue was by Hobhouse, the epilogue by George Lamb. "Maturin's T.," says Genest (*English Stage*, vol. viii. p. 533), "was published at the unprecedented price of 4*s*. and 6*d*., "which was a scandalous imposition on the public." Murray was the publisher, and the play reached its seventh edition in 1816.

2. Friedrich von Matthisson (1761–1831), an elegiac and descriptive poet. Sainte Beuve (*Causeries de Lundi*, vol. xiv. p. 430) says, "Nous avons un récit de ces mois de séjour à Cambridge, par Bon-"stetten, qui s'est plu à mettre en contraste le caractère mélancolique "de Gray avec la sérénité d'âme de son autre ami, le poëte allemand "Matthisson, qu'il posséda plus tard chez lui comme hôte en son "château de Nyon, dans le temps qu'il y était bailli." Gibbon

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translation of his correspondent's epistles for a few days; but all he could remember of Gray amounts to little, except that he was the most "melancholy and gentleman-"like" of all possible poets. Bonstetten himself is a fine and very lively old man, and much esteemed by his compatriots; he is also a *littérateur* of good repute, and all his friends have a mania of addressing to him volumes of letters—Mathisson, Müller[1] the historian, etc., etc. He is a good deal at Copet, where I have met him a few times. All there are well, except Rocca, who, I am sorry to say, looks in a very bad state of health; the Duchess seems grown taller, but as yet no rounder since her marriage. Schlegel[2] is in high force, and Madame as brilliant as ever.

Geneva, 1832) was a distinguished man of letters, who visited England in 1769, and was introduced by Norton Nicholls to Gray (*Correspondence of Mr. Gray with the Rev. Norton Nicholls*, ed. 1843, pp. 97, 98), who took a great liking to him, accompanied him to London in 1770, pointed out to him Dr. Johnson in the street, and put him on to the Dover coach on his way back to Switzerland. "At length, my dear sir, we have lost our poor de "Bonstetten. I packed him up with my own hands in the Dover "machine at four o'clock on Friday, 23 March," etc. (*ibid.*, p. 104). Sainte Beuve (*Causeries de Lundi*, vol. xiv. p. 429) says of Bonstetten's visit to England, "Il y contracta tout d'abord d'étroites "amitiés, y vit le grand monde, fut présenté à la Cour, et, ce qui "nous intéresse davantage, fut admis, à Cambridge, dans l'intimité "du charmant poëte Gray. 'Jamais,' disait-il, 'je n'ai vu personne "qui donnât autant que Gray l'idée d'un *gentleman* accompli.'"

1. Johann von Müller (1752–1809) wrote his *History of the Helvetic Confederation* between the years 1780 and 1795. His Works, published at Tübingen, in 28 vols. (1810–20), contain his correspondence with Bonstetten. Sainte Beuve (*Causeries de Lundi*, vol. xiv. p. 438), speaking of Bonstetten, says, "Il s'était lié, en "1773, d'une amitié fraternelle avec un jeune homme de sept ans "plus jeune que lui, destiné a une noble gloire, Jean de Müller, de "Schaffhouse, le prochain historien national de la Suisse. . . . "L'influence de Bonstetten sur son jeune ami fut salutaire et bien-"faisante; il contribua à le confirmer dans cette courageuse entre-"prise d'une Histoire de la Suisse."

2. August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1767–1845) lived principally at Coppet from 1804 to 1818, when he was appointed Professor of Literature at Bonn.

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I came here by the Netherlands and the Rhine route, and Basle, Berne, Morat, and Lausanne. I have circumnavigated the Lake, and shall go to Chamouni with the first fair weather; but really we have had lately such stupid mists, fogs, and perpetual density, that one would think Castlereagh had the Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Heaven also on his hands. I need say nothing to you of these parts, you having traversed them already. I do not think of Italy before September. I have read *Glenarvon*—

> "From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
> ——[1] by her love or libelled by her hate—"

and have also seen Ben. Constant's *Adolphe*,[2] and his preface, denying the real people; it is a work which leaves an unpleasant impression, but very consistent with the consequences of not being in love, which is, perhaps, as disagreeable as any thing, except being so. I doubt, however, whether all such *liens* (as he calls them) terminate so wretchedly as his hero and heroine's.

There is a third canto (a longer than either of the former) of *Childe Harold* finished, and some smaller things,—among them a story on the "Château de "Chillon;" I only wait a good opportunity to transmit them to the Grand Murray, who, I hope, flourishes.

1. "The dash," as Mr. Clayden says (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 228), "is Byron's own." The whole letter has been printed from the original. The lines are from Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, satire i. lines 83, 84.

2. Benjamin Constant de Rebecque (1757–1830) published his

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Where is Moore? Why an't he out? My love to him, and my perfect consideration and remembrances to all, particularly to Lord and Lady Holland, and to your Duchess of Somerset.[1]

Ever yours very truly,

B.

P.S.—I send you a *fac-simile*, a note of Bonstetten's, thinking you might like to see the hand of Gray's correspondent.

601.—To Madame De Staël.[2]

August 25th, 1816.

DEAR MADAM,—My letter is at your disposal, but it will be useless; it contains however the truth of my wishes and my feelings on that subject, and as they have been doubted, I am willing to put them to the proof. I will take my chance of finding you at home some morning in the ensuing week. I received the works of Mr. Schlegel,[3] which I presume is the book to which you allude, and will take great care of it. Your messenger waits, and I will not now take up more of your time than to assure you how much I am, ever and truly,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

BYRON.

1. Lady Charlotte Hamilton, first wife of Edward Adolphus, eleventh Duke of Somerset, died in 1827.

2. The original of this letter is in the possession of Professor Kölbing, who has published it in his valuable *Englische Studien*, vol. xxv. p. 148.

3. Probably his [illegible]

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602.—To John Hanson.

Geneva, August 28th, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter and the enclosed are safely arrived. Many thanks. Claughton, I doubt, will never be able to resume the purchase: I thought the reversion of Herford (?) was to set all smooth with him.

Pray do not forget to reinstate Joe Murray's *wages* and *board wages*. My sister tells me they are cut off; but I hope there is at least *rent enough* on the estate to defray his expenses—poor old man—and I particularly request that you will have the goodness to see to him. I shall not feel easy till I hear he is so.

Of "Mr. Bernard Byron"[1] (as he calls himself) I know nothing, nor ever heard from nor of such a person, nor can I conjecture his business with me. I once had a short correspondence (on literary subjects) with a Mr. *Bernard Barton*. Are you sure *that* is not the name? You had better write to him again, and say that "as you "and Mr. Dr Kinnaird act for me during my absence, all "business had best be addressed to one or both (if he "chuses) of you, or that, if, that is not convenient, letters "addressed to me here will find me or be forwarded." At any rate, write to him again for an explanation (if he has any) in case he should have business, though I know nothing of it nor of him.

Many thanks to you and yours for your kind enquiries. I am in tolerable health, and may perhaps be in England next spring, though, in my present state of affairs, I do

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can still address to this place. My residence is not in the town, but on the borders of the lake, in a very prettily situated country house.

When you see my daughter, tell me how she is and how she looks; but do not mention to me nor allude to any other branch of that family. I shall be very glad to hear from you. With best remembrances to you and yours, believe me,

Ever truly yours,

BYRON.

603.—To John Murray.

Diodati, August 28th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—The Manuscript (containing the third Canto of *Childe Harold*, the "Castle of Chillon," etc., etc.) is consigned to the care of my friend Mr. Shelley,[1] who

1. The following letter was written on the subject by Shelley to John Murray:—

"5, Abbey Church Yard, Bath, Octr 30, 1816.

"DEAR SIR,—I observe with surprise that you have announced "the appearance of *Childe Harold* and the *Prisoner of Chillon* for "so early a day as the 23^{d} of November. I should not do my duty "to Lord Byron, who entrusted me with the MSS. of his Poems, "if I did not remind you, that it was his particular desire that I "should revise the proofs before publication. When I had the "pleasure of seeing you in London, I think I stated his Lordship's "wishes on this subject to you, remarking at the same time that his "wishes did not arise from a persuasion that I should pay more "attention to its accuracy than any person whom you might select; "but because he communicated it to me immediately after com- "position, and did me the honour to entrust to my discretion, as "to whether certain particular expressions should be retained or "changed. All that was required, was that I should see the proofs "before they were finally committed to the press. I wrote to you, "some weeks since, to this purpose. I have not received any "answer.

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will deliver this letter along with it. Mr. Gifford will perhaps be kind enough to read it over. I know not well to whom to consign the correction of the proofs, nor indeed who would be good-natured enough to overlook it in its progress, as I feel very anxious that it should be published with as few *errata* as possible. Perhaps my friend Mr. Moore (if in town) would do this. If not, Mr. S. will take it on himself, and in any case he is authorised to act for me in treating with you, etc., etc., on this subject.

You talked of a letter, which was to be sent by you to me; but I have received none, before, or since, one by Mr. Browne. As that Gentleman returned by Brussels, which is the longest route, I declined troubling him with the care of this packet.

Believe me, very truly yours,

BYRON.

P.S.—There is in the volume—an epistle to Mrs. Leigh —on which I should wish her to have her opinion consulted—before the publication; if she objects, of course *omit* it.

I have been very glad to hear you are well, and well-doing, and that you stopped Master Cawthorne in his foolish attempts to republish the *E. B. and S. R.*—I wish you all good things.

"letter. Do me the favor of writing by return of Post, and inform-
"ing me what intelligence I am to give Lord Byron respecting the
"commission with which I was entrusted.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

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604.—To the Hon. Augusta Leigh.

Diodati, Geneva, Septr. 8th, 1816.

. . . I have been in some danger on the lake (near Meillerie), but nothing to speak of; and, as to all these "mistresses," Lord help me—I have had but one. Now don't scold; but what could I do?—a foolish girl,[1] in spite of all I could say or do, would come

1. Clara Mary Jane Clairmont (1798–1879), mother of Byron's daughter Allegra, born January 12, 1817, was the stepdaughter of William Godwin, and accompanied Shelley and Mary Godwin to Montalègre. Her letters to Byron (Appendix VII.) explain the beginning of their acquaintance.

Hobhouse writes as follows from Geneva, September 9, 1816, to Mrs. Leigh :—

"It is probable that Mr. Davies will arrive before this sheet of "coarse paper reaches you. If this interesting event should have "taken place, you will have already received the best and most "sincere remembrances that I am able to send to anybody, as also "some intelligence which I am sure must be very grateful, I will "not say a little surprising to you, namely, that your excellent "relative is living with the strictest attention to decorum, and free "from all offence, either to God, or man, or woman. The mischief-"making telescopes of some inquisitive moralists, employed, I believe, "by the host of the Inn, deserted when the Maison Diodati was "hired, were said to have discerned certain robes and flounces on "his Lordship's balcony, but I can assure you that the petticoats "are in the imagination of the spectator [rather] than in the actual "company of your belied brother, and that he has given no cause "for scandal, except in as much as those who do nothing give the "fairest scope to conjecture, and offer up their characters as a sort "of *carte blanche*, to be filled up by the ingenuity of the first person "who sets himself seriously down to so useful an employment.

"There was indeed, until a fortnight ago, a neighbouring gentle-"man who had two ladies living in his house under the Château "Diodati, and, as you may suppose, both and each of these woman-"kind, as Mr. Oldbuck calls them in the *Antiquary*, were most "liberally assigned to the person who was thought accustomed to "consider the care of such kind of appurtenances when superfluous "or neglected by their lawful owners. However this may have "been, and, although the days of Potiphar are over and gone, it "will be some comfort for you to know that this respectable château "was witness to no sort of disorder, and that neither Mr. Davies "or myself ever caught a glimpse of anything more suspicious than "a second Mrs. Muhle (if she so spells her name) who is the dame "Jacinthe of this residence. In sober sadness I can give you very

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after me, or rather went before—for I found her here —and I have had all the plague possible to persuade her to go back again; but at last she went. Now, dearest, I do most truly tell thee, that I could not help this, that I did all I could to prevent it, and have at last put an end to it. I was not in love, nor have any love left for any; but I could not exactly play the Stoic with a woman, who had scrambled eight hundred miles to unphilosophize me. Besides, I had been regaled of late with so many "two courses and a *desert*" (Alas!) of aversion, that I was fain to take a little love (if pressed particularly) by way of novelty. And now you know all that I know of that matter, and it's over. Pray write. I have heard nothing since your last, at least a month or five weeks ago. I go out very little, except into the *air*, and on journeys, and on the water, and to Copet, where

"good accounts from this place, both as to morals and other "material points. A considerable change has taken place in his "health; no brandy, no very late hours, no quarts of magnesia, "nor deluges of soda water. Neither passion nor perverseness, "even the scream has died away; he seems as happy as he ought "to be; by this of course you will see that I mean, as happy as it "is consistent for a man of honour and common feeling to be after "the occurrence of a calamity involving a charge, whether just or "unjust, against his honour and his feeling. It would be a great "injustice to suppose that he has dismissed the subject from his "thoughts, or indeed from his conversation upon any other motive "than that which the most bitter of his enemies would commend. "The uniformly tranquil and guarded manner shows the effort "which it is meant to hide. The novel made him rather indignant "than angry; he did not discover his portrait. Who would? When "you favor me with a line (which I hope you will do, addressed "'*aux soins de Messrs. Hentsch à Genève*'), I trust the news from "your Lowestoft correspondent will not be as bad as it was when I "last saw you. Pardon me, dear Mrs. Leigh, if I venture to "advise the strictest confinement to very *common* topics in all you

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Me de Staël[1] has been particularly kind and friendly towards me, and (I hear) fought battles without number in my very indifferent cause. It has (they say) made quite as much noise on this as the other side of *La Manche*. Heaven knows why—but I seem destined to set people by the ears.

Don't hate me, but believe me, ever yours most affectionately,

BYRON.

A JOURNAL.

Clarens, Septr 18th 1816.

Yesterday September 17th 1816—I set out (with H.[2]) on an excursion of some days to the Mountains. I shall keep a short journal of each day's progress for my Sister Augusta.

1. Moore quotes from Byron's account, given in his *Memoirs*, of a visit to Coppet, his remark upon the young Duchesse de Broglie, who seemed devoted to her husband, "Nothing was more pleasing "than to see the developement of the domestic affections in a very "young woman." Of her mother, Madame de Staël, he says in the same passage, "Madame de Staël was a good woman at heart "and the cleverest at bottom, but spoilt by a wish to be—she knew "not what. In her own house she was amiable; in any other "person's, you wished her gone and in her own again." In Madame Guiccioli's copy of *Corinne* Byron made the following note: "I knew Madame de Stael well—better than she knew "Italy; but I little thought that, one day, I should *think with* "*her thoughts*, in the country where she has laid the scene of her "most attractive production. She is sometimes right, and often "wrong, about Italy and England; but almost always true in "delineating the heart, which is of but one nation, and of no "country,—or, rather of all.

"BYRON.

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Septr 17th.

Rose at five; left Diodati about seven, in one of the country carriages (a Charaban), our servants on horseback: weather very fine; the Lake calm and clear; Mont Blanc and the Aiguille of Argentières both very distinct; the borders of the Lake beautiful. Reached Lausanne before Sunset; stopped and slept at Ouchy.[1]

H. went to dine with a Mr. Okeden. I remained at our Caravansera (though invited to the house of H.'s friend—too lazy or tired, or something else, to go), and wrote a letter to Augusta. Went to bed at nine—sheets damp: swore and stripped them off and flung them—Heaven knows where: wrapt myself up in the blankets, and slept like a child of a month's existence till 5 o'Clock of

Septr 18th.

Called by Berger (my Courier who acts as Valet for a day or two, the learned Fletcher being left in charge of Chattels at Diodati): got up. H. walked on before. A mile from Lausanne the road overflowed by the lake; got on horseback and rode till within a mile of Vevay. The Colt young, but went very well: overtook H., and resumed the carriage, which is an open one. Stopped at Vevay two hours (the *second* time I had visited it); walked to the church; view from the Churchyard superb; within it General Ludlow's[2] (the Regicide's) monument—

1. At the Hôtel de l'Ancre, now d'Angleterre.
2. Ludlow's monument in St. Martin's Church, Vevey, bears the

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Sept. 17th

Rose [illegible]; left Diodati about seven, in one of the country carriages (a Chamban), our servants on horseback: weather very fine; the Lake calm and clear; Mont Blanc and the Aiguille of Argentières both very distinct; the borders of the Lake beautiful. Reached L[illegible] before Sunset, stopped and slept at Ouchy[1].

H. went to dine with a Mr. Okeden. I remained at our Caravansera (though invited to the house of H.'s friend—too lazy or tired, or something else, to go), and wrote a letter to Augusta. Went to bed at nine—sheets damp: swore and stripped them off and flung them—Heaven knows where: wrapt myself up in the blankets, and slept like a child of a month's existence till 5 o'Clock.

Sept. 18th

[illegible] Berger (my Courier who acts as Valet for a day or two, the learned Fletcher being left in charge of Clermont at Diodati): got up. H. walked on before. A[illegible]om Lausanne the road overflowed by the lake; got on horseback and rode till within a mile of Vevay. [illegible]y young, but went very well. overtook H., and examined the carriage, which is an open one. Stopped at Vevay two hours (the *second* time I have visited it); walked to the church; view from the Churchyard; within it General Ludlow's[2] (the Regicide's) monument—

1. At the Hôtel de l'Ancre, now d'Angleterre.
2. Ludlow's monument in St. Martin's church. [illegible]

John Cam Hobhouse
afterwards Lord Broughton de Gyffard
from the miniature in the

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black marble—long inscription—Latin, but simple, particularly the latter part, in which his wife (Margaret de Thomas) records her long, her tried, and unshaken affection; he was an Exile *two and thirty years*—one of King's (Charles's) Judges—a fine fellow. I remember reading his memoirs in January 1815 (at Halnaby)—the first part of them very amusing, the latter less so: I little thought, at the time of their perusal by me, of seeing his tomb. Near him Broughton [1] (who read King Charles's

ordinis, Senatorisque Parliamenti, cujus quoque fuit ipse membrum, patrum stemmate clarus et nobilis, virtute propriâ nobilior, religione protestans et insigni pietate coruscus, ætatis anno xxii. tribunus militum, paulo post exercitus prætor primarius,
Tunc Hibernorum domitor,
In pugnâ intrepidus et vitæ prodigus, in victoriâ clemens et mansuetus, patriæ libertatis Defensor, et potestatis arbitrariæ propugnator acerrimus,
Cujus causâ ab eâdem patriâ xxxii. annis extorris, meliorique fortunâ dignus apud Helvetios se recepit; ibique ætatis anno lxxiii. moriens omnibus sui desiderium relinquens, sedes æternas Lætus advolavit.
Hocce Monumentum, in perpetuam veræ et sinceræ erga Maritum defunctum amicitiæ memoriam, dicat et vovet Domina Elizabeth de Thomas ejus strenua et mæstissima, tam in infortuniis quam in matrimonio consors dilectissima,
quæ animi magnitudine et
vi amoris conjugalis mota eum in exilium ad obitum usque constanter secuta est
Anno Dom. 1693."

1. Broughton's epitaph runs as follows:—

"Depositorium
ANDREÆ BROUGHTON, armigeri
Anglicani Maydstonensis
Comitatu Cantii
Ubi bis Prætor Urbanus
Dignatusque etiam fuit sententiam Regis Regi profari.
Quam ob causam expulsus patriâ suâ,
peregrinatione ejus finitâ
solo senectutis morbo affectus
requiescens a laboribus suis
in Domino obdormivit
23 die Feb.: Anno Dom. 1687
Ætatis suæ 84."

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sentence to Charles Stuart) is buried, with a queer and rather canting, but still a Republican, epitaph. Ludlow's house shown; it retains still his inscription—*Omne Solum forti patria.* Walked down to the Lake side; servants, Carriage, saddle horses—all set off and left us *plantés là*, by some mistake; and we walked on after them towards Clarens: H. ran on before, and overtook them at last. Arrived the second time (1st time was by water) at Clarens, beautiful Clarens! Went to Chillon through Scenery worthy of I know not whom; went over the Castle of Chillon again. On our return met an English party in a carriage; a lady in it fast asleep!—fast asleep in the most anti-narcotic spot in the world—excellent! I remember, at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party "did you ever see any thing "more *rural?*"—as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes,—"*Rural!*" quotha!—Rocks, pines, torrents, Glaciers, Clouds, and Summits of eternal snow far above them—and "*Rural!*" I did not know the thus exclaiming fair one, but she was a very good kind of a woman.

After a slight and short dinner, we visited the Chateau de Clarens; an English woman has rented it recently (it was not let when I saw it first): the roses are gone with their Summer; the family out, but the servants desired us to walk over the interior of the mansion. Saw on the table of the saloon Blair's sermons and somebody else's (I forget who's) sermons and a set of noisy children

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herself. Went again as far as Chillon to revisit the little torrent from the hill behind it. Sunset reflected in the lake. Have to get up at 5 tomorrow to cross the mountains on horseback—carriage to be sent round; lodged at my old Cottage[1]—hospitable and comfortable; tired with a longish ride on the Colt, and the subsequent jolting of the Charaban, and my scramble in the hot sun. Shall go to bed, thinking of you, dearest Augusta.

Mem. The Corporal who showed the wonders of Chillon was as drunk as Blucher,[2] and (to my mind) as great a man. He was *deaf* also, and thinking every one else so, roared out the legends of the Castle so fearfully that H. got out of humour. However, we saw all things from the Gallows to the Dungeons (the *Potence* and the *Cachots*), and returned to Clarens with more freedom than belonged to the 15th Century.

Sept! 19th.

At Clarens—the only book (except the Bible), a translation of "*Cecilia*" (Miss Burney's *Cecilia*); and the owner of the Cottage had also called her dog (a fat Pug ten years old, and hideous as *Tip*) after Cecilia's (or rather Delville's) dog, Fidde.

Rose at five: order the carriage round. Crossed the mountains to Montbovon[3] on horseback, and on Mules, and, by dint of scrambling, on foot also; the whole route beautiful as a Dream, and now to me almost as indistinct. I am so tired; for though healthy, I have not the strength

1. Byron's room in the cottage at Clarens is still shown.
2. Compare p. 93, *note* 1.
3. Crossing the Col de Jaman, breakfasting at Les Avants, Byron and his friend left their horses by the Lac de Jaman. Thence Hobhouse ascended the Dent de Jaman. The *auberge* at Montbovon, where the party slept, has ceased to be an inn, though it is still marked by a sign.

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I possessed but a few years ago. At Mont Davant we breakfasted; afterwards, on a steep ascent dismounted, tumbled down, and cut a finger open; the baggage also got loose and fell down a ravine, till stopped by a large tree: swore; recovered baggage: horse tired and dropping; mounted Mule. At the approach of the summit of Dent Jamant dismounted again with H. and all the party. Arrived at a lake in the very nipple of the bosom of the Mountain; left our quadrupeds with a Shepherd, and ascended further; came to some snow in patches, upon which my forehead's perspiration fell like rain, making the same dints as in a sieve: the chill of the wind and the snow turned me giddy, but I scrambled on and upwards. *H.* went to the highest *pinnacle;* I did not, but paused within a few yards (at an opening of the Cliff). In coming down, the Guide tumbled three times; I fell a laughing, and tumbled too—the descent luckily soft, though steep and slippery: H. also fell, but nobody hurt. The whole of the Mountain superb. A Shepherd on a very steep and high cliff playing upon his *pipe;* very different from *Arcadia*, (where I saw the pastors with a long Musquet instead of a Crook, and pistols in their Girdles). Our Swiss Shepherd's pipe was sweet, and his tune agreeable. Saw a cow strayed; am told that they often break their necks on and over the crags. Descended to Montbovon; pretty scraggy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge. H. went to fish—caught one. Our carriage not come; our horses, mules, etc., knocked up; ourselves fatigued; but so much the better—I shall sleep.

The view from the highest points of to-day's journey comprized on one side the greatest part of Lake Leman; on the other, the valleys and mountains of the Canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the Lakes of

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Neuchâtel and Morat, and all which the borders of these and of the Lake of Geneva inherit: we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with Alps in plenty. In passing a ravine, the Guide recommended strenuously a quickening of pace, as the Stones fall with great rapidity and occasional damage: the advice is excellent, but, like most good advice, impracticable, the road being so rough in this precise point, that neither mules, nor mankind, nor horses, can make any violent progress. Passed without fractures or menace thereof.

The music of the Cows' bells (for their wealth, like the Patriarchs', is cattle) in the pastures, (which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain), and the Shepherds' shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds where the steeps appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence:[1] —much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we are a little too much of the sabre and musquet order; and if there is a Crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other:—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal: the effect I cannot describe. As we went, they played the "Ranz des "Vaches" and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeopled my mind with Nature.

Sept.r 20th.

Up at 6. Off at 8. The whole of this day's journey at an average of between from two thousand seven

1. "Hark! the note,
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes."

Manfred, act i. sc. 2.

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hundred to three thousand feet above the level of the Sea. This valley,[1] the longest, narrowest, and considered one of the finest of the Alps, little traversed by travellers. Saw the bridge of La Roche. The bed of the river very low and deep, between immense rocks, and rapid as anger; —a man and mule said to have tumbled over without damage (the mule was lucky at any rate: unless I knew the *man*, I should be loth to pronounce *him* fortunate). The people looked free, and happy, and *rich* (which last implies neither of the former): the cows superb; a Bull nearly leapt into the Charaban—"agreeable companion "in a post-chaise;" Goats and Sheep very thriving. A mountain with enormous Glaciers to the right—the Kletsgerberg; further on, the Hockthorn—nice names—so soft!—Hockthorn, I believe, very lofty and craggy, patched with snow only; no Glaciers on it, but some good epaulettes of clouds.

Passed the boundaries, out of Vaud and into Bern Canton; French exchanged for a bad German; the district famous for Cheese, liberty, property, and no taxes. H. went to fish—caught none. Strolled to river: saw boy and kid; kid followed him like a dog; kid could not get over a fence, and bleated piteously; tried myself to help kid, but nearly overset both self and kid into the river. Arrived here about six in the evening. Nine o'clock—going to bed. H. in next room knocked his head against the door, and exclaimed of course against doors; not tired to-day, but hope to sleep nevertheless. Women gabbling below: read a French translation of Schiller. Good Night, Dearest Augusta.

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Septr 21st

Off early. The valley of Simmenthal as before. Entrance to the plain of Thoun[1] very narrow; high rocks, wooded to the top; river; new mountains, with fine Glaciers. Lake of Thoun; extensive plain with a girdle of Alps. Walked down to the Chateau de Schadau; view along the lake: crossed the river in a boat rowed by women: *women* went right for the first time in my recollection. Thoun a very pretty town. The whole day's journey Alpine and proud.

Septr 22^d

Left Thoun[2] in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small; but the banks fine: rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Neuhause; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception. Passed a rock; inscription—2 brothers—one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings came to an enormous rock. Girl with fruit—very pretty; blue eyes, good teeth, very fair: long but good features—reminded me rather of F^y. Bought some of her pears, and patted her upon the cheek; the expression of her face very mild, but good, and not at all coquettish. Arrived at the foot of the Mountain (the Yung frau, *i.e.* the Maiden); Glaciers; torrents; one of these torrents *nine hundred feet* in height of visible descent. Lodge at the Curate's. Set out to see the

1. From Zweisimmen to Thun is twenty-five miles. The modern Castle of Schadau is at the western end of the lake of Thun, on the southern shore, near the mouth of the Aar.

2. From Neuhaus, at the Interlaken end of the Lake of Thun, Byron went by Lauterbrunnen to the Staubbach. The curate's house is still standing.

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Valley; heard an Avalanche fall, like thunder; saw Glacier—enormous. Storm came on, thunder, lightning, hail; all in perfection, and beautiful. I was on horseback; Guide wanted to carry my cane; I was going to give it him, when I recollected that it was a Swordstick, and I thought the lightning might be attracted towards him; kept it myself; a good deal encumbered with it, and my cloak, as it was too heavy for a whip, and the horse was stupid, and stood still with every other peal. Got in, not very wet; the Cloak being staunch. H. wet through; H. took refuge in cottage; sent man, umbrella, and cloak (from the Curate's when I arrived) after him. Swiss Curate's house very good indeed,—much better than most English Vicarages. It is immediately opposite the torrent I spoke of. The torrent is in shape curving over the rock, like the *tail* of a white horse streaming in the wind, such as it might be conceived would be that of the "*pale* horse" on which *Death* is mounted in the Apocalypse.[1] It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; it's immense height (nine hundred feet) gives it a wave, a curve, a spreading here, a condensation there, wonderful and indescribable. I think, upon the whole, that this day has been better than any of this present excursion.

[1] "It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column,
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death
As told in the Apocalypse."

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Sept. 23d

Before ascending the mountain,[1] went to the torrent (7 in the morning) again; the Sun upon it forming a *rainbow* of the lower part of all colours, but principally purple and gold; the bow moving as you move; I never saw any thing like this; it is only in the Sunshine. Ascended the Wengen Mountain; at noon reached a valley on the summit; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit, 7000 feet (English feet) above the level of the *sea*, and about 5000 above the valley we left in the morning. On one side, our view comprized the *Yung frau*, with all her glaciers; then the *Dent d'Argent*, shining like truth; then the *little Giant* (the Kleiner Eigher); and the great Giant (the Grosser Eigher), and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of Jungfrau is 13,000 feet above the sea, 11,000 above the valley; she is the highest of this range. Heard the Avalanches falling every five minutes nearly—as if God was pelting the Devil down from Heaven with snow balls. From where we stood, on the *Wengen* Alp, we had all these in view on one side: on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices like the foam of the Ocean of Hell, during a Springtide—it was white, and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance.[2] The side we ascended was (of course) not

1. From Staubbach and the Lauterbrunnen Thal, Byron ascended the Wengern Alp, and then made his way to Grindelwald.

2. "Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live;

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of so precipitous a nature; but on arriving at the summit, we looked down the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which we stood (these crags on one side quite perpendicular). Staid a quarter of an hour; began to descend; quite clear from cloud on that side of the mountain. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted H. with it.

Got down to our horses again; eat something; remounted; heard the Avalanches still; came to a morass; H. dismounted; H. got over well: I tried to pass my horse over; the horse sunk up [to] the chin, and of course he and I were in the mud together; bemired all over, but not hurt; laughed, and rode on. Arrived at the Grindenwald; dined, mounted again, and rode to the higher Glacier—twilight, but distinct—very fine Glacier, like *a frozen hurricane*.[1] Starlight, beautiful, but a devil of a path! Never mind, got safe in; a little lightning; but the whole of the day as fine in point of weather as the day on which Paradise was made. Passed *whole woods of withered pines, all withered;* trunks stripped and barkless, branches lifeless; done by a single winter,[2]—their appearance reminded me of me and my family.

Septr 24th

Set out at seven; up at five.[3] Passed the black Glacier, the Mountain Wetterhorn on the right; crossed

1. "O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,

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the Scheideck mountain; came to the *Rose* Glacier, said to be the largest and finest in Switzerland. *I* think the Bossons Glacier at Chamouni as fine; H. does not. Came to the Reichenback waterfall, two hundred feet high; halted to rest the horses. Arrived in the valley of Oberhasli; rain came on; drenched a little; only 4 hours' rain, however, in 8 days. Came to Lake of Brientz, then to town of Brientz; changed. H. hurt his head against door. In the evening, four Swiss Peasant Girls of Oberhasli came and sang the airs of their country; two of the voices beautiful—the tunes also: they sing too that *Tyrolese air* and song which you love, Augusta, because I love it—and I love, because you love it; they are still singing. Dearest, you do not know how I should have liked this, were you with me. The airs are so wild and original, and at the same time of great sweetness. The singing is over: but below stairs I hear the notes of a Fiddle, which bode no good to my night's rest. The *Lard* help us—I shall go down and see the dancing.

Sept[r] 25th

The whole town of Brientz were apparently gathered together in the rooms below; pretty music and excellent Waltzing; none but peasants; the dancing much better than in England; the English can't Waltz, never could, nor ever will. One man with his pipe in his mouth, but danced as well as the others; some other dances in pairs and in fours, and very good. I went to bed, but the revelry continued below late and early. Brientz but a village. Rose early. Embarked on the Lake of Brientz, rowed by the women in a long boat (one very young and

Falls of the Reichenbach, and Meiringen in the vale of Hasli, Byron reached Brientz.

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very pretty—seated myself by her, and began to row also): presently we put to shore, and another woman jumped in. It seems it is the custom here for the boats to be *manned by women:* for of five men and three women in our bark, all the women took an oar, and but one man.

Got to Interlachen in three hours; pretty lake, not so large as that of Thoun. Dined at Interlachen. Girl gave me some flowers, and made me a speech in German, of which I know nothing: I do not know whether the speech was pretty, but as the woman was, I hope so. Saw another—very pretty too, and tall, which I prefer: I hate short women, for more reasons than one. Re-embarked on the Lake of Thoun; fell asleep part of the way: sent our horses round; found people on the shore, blowing up a rock with gunpowder: they blew it up near our boat, only telling us a minute before;—mere stupidity, but they might have broke our noddles. Got to Thoun in the Evening: the weather has been tolerable the whole day; but as the wild part of our tour is finished, it don't matter to us: in all the desirable part, we have been most lucky in warmth and clearness of Atmosphere, for which "Praise we the Lord!!"

Septr 26th

Being out of the mountains, my journal must be as flat as my journey. From Thoun to Bern, good road, hedges, villages, industry, property, and all sorts of tokens of insipid civilization. From Bern to Fribourg; different

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signifies "*Short-tail*:" he is apparently of the Shepherd dog genus! The greater part of this tour has been on horseback, on foot, and on mule.

The Filly (which is one of two young horses I bought of the Baron de Vincy), carried me very well: she is young and as quiet as any thing of her sex can be—very good tempered, and perpetually neighing when she wants any thing, which is every five minutes. I have called her *Biche*, because her manners are not unlike a little dog's; but she is a very tame pretty childish quadruped.

Septr 28th

Saw the tree planted in honour of the battle of Morat;[1] 340 years old; a good deal decayed. Left Fribourg, but first saw the Cathedral; high tower. Overtook the baggage of the Nuns of La Trappe, who are removing to Normandy from their late abode in the Canton of Fribourg; afterwards a coach, with a quantity of Nuns in it—Nuns old. Proceeded along the banks of the Lake of Neufchatel; very pleasing and soft, but not so mountainous—at least, the Jura, not appearing so, after the Bernese Alps. Reached Yverdun in the dusk; a long line of large trees on the border of the lake—fine and sombre: the Auberge nearly full—a German—with princess and suite; got rooms.

We hope to reach Diodati the day after tomorrow, and I wish for a letter from you, my own dearest Sis. May your sleep be soft, and your dreams of me. I am going to bed—good night.

1. In front of the Rathhaus at Fribourg is the trunk of a lime tree, planted, according to tradition, to commemorate the Battle of Morat (June 22, 1476, in which the Swiss defeated Charles the Bold) and the patriotism of a young native of the town, who died with the news of "Victory" on his lips.

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Septr 29th

Passed through a fine and flourishing country, but not mountainous. In the evening reached Aubonne (the entrance and bridge something like that of Durham), which commands by far the fairest view of the Lake of Geneva; twilight; the Moon on the Lake; a grove on the height, and of very noble trees. Here Tavernier [1] (the Eastern traveller) bought (or built) the Chateau, because the site resembled and equalled that of *Erivan*, (a frontier city of Persia); here he finished his voyages, and I this little excursion,—for I am within a few hours of Diodati, and have little more to see, and no more to say.

In the weather for this tour (of 13 days), I have been very fortunate—fortunate in a companion (Mr. He.)—fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of Nature and an admirer of Beauty. I can bear fatigue and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this—the recollections of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, have preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the Shepherd, the crashing of the Avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the Glacier, the Forest, nor the Cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity in the majesty, and the power, and the Glory, around, above, and beneath me.

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I am past reproaches; and there is a time for all things. I am past the wish of vengeance, and I know of none like for what I have suffered; but the hour will come, when what I feel must be felt, and the—but enough.

To you, dearest Augusta, I send, and *for* you I have kept this record of what I have seen and felt. Love me as you are beloved by me.

605.—To John Murray.

Diodati, Sept. 29th, 1816.

My dear Sir,—I am very much flattered by Mr. Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which much of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, I fixed *none*, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, and Mr. Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr. K. perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional;* and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by *yourself.* I hope this is fair. In every thing of this kind there must be risk; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

The Monody[1] was written by request of Mr. K.

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for the theatre. I did as well as I could; but where I have not my choice I pretend to answer for nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindenwald, and the Jung-frau, and stood on the summit of the Wengeren Alp, and seen torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and Glaciers of all dimensions: we have heard Shepherds' pipes, and Avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us, like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago: but (though Mont Blanc is higher), it is not equal in wildness to the Jung-frau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers.

We set off for Italy next week. The road is within this month infested with Bandits, but we must take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

Ever yours very truly,

BYRON.

P.S.—My best remembrances to Mr. G[ifford]. Pray say all that can be said from me to him.

I am sorry that Mr. M. did not like Phillips's picture. I thought it was reckoned a good one. If he had made the speech on the original, perhaps he would have been more readily forgiven by the proprietor and the painter of the portrait. Do not forget to consult Mrs. Leigh[1] on the lines to her; they must not be

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606.—To John Murray.

Diodati, Sept. 30, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I answered your obliging letters yesterday: to-day the "Monody" arrived with its *title* page, which is, I presume, a separate publication. "The "request of a Friend:"—

"Obliged by Hunger and request of friends."[1]

I will request you to expunge that same, unless you please to add, "by a person of quality, or of wit and "honour about town." Merely say, "written to be "spoken at D[rury] L[ane]." To-morrow I dine at *Copet*. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening, on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking, and struck me so violently on one of my legs (the *worst*, luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing, viz. to *faint*—a downright swoon; the thing must have jarred some nerve or other, for the bone is not injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and cost Mr. H. some apprehension

"of the arrival of the Canto, and *some lines addressed to me, which* "*were to be published or not as I liked*, I answered, instinctively "almost—'Whatever is addressed to me do *not* publish.' I felt so "forcibly that such things could only serve to *me faire valoir aux* "*dépens de sa Femme*—besides 1000 other reasons, which I can better "explain whenever I have the pleasure of seeing you. . . . *You* "must know how I have suffered in the late melancholy proceedings. "I have, I can truly say, felt for *both*, and done my utmost and, "to the best of my judgement, all I could, and such reflections must "be my only consolation. Yet I am so afraid of *his* being hurt." Finally Mrs. Leigh (November 8) writes to Murray as follows: "After reflecting on every possibility and probability, I *do* think "the *least objectionable* line will be to *let them be published*, for, "perhaps, on the other hand, considering his positive commands to "you and a good many other etcæteras, he might be provoked into "something worse,—representing me as a *Victim* of *slander* and "*bitterness* to the *other party*, and in short I hope I decide for the "*best*."

1. Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: Prologue to the Satires*, line 44.

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and much sprinkling of water to recover me. The sensation was a very odd one: I never had but two such before, once from a cut on the head from a stone, several years ago—and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of gray giddiness first, then nothingness, and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover. The last part is not disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

You want the original MSS. Mr. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have the rough composition here, and will send or save it for you, since you wish it.

With regard to your new literary project,[1] if any thing falls in the way which will, to the best of my judgement, suit you, I will send you what I can. At present I must lay by a little, having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. Italy or Dalmatia and another summer may, or may not, see me off again. I have no plans, and am nearly as indifferent what may come as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans' *Restoration*,[2] *etc.*, with me; it is a good poem—very.

Pray repeat my best thanks and remembrances to Mr. Gifford for all his trouble and good nature towards me.

Do not fancy me laid up, from the beginning of this

1. Murray, writing to Byron, September 20, 1816, had said, "I "am thinking more seriously than ever of publishing a new monthly "literary journal, and am promised the contributions of the greatest "characters here. If I succeed, I will venture to solicit the favour "of your powerful assistance in the shape of letters, essays, characters, "facts, travels, epigrams, and other—to you—small shot."

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scrawl. I tell you the accident for want of better to say; but it is over, and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me.

I have lately been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes. I think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni, which I visited some time before. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it: of this tour I kept a short journal for Mrs. Leigh, which I sent yesterday in three letters. It is not at all for perusal; but if you like to hear about the romantic part, she will, I dare say, show you what touches upon the rocks, etc., but it has not—nor can have anything to do with publication.

"Christabel"—I won't have any one sneer at "Christabel:" it is a fine wild poem.

Mr. H. tells me you employed the power of Attorney to some purpose against Cawthorn;—he deserved no better and had fair notice. I regret having made any one suffer, but it was his own choice. Keep a watch over him still.

Madame de Stael wishes to see the *Antiquary*,[1] and I am going to take it to her to-morrow. She has made Copet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.

Yours ever, and truly,

B.

607.—To John Murray.

Diodati, Oct. 5th, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I have received a letter from Mrs. L[eigh] in which she tells me that she has decided on

1. *The Antiquary*, by the author of *Waverley*, was published in 1816.

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the omission of the lines entitled "an Epistle, etc." Upon this point her option will be followed. You will of course remember that these lines are the only ones in the volume which I will allow to be omitted, and that the "Monody on S." is to be included in the publication, and inserted with the rest. As I have no copy of the "Epistle to Mrs. L." I request that you will preserve one for me in MS., for I never can remember a line of that nor any other composition of mine. I am a good deal surprized that Mr. Davies has not arrived; he has several small commissions—amongst others the original (fair copy) MS. of the volume you have received. The rough original I have sent this morning to my Banker's (Mr. Hentsch of Geneva), who will forward it by Mr. S[t] Aubyn to England. It is in a box containing letters, etc., and addressed to Mrs. Leigh at her house in the country. The parcel containing the *Morat Bones* is addressed to you; take care of them for me. Recollect, do not omit a line of the MS. sent you except "The "Epistle." It is too late for me to start at Shadows.

If you like to have the originals, Mrs. L. will, I dare-say, send them to you; they are all in the box.

Tomorrow I am for Italy, Milan first; address to Geneva. I do not want to see proofs, if Mr. G[ifford] will have the goodness to look over them. I have written to you twice.

Yours, in haste, ever truly,

B.

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Ragusa and a Prince of—, I forget the name,—but it was of fifty consonants,—German of course,—there; both very worthy and pleasing personages. I have read the last *E.R.*[1] They are very severe on the Germans—and their Idol Goethe. I have also read Wedderburn Webster, and *Ilderim*, and the Pamphleteer.

608.—To John Murray.

Diodati, Oct. 5, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—Save me a copy of Buck's *Richard III.*[2] republished by Longman; but do not send out more books,—I have too many.

The "Monody" is in too many paragraphs, which makes it unintelligible to me; if any one else understands it in the present form, they are wiser: however—as it cannot be rectified till my return, and has been already published, even publish it on in the collection—it will fill up the place of the omitted epistle.

Strike out "by request of a friend," which is sad trash, and must have been done to make it ridiculous.

Be careful in the printing the stanzas beginning

"Though the day of my destiny," etc.

which I think well of as a composition.

The Antiquary[3] is not the best of the three, but much above all the last twenty years, saving its elder brothers.

1. A review of Goethe's *Aus meinem Leben, Dichtung und Wahrheit*, appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* for June, 1816.

2. Sir George Buc's *History of the Life and Reigne of Richard the Third* was originally published, in 1646, as the work of "George "Buck, Esq." Sir George, knighted in 1603, was Master of the Revels, and licenser of plays from 1610 to 1622, and previously, from at least as early as 1606, he had acted as his predecessor's deputy. He died in 1623.

3. *The Antiquary*, published in 1816, was preceded by *Waverley* (1814) and *Guy Mannering* (1815).

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Holcroft's *Memoirs*[1] are valuable as showing strength of endurance in the man, which is worth more than all the talent in the world.

And so you have been publishing *Margaret of Anjou*[2] and an Assyrian tale,[3] and refusing W. W.'s *Waterloo*,[4] and the *Hue and Cry*. I know not which most to admire, your rejections or acceptances. I believe that *prose* is, after all, the most reputable, for certes, if one could foresee—but I won't go on—that is, with this sentence; but poetry is, I fear, incurable. God help me! if I proceed in this scribbling, I shall have frittered away my mind before I am thirty; but it is at times a real relief to me. For the present—good evening.

Yours ever truly,

B.

1. Thomas Holcroft (1745–1809), the son of a shoemaker who turned pedlar, was himself a stable-boy at Newmarket, a cobbler, a schoolmaster at Liverpool, again a cobbler, a contributor to the *Whitehall Evening Post* and the *Annual Register*, a prompter at a Dublin Theatre (1770–71), a strolling actor (1771–78). In the latter year he joined the Drury Lane Company, and produced his first play, *The Crisis, or Love and Famine*, May 1, 1778. His ability, industry, and tenacity of purpose enabled him to acquire sufficient knowledge of French, German, and Italian to translate from all three languages, and to succeed as a dramatist, novelist, and translator. His most successful play was *The Road to Ruin*, produced at Covent Garden, February 18, 1792. The first of his novels, *Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian* (1780), is in part autobiographical. Among his most successful translations were *Tales of the Castle* (1785) from *Les Veillées du Château* by Madame de Genlis, and *The Life of Baron Frederic Trenck* (1788) from the German. An ardent supporter of the principles of the French Revolution, he was a member of the "Society for Constitutional Information," was indicted for high treason in October, 1794, confined for two months

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CHAPTER XIV.

OCTOBER—NOVEMBER, 1816.

SIMPLON—MILAN—VERONA.

609.—To John Murray.

Martigny, October 9, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—Thus far on my way to Italy. We have just passed the "Pisse-Vache" (one of the finest torrents in Switzerland) in time to view the Iris which the Sun flings along it before Noon.

I have written to you twice lately. Mr. Davies, I hear, is arrived. He brings the original MS. which you wished to see. Recollect that the printing is to be from that which Mr. Shelley brought; and recollect, also, that the concluding stanzas of *Childe Harold* (those to my *daughter*) which I had not made up my mind whether to publish or not when they were *first* written (as you will see marked on the margin of the first copy), I had (and have) fully determined to publish with the rest of the Canto, as in the copy which you received by Mr. Shelley, before I sent it to England.

Our weather is very fine, which is more than the Summer has been.—At Milan I shall expect to hear

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I write these few lines in case my other letter should not reach you; I trust one of them will.

Yours ever truly,

B.

P.S.—My best respects and regards to Mr. Gifford. Will you tell him it may perhaps be as well to put a short note to that part relating to *Clarens*, merely to say, that of course the description does not refer to that particular spot so much as to the *command* of scenery round it? I do not know that this is necessary, and leave it to Mr. G.'s choice—as my Editor,—if he will allow me to call him so at this distance.

610.—To John Murray.

Milan,[1] October 15, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I hear that Mr. Davies has arrived in England,—but that of some letters, etc., committed to his care by Mr. H., only *half* have been delivered. This intelligence naturally makes me feel a little anxious for mine, and amongst them for the MS., which I wished to have compared with the one sent by me through the hands of Mr. Shelley. I trust that *it* has arrived safely,—and indeed not less so, that some little chrystals, etc., from Mont Blanc, for my daughter and my nieces, have reached their address. Pray have the goodness to ascertain from Mr. Davies that no accident (by custom-house—or loss) has befallen them, and satisfy me on this point at your earliest convenience.

If I recollect rightly, you told me that Mr. Gifford

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had kindly undertaken to correct the press (at my request) during my absence—at least I hope so. It will add to my many obligations to that gentleman.

I wrote to you, on my way here, a short note, dated Martinach [*sic*]. Mr. Hobhouse and myself arrived here a few days ago, by the Simplon and Lago Maggiore route. Of course we visited the Borromean Islands, which are fine, but too artificial. The Simplon is magnificent in its nature and its art,—both God and man have done wonders,—to say nothing of the Devil, who must certainly have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines through and over which the works are carried.

Milan is striking—the cathedral superb. The city altogether reminds me of Seville, but a little inferior. We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on the road, near the frontier, against some "many worthy "fellows (*i. e.* felons) that were out," [1] and had ransacked some preceding travellers, a few weeks ago, near Sesto.—or *C*esto, I forget which,—of cash and raiment, besides putting them in bodily fear, and lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of a courier belonging to Mr. Hope. But we were not molested, and I do not think in any danger,—except of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming whenever we saw an old house, or an ill-looking thicket, and now and then suspecting the "true men," who have very much the appearance of the thieves of other countries. What the thieves may look like, I know not, nor desire to know; for—it seems—they come upon you in bodies of

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thirty ("in buckram and Kendal green")[1] at a time, so that voyagers have no great chance. It is something like poor dear Turkey in that respect, but not so good, for there you can have as great a body of rogues to match the regular banditti; but here the *gens d'armes* are said to be no great things; and as for one's own people, one can't carry them about like Robinson Crusoe with a gun on each shoulder.

I have been to the Ambrosian library[2]—it is a fine collection—full of MSS. edited and unedited. I enclose you a little list of the former recently published. These are matters for your literati. For me, in my simple way, I have been most delighted with a correspondence of letters, all original and amatory, between *Lucretia Borgia* and *Cardinal Bembo*,[3] (preserved there). I have pored over them and a lock of her hair, the prettiest and fairest imaginable—I never saw fairer—and shall go repeatedly to read the epistles over and over; and if I can obtain some of the hair by fair means, I shall try. I have already persuaded the librarian to promise me copies of the letters, and I hope he will not disappoint me. They are short, but very simple, sweet, and to the purpose; there are some copies of verses in Spanish also by her;

1. *Henry IV.*, Part I. act ii. sc. 4.

2. The Biblioteca Ambrosiana at Milan was founded in 1609, by Cardinal Federigo Borromeo.

3. Lucrezia Borgia (1480–1519), daughter of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI., married as her third husband, Alfonso d'Este, son of the Duke of Ferrara. On the death of his father (January, 1505), Alfonso became duke. Lucrezia was already intimate with Pietro Bembo (1470–1547), who had dedicated to her, in 1505, his *Asolani*, or *Dialogue on Love*. Byron refers to the letters first

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the tress of her hair is long, and, as I said before, beautiful. The Brera[1] gallery of paintings has some fine pictures, but nothing of a collection. Of painting I know nothing; but I like a Guercino[2]—a picture of Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael—which seems to me natural and goodly. The Flemish school, such as I saw it in Flanders, I utterly detested, despised, and abhorred; it might be painting, but it was not nature; the Italian is pleasing, and their *Ideal* very noble.

The Italians I have encountered here are very intelligent and agreeable. In a few days I am to meet Monti.[3] By the way, I have just heard an anecdote of

1. The buildings of the Brera Gallery, so called because it was built on the *brera* or "meadow" belonging to the Umiliati, were erected in 1651.

2. No. 331, "Abraham and Hagar," is by Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, nicknamed from his squint, il Guercino (1590–1666). "Il y a une Agar du Guerchin," writes Stendhal (*Rome, Naples, et Florence*, ed. 1854, p. 45), "faite pour attendrir les cœurs les plus "durs et les plus dévoués à l'argent ou aux cordons."

3. Vincenzo Monti (1754–1828) was remarkable for the splendour of his poetical diction and the versatility of his politics. In 1793 he wrote *La Basvigliana* to applaud the assassination of Basseville, a French diplomatist, at Rome. When the French became masters of Italy, he flattered Napoleon in his *Mascheroniana*, and was rewarded with a professorship and the appointment of historiographer. After the fall of the Empire he celebrated the return of the Austrians in such mythological poems as *L'Invito a Pallade* and *Il ritorno d'Astrea*. Stendhal says of him (*Rome, Naples, et Florence*, p. 97), "Monti est "un enfant impressionnable qui a changé de parti cinq ou six fois "dans sa vie; ultra fanatique dans la *Basvigliana*, il est patriote "aujourd'-hui; mais ce qui le sauve des mépris, jamais il ne changea "pour de l'argent, comme M. Southey." (For his rivalry to Alfieri and his three tragedies, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 388, *note* 2.) The following passage from Madame Guiccioli's *Recollections of Lord Byron* (pp. 203, 204) refers to Byron's meeting with Monti at Milan:—

"'I was at dinner,' says Stendhal, 'at the Marquis of Breme's "at Milan, in 1816, with Byron and the celebrated poet Monti, the "author of *Basvigliana*. The conversation fell upon poetry, "and the question was asked which were the twelve most beautiful "lines written in a century, either in English, in Italian, or in "French. The Italians present agreed in declaring that Monti's

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Beccaria,[1] who published such admirable things against the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the proofs of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement.

I forgot to mention the triumphal arch begun by Napoleon,[2] as a gate to this city. It is unfinished, but the part completed worthy of another age and the same country. The Society here is very oddly carried on,—at the theatre, and the theatre only,—which answers to

"first twelve lines in the *Mascheroniana* were the finest Italian "lines written for a century. Monti recited them. I observed "Byron. He was in raptures. That kind of haughty look which "a man often puts on when he has to get rid of an inopportune "question, and which rather took away from the beauty of his "magnificent countenance, suddenly disappeared to make way for "an expression of happiness. The whole of the first canto to the "*Mascheroniana*, which Monti was made to recite, enchanted all "hearers, and caused the liveliest pleasure to the author of *Childe* "*Harold*. Never shall I forget the sublime expression of his "countenance: it was the peaceful look of power united with "genius.'

"He learnt, later, that Monti was a man inconsistent in his "politics, and that on the sole impulse of his passions he had passed "from one party to another, and had called from the pen of another "poet the remark that he justified Dante's saying—

"'Il verso si non l'animo costante.'

"Byron's sympathy for Monti ceased from that time, and he even "called him the *Giuda del Parnaso*, whereas his esteem and "sympathy for Silvio Pellico, for Manzoni, and for many other "Italians, remained perfectly unshaken."

1. Cesare Bonesana, Marchese di Beccaria (1738–1794), published his *Dei Delitti e delle Pene* in 1764. A translation into English appeared in 1768. The work had been previously translated into French (1766) by Morellet, with a commentary attributed to Voltaire. Beccaria (chap. xvi.) says, "Non è dunque la pena di

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our opera. People meet there as at a rout, but in very small circles. From Milan I shall go to Venice. If you write, write to Geneva, as before—the letter will be forwarded.

Yours ever,

BN.

611.—To John Murray.

Milan, November 1, 1816.

DEAR SIR,—I have recently written to you rather frequently, but without any late answer. It is of great consequence. Mr. Hobhouse and myself set out for Venice in a few days; but you had better still address to me at Mr. Hentsch's, *Banquier*, Geneva; he will forward your letters.

I do not know whether I mentioned to you some time ago, that I had parted with the Dr. Polidori a few weeks previous to my leaving Diodati. I know no great harm of him; but he had an alacrity of getting into scrapes, and was too young and heedless; and having enough to attend to in my own concerns, and—without time to become his tutor, I thought it much better to give him his congé. He arrived at Milan some weeks before Mr. H[obhouse] and myself. About a week ago, in consequence of a quarrel at the theatre with an Austrian officer,[1] in which he was exceedingly in the wrong, he has contrived to get sent out of the territory, and is gone to Florence. I was not present, the pit having been the scene of altercation; but on being sent for from the

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grenadiers, arrested by the guard, conveyed into the guard-room, where there was much swearing in several languages. They were going to keep him there for the night; but on my giving my name, and answering for his apparition the next morning, he was permitted egress. Next day he had an order from the government to be gone in 24 hours, and accordingly gone he is, some days ago. We did what we could for him, but to no purpose; and indeed he brought it upon himself, as far as I could learn, for I was not present at the squabble itself. I believe this is the real state of his case; and I tell it you because I believe things sometimes reach you in England in a false or exaggerated form. We found Milan very polite and hospitable,[1] and have the same hopes of Verona and Venice. I have filled my paper.

Ever yours,

BYRON.

612.—To Thomas Moore.

Verona, November 6, 1816.

MY DEAR MOORE,—Your letter, written before my departure from England, and addressed to me in London, only reached me recently. Since that period, I have been over a portion of that part of Europe which I had not already seen. About a month since, I crossed the Alps from Switzerland to Milan, which I left a few days ago, and am thus far on my way to Venice, where I shall probably winter. Yesterday I was on the shores of the

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Benacus,[1] with his *fluctibus et fremitu.* Catullus's Sirmium[2] has still its name and site, and is remembered for his sake: but the very heavy autumnal rains and mists prevented our quitting our route, (that is, Hobhouse and myself, who are at present voyaging together,) as it was better not to see it at all than to a great disadvantage.

I found on the Benacus the same tradition of a city, still visible in calm weather below the waters, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh, "When the clear, cold "eve's declining."[3] I do not know that it is authorised by records; but they tell you such a story, and say that the city was swallowed up by an earthquake. We moved to-day over the frontier to Verona, by a road suspected of thieves,—"the wise *convey* it call,"[4]—but without molestation. I shall remain here a day or two to gape at the usual marvels,—amphitheatre, paintings, and all

1. The Lago di Garda. See Virgil, *Georg.*, ii. line 160—

". . . teque
Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino."

The tradition of a city called Benacus is supported by the many inscriptions in which the word "Benacenses" occurs.

2. "Peninsularum, Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus."
Catullus, xxxi.

Catullus's "Sirmio" was the peninsula of Sermione, on which traces of the so-called country house of Catullus are still shown. The ode is translated by Leigh Hunt, in the poems published with his *Feast of the Poets* (2nd ed., p. 137)—

"O best of all the scatter'd spots that lie
In sea or lake,—apple of landscape's eye," etc., etc.

3. "On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining.

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that time-tax of travel,—though Catullus, Claudian,[1] and Shakspeare have done more for Verona than it ever did for itself. They still pretend to show, I believe, the "tomb of all the Capulets"[2]—we shall see.

Among many things at Milan, one pleased me particularly, viz. the correspondence (in the prettiest love-letters in the world) of Lucretia Borgia with Cardinal Bembo, (who, *you say*, made a very good cardinal,) and a lock of her hair, and some Spanish verses of hers,—the lock very fair and beautiful. I took one single hair of it as a relic, and wished sorely to get a copy of one or two of the letters; but it is prohibited: *that* I don't mind; but it was impracticable; and so I only got some of them by heart. They are kept in the Ambrosian Library, which I often visited to look them over—to the scandal of the librarian, who wanted to enlighten me with sundry valuable MSS., classical, philosophical, and pious. But I stick to the Pope's daughter, and wish myself a cardinal.

I have seen the finest parts of Switzerland, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Swiss and Italian lakes; for the beauties of which, I refer you to the Guide-book. The

1. *Epigramm.* ii., "De Sene Veronensi"—

"Felix, qui patriis ævum transegit in agris,
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem," etc., etc.

2. The "tomba di Giulietta" has long been destroyed; its substitute, said to have been originally a washing-trough, is shown in a chapel of a suppressed Franciscan monastery, in the Via Cappuccini, on the right bank of the Adige. The house of the Capulets, now an inn, is also shown in the Via Cappello. "I am just returned," writes Rogers to Sharp, January 16, 1816 (*Rogers and his Contemporaries*, vol. i. p. 208), from "Romeo and Juliet." "At Verona I could think of nothing else through the night. A strange romantic

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north of Italy is tolerably free from the English; but the south swarms with them, I am told. Madame de Stael I saw frequently at Copet, which she renders remarkably pleasant. She has been particularly kind to me. I was for some months her neighbour, in a country-house called Diodati, which I had on the Lake of Geneva. My plans are very uncertain; but it is probable that you will see me in England in the spring. I have some business there. If you write to me, will you address to the care of Mons. Hentsch, *Banquier*, Geneva, who receives and forwards my letters. Remember me to Rogers, who wrote to me lately, with a short account of your poem,[1] which, I trust, is near the light. He speaks of it most highly.

My health is very endurable, except that I am subject to casual giddiness and faintness, which is so like a fine lady, that I am rather ashamed of the disorder. When I sailed, I had a physician with me, whom, after some months of patience, I found it expedient to part with, before I left Geneva some time. On arriving at Milan, I found this gentleman in very good society, where he prospered for some weeks; but, at length, at the theatre, he quarrelled with an Austrian officer, and was sent out by the government in twenty-four hours. I was not present at his squabble; but, on hearing that he was put under arrest, I went and got him out of his confinement, but could not prevent his being sent off, which, indeed, he partly deserved, being quite in the wrong, and having begun a row for row's sake. I had preceded the Austrian government some weeks myself, in giving him his congé from Geneva. He is not a bad fellow, but

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very young and hot-headed, and more likely to incur diseases than to cure them. Hobhouse and myself found it useless to intercede for him. This happened some time before we left Milan. He is gone to Florence.

At Milan I saw, and was visited by, Monti, the most celebrated of the living Italian poets. He seems near sixty; in face he is like the late Cooke the actor. His frequent changes in politics have made him very unpopular as a man. I saw many more of their literati; but none whose names are well known in England, except Acerbi.[1] I lived much with the Italians, particularly with the Marquis of Breme's family,[2] who are very able and intelligent men, especially the Abbate. There was a famous improvisatore who held forth while I was there. His fluency astonished me; but, although I understand Italian, and speak it (with more readiness than accuracy), I could only carry off a few very common-place mythological images, and one line about Artemisia, and another about Algiers, with sixty words of an entire tragedy about Eteocles and Polynices.[3] Some of the Italians liked him

1. Probably Giuseppe Acerbi (1773–1846) is meant. His *Travels through Sweden, Finland, and Lapland*, written in English, during a prolonged stay in England, were published in London in 1802. He founded the *Biblioteca Italiana* in 1816, in opposition to the *Academia della Crusca*, and was closely associated in literary matters with Monti. Enrico Acerbi (1785–1827) was physician to one of the hospitals at Milan, a contributor to the *Biblioteca Italiana*, and an authority on typhoid and contagion.

2. Luigi Giuseppe Arborio Gattinara, Marchese di Breme (1754–1828), was appointed *Ministre de l'intérieur* by Eugène Beauharnais. To him, according to Michaud's *Biographie Universelle*, the country owed the suppression of mendicity, the introduction of vaccination, and primary education. His second son, Luigi (1781–1820), the Abbate, was a man of literary taste, strongly attached to the romantic school, and the founder of a journal called *Il Conciliatore*, which was suppressed on account of its liberal views.

3. Eteocles and Polynices, twin sons of Œdipus and Jocasta, compelled their father to resign the throne of Thebes. His prayer

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—others called his performance "*seccatura*"[1] (a devilish good word, by the way) and all Milan was in controversy about him.

The state of morals in these parts is in some sort lax. A mother and son were pointed out at the theatre, as being pronounced by the Milanese world to be of the Theban dynasty[2]—but this was all. The narrator (one of the first men in Milan) seemed to be not sufficiently scandalised by the taste or the tie. All society in Milan is carried on at the opera: they have private boxes, where they play at cards, or talk, or any thing else; but (except at the Cassino) there are no open houses, or balls, etc., etc. * * * * *

The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many of them are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Boromeo,[3] at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti,[4] at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the Isola bella),

to the gods, that they might be in eternal enmity, was heard. The two brothers agreed to reign over Thebes alternately, year by year. But when Eteocles had ruled his year, he refused to resign. Hence arose the war of the Seven against Thebes. The brothers killed each other. Even in death their enmity survived. The flame which burned their bodies on the same pyre divided in two. (See Statius, *Thebaid*, xii. 429, ff.; and Dante, *Inferno*, xxvi. 52, ff.)

1. "He was a critic upon operas, too,
And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin;
And no Venetian audience could endure a
Song, scene, or air, when he cried 'seccatura!'"
Beppo, stanza xxxi.

2. Œdipus and Jocasta.

3. Carlo Borromeo (born at Arona, 1528; died 1584; canonised

there is a large laurel—the largest known—on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word "Battaglia." I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased.

Excuse this tedious letter. To be tiresome is the privilege of old age and absence; I avail myself of the latter, and the former I have anticipated. If I do not speak to you of my own affairs, it is not from want of confidence, but to spare you and myself. My day is over—what then?—I have had it. To be sure, I have shortened it; and if I had done as much by this letter, it would have been as well. But you will forgive that, if not the other faults of

Yours ever and most affectionately,

B.

P.S.—November 7, 1816.

I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story [1] they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual

1. "The original narrator," says Collier (*Shakespeare's Library*, vol. ii. p. v.), "of the story of Romeo and Juliet, so far as has "yet been ascertained, was Luigi La Porto, of Vincenza, who died in "1529, and whose novel was not printed until six years afterwards "in Venice." The story was borrowed by Bandello (Part II. ix.), translated into French by Boisteau, and into English by Paynter ("The goodly history of the true and constant love betweene Rhomeo

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garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, etc., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes,[1] I have no pretensions to judge. The Gothic monuments of the Scaligers pleased me, but "a poor "virtuoso am I,"[2] and ever yours.

1. The tombs of the Della Scala family, close to the Church of Santa Maria Antica.

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APPENDIX I.

"HIBERNICUS," AND "PERRY'S PARIS LETTER."

THE following are the two letters of "Hibernicus," which appeared in the *Morning Post* for February 3 and 4, 1814, and are referred to in Byron's letter to Murray, February 4, 1814, p. 23, *note* 1. With them is given "Perry's Paris Letter," which appeared in the *Morning Post* for February 2, 1814, and is referred to in the above-mentioned letter, p. 24, *note* 1.

1. Letters of "Hibernicus."

"To the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

"MY LORD,—I have read your Lordship's letter to Mr. Thomas Moore, the translator of the Poems of Anacreon, and wrote some pretty songs, under the title of 'Irish Melodies,' in which your Lordship is pleased to say, that Ireland ranks that Gentleman amongst the finest of her *patriots*, and esteems him the *first* of her *bards*, and that this judgment of his country is ratified by Great Britain.

"Your compliments to Mr. Moore, as a respected and esteemed patriot, will certainly *amuse* any of the Irish who may happen to read your Lordship's letter; but as a native of Ireland, and warmly attached to my country's *honour*, I must publicly deny the charge you have brought against them, 'of esteeming Mr. Moore the *first of Irish bards*,' and assure your Lordship, that whatever *taste* they may consider him to have shewn in the composition of his *songs*, they are not such strangers to moral excellence and true poetic beauty as to compare his writings with those of their admired Goldsmith.

"Of the *benefit* likely to result from the publication of a Poem to which you allude, describing (as far as I can from your words) the injuries sustained by the natives of India from England, and *comparing them* with the '*wrongs*' of Ireland, your Lordship, as an imperial legislator, ought to be a better judge than I am. I have passed almost the whole of my life in Ireland: and were I asked what injuries the people of that country had now to complain of, I

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could name but two. (1) The mischievous arts of a French faction; (2) and the general prevalence of the system of letting lands to a series of tenants intermediate between the landlord and the cultivator of the soil. If Mr. Moore's poetry shall contribute to put down the *agitators* of his country, and to prevail on its landlords to discontinue the *intermediate* tenants or '*middle men*,' I shall heartily join your Lordship in ranking him amongst our patriots, and shall wish even more earnestly than I now do that no publication had *ever* been attributed to him of which his *country is ashamed*.

"I have the honour to be, your Lordship's obedient servant,

"HIBERNICUS."

"LORD BYRON AND MR. T. MOORE.

"MR. EDITOR,—A few errors of the press appear in my letter to Lord Byron, which I beg leave to correct thus—

"For 'the *translator* of the Poems of Anacreon, and wrote,' etc., read 'who translated the Poems of Anacreon, and wrote,' etc.; for 'compliments' read 'compliment;' and for 'as far as I can from your words' read 'as far as I can *collect* from your words.'

"I would not give Mr. Moore the title of 'the translator of Anacreon,' because, whatever merit such a title may imply, perhaps belongs more justly to Cowley. However, on this point, I shall not think of troubling his Lordship with the expression of any opinion of mine; but while Mr. Moore displays his *patriotism* in a trifling Song lamenting *Ireland's* being subject to an *English King*, and calling on his countrymen '*to remember the days of old*,' 'ere the *emerald gem* of the western world was set in the *crown* of a *stranger*;' and while he continues to prove his *poetic genius* even by such compositions as his Irish Melodies (which, with *some exceptions*, have certainly contributed to Redeem his character), Lord Byron will, I hope, excuse an Irish Gentleman for expressing his surprise at the extravagant compliments which a British Peer has thought proper to pay Mr. Moore, and at the unfounded assertions contained in his Lordship's letter respecting the opinion which the Irish entertain of him—as a Patriot and a Poet.

"Sir, your obliged and obedient Servant,

"HIBERNICUS."

2. "Perry's Paris Letter."

"The following letter from the French capital reached our hands yesterday. Some of the statements it contains are probably overcharged, or exaggerated, or maybe erroneous; but we give them as we received them. We can assure our readers that it is a genuine letter:—

"'Paris, January 25.

"'I have just now returned from seeing the Emperor depart, and all classes express their good wishes to him with a vehemence which baffles all description. The Empress is appointed Regent, and has

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undertaken her duties with the solemnity of an oath. Your English Editors conjecture that Napoleon has lost all his time in inactivity, but in this they are grievously mistaken, and in their opinions of the weakness and inefficiency of his armies. Precisely the contrary is the fact, and the greatest care has been taken to keep secret the situation and extent of his forces. Europe will be astonished that France, under her apparent supineness, should have profited by every expedient to augment her strength, so as to have raised an army of 600,000 men perfectly equipped, and ready to take the field. The cavalry is the weakest, and yet it is 25,000 in number, disciplined under Generals Pajol and Bordesalt, to whom the Emperor has condescended to give his thanks, and has otherwise rewarded them for their great exertions. The artillery is perfectly restored, and is in the highest condition as to every branch of that service. The recruiting has been especially active in the Emperor's own army. Your Congreve rockets have put the chemists and artists on the alert, and their ingenuity has produced a singularly destructive compound; and a great quantity of these devil's shots have been daily prepared to be sent to the army. The chief engineer in this business has been created a nobleman for his discovery, and a large pension has been assigned him by the Emperor. How terrible an effusion of German blood will this invention occasion!

"'The Emperor's own army consists of at least 230,000 men, and these are to be marched against Prince Schwartzenberg, with whom Napoleon is particularly enraged. The other armies maintain their communication with that of the Emperor, and will be commanded by Marshals Victor, M'Donald, Augereau, Marmont, and Mortier. The reserve, 200,000 strong, is at Meaux, Chalons, Soissons, Troyes, and Arcy sur Aube. The towns and villages have shewn the greatest energy, and every one of sufficient age and strength has entered the National Guard. About 50,000 remain here because the Emperor would not allow them to attend him.

"'You may, perhaps, already be informed that the Allies could not persuade a single French General into their interest, although large pecuniary rewards, and other advantages, have been offered. Every attempt to corrupt has been unsuccessful. The Dukes of Dalmatia and Albufera have communicated to the Emperor the proposals made to them.

"'The Duke of Vicenza has actually taken his departure, to be present as Plenipotentiary at the expected Congress, but he was stopped in his way, because the Allies refused his passports. This circumstance has given the Emperor great offence, and he has solemnly sworn that he will appoint no other minister on that duty; and now that the gall is overflowed in such abundance on both sides, we must expect in a short interval dreadful scenes; bloody battles must be fought, to which the armies of the unfortunate Allies will be impelled by the famine that must await them if they avoid the conflict.

"'Magazines of wonderful extent are everywhere provided to support the native army, and the diligence is unremitting in this important department.

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"'Paris is very quiet, although the singular resolutions of the Directors of the Bank produced a disagreeable sensation. No evil otherwise has attended them; the wants of the armies were pressing, and the measure was necessary. The Empress goes every where, in order to animate all classes of the people, and she is assisted in this purpose by the principal families, who are anxious to load the army with presents, to conduce to the comfort of the soldiery during the inclemency of the season.'"

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APPENDIX II.

THREE LETTERS FROM JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

(See Letter to John Murray, August 3, 1814, *note* 1.)

I.

"Edin. Octr. 11th, 1814.

"My good Lord,—I never was diverted by any correspondence so much as yours (leaving the honour out of the question), which I think is chiefly owing to the frankness and unaffectedness so apparent throughout the whole. There is so much heart in the praise which you bestow, and so little ill-nature in your censure—though fraught with the *severity* of truth, that even those blamed could hardly be offended, although they might feel it. I am really ashamed, and blame myself much, for having drawn so much of your attention and occupied so much of your precious time of late; therefore I lay my commands upon you not to answer this letter, which I only send in acknowledgment of your last so kind and benevolent one, which I found on my arrival here on the 8th. I will not harass nor teaze about poetry any more; but will wait the movements of the Spirit within you, with a patience and a resignation of which you shall be forced to approve, and, to put your heart perfectly at ease with regard to the time, I set none; only it shall be welcome when it comes, be that when it will.

"Concerning myself and prospects, I have no good account to give your lordship at present. In truth, it seems with me one of fortune's most capricious moments. Every penny of the little foundation that I had laid, on which to rear a tiny independance, is by the failure of the damned bookseller you know vanished;—the third edition of the work on which I chiefly depended is locked up till such time as the bankrupt's affairs permit it to be brought to the

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state in which I left it, and the MS. taken out of the press and passing through all the notable *blues*. I went to the shop in a tremendous rage, threatened Miller with a prosecution, and took the MS. out of his hands. So that, if Murray and I do not agree, I am in a fine scrape. But I have the far worst thing of all to relate, and which in my own eyes crowns my misfortunes, and upon the whole renders my situation so whimsical that I cannot help laughing at it, for nothing of that nature makes me cry. *I have differed with Scott*, actually and seriously I fear, for I hear he has informed some of his friends of it. I have often heard poets in general blamed for want of common sense, yet I know that Scott has a great deal of it; but I fear he has had to do with one who had little or none at all.

"I have never mentioned this to any living soul, nor would I, if I had not heard last night that Scott had mentioned it in a company, and that it was like to become publicly known. Therefore I must tell you all how it fell out, though I cannot explain it. At our last meeting it was most cordially agreed that he was not to appear in the first No. of the *Repository*, but to exert himself for the second. 'The first,' said he, 'is secured if Lord Byron sends a piece of any length. With those which you already have, I shall take in hand to get you £500 for this number. The difficulty will be in keeping it up, therefore depend on it, I shall do my best to support the second No.' All this was very well, till of late we had a correspondence about a drama that I was attempting. He sent a sheet of criticisms in his own shrewd sensible manner and most friendly. But in the last page he broke off and attacked me about some jealousies and comparisons between him and me so cavalierly, that I was driven completely out of myself, and, without asking any explanation (for I knew no more than the man in the moon what he adverted to), I took the pen and wrote a letter of the most bitter and severe reproaches. I have quite forgot what in my wrath I said; but I believe I went so far as to say everything which I knew to be the reverse of the truth, and which you in part well know—yea, to state that I had never been obliged to him (it was a great lie) and never would be obliged to him for any thing; and I fear I expressed the utmost contempt for both himself and his poetry!

"This is all true, and yet I cannot believe that I am a madman either. The truth is that I must have erred in something to have deserved the reflections he cast upon me; but I was so conscious of never having in all my life said one word or thought one thought prejudicial to Scott, that I was hurt extremely. I suppose some unfortunate lines near the end of the *Queen's Wake*, which haply he did not know I had altered in the latter editions, gave rise to it—or, perhaps, some odious comparisons which my abominable bookseller had picked up out of some shabby reviews and published in the papers, and in which I had no more hand than you had.

"Thus one of the best props of the *Repository* is irrevocably lost.

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for poetry now, faith you'll be milled well enough for a time; but I hope by the time you have tried the avocation of a miller for a month or two, that you will then begin jilting with the muse again. Believe me, the time of vigour, health, and anticipation is a precious time for the children of fancy and of song, and ought not to be neglected; and here I cannot help adverting to an old Scotish proverb, though I scarcely know how to apply it, 'There's muckle water rins while the miller sleeps.' By the by, I hope your's brings a good multure with her, rich and certain, then she will in truth be a Mill and a Bank both. I would not be ill to persuade to try the *grinding* too, as a last and desperate resource in these hard and evil times. I wish you would advise me of your day of *entry*, if it is not already past; and, by heaven, if my *fair West Indian* have as good a grist as she promises, I'll play you for the first poet, for the profits of our next new productions,—the one against the other.

"I have not a word of literary news from this, having seen very few people since my return. Wordsworth's new poem is very little talked of here as yet, and Southey's not at all, I believe. I told you my sentiments of them at considerable (length). With regard to Mr. Scott's expected one, the public, I perceive, are hanging in a curious suspense—good reason has he to be anxious about its fate. By it he is established or falls. I know it will be excellent, and the scenes and even names of the Highlands he can make so much of. There is but one thing against it, and that is his being so much of a mannerist in stile, language, and character, that, whether in verse or prose, a partial reader thinks he is always reading the same thing. My fixed belief is that the public will receive it with great caution and a slowish sale, but that it will finally prevail. It is one of my greatest faults, my lord, that I always speak and write too precisely as I feel; but your own frankness to me encourages me to throw off all reserve when writing to you, which I hope you will excuse. Murray is probably by this time in Edinburgh. If so, you shall hear from me in a few days. Till then, I remain,

"Your lordship's most affectionate and faithful shepherd,

"JAMES HOGG."

2.

"Grieve and Scott's, Edin., Octr. 11th, 1814.

"MY LORD,—I have had a very pleasant crack with Mr. Murray, and we have sorted very well. I hope we shall long do so. He made me a present of a proof copy of your picture, and seems indeed very much attached to you. I am very sorry for having joked you so freely about a certain fair. I did not know it was true, but weened that it had been put into the papers by some officious person; but now I promise not to cast up the miller trade any more to your lordship. Indeed, the picture which Murray has drawn to me of the charms both of her person and mind, has quite enamoured me of her; and I look upon you already as raised a step higher in the scale of being, and just beginning to experience a new existence.

"You once said of my *dedication* that, if I thought of transferring

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it to another, I needed not to scruple on your account. I take you at your word, and if, before my title-page is required, there is then a *Lady Byron* living, I will transfer it to her in a single stanza or sonnet, which you shall previously see—if there is none, the *lord* is still *to the fore*.

"If it be true that you will pass a part of the Winter in the county of Durham, I would not say but that I might pop in on you some day, as I have a small stewardship in Northumberland, where I have to appear once or twice a year. I have not a word of news to-day; therefore adieu for the present, and may all the kind and benevolent powers that watch over the destinies of men linger nigh your lordship and shed on your mind those energies and feelings of delight, the breathings of which are so likely to charm the souls of the unborn, is the earnest wish of

"Your lordship's most Obed^{t}.,
"JAMES HOGG."

3.

"Grieve and Scott's, Edin^{r} Feby 26, [1816].

"MY LORD,—After an absence of 5 months in Yarrow, I returned here the night before last, when for the first time I found a copy of your two last poems, kindly sent to me by Murray, the perusal of which have so much renewed my love and admiration of you as a poet that I can no longer resist the inclination of once more writing to you.

"Among the last times that I wrote you I bade you not think of answering me at all times, for that I sometimes wrote very often and at other times not at all, just as it came in my head. You have at this time complyed with my request to the utmost of my wishes, and I thank you, but at the same time I must inform you that I rue my injunctions and long very much to hear from you again.

"The truth is that I believe your Lordship is very angry at something that I have done or written. I remember using much freedom with you, but not the least what it was about. I never keep a copy of any letter nor even read one over after it is written for fear of being obliged to expunge; but I am sure that either these letters themselves or the distinct remembrance of them may show that I am an uncultivated fellow and know nothing of the world, but to a certainty will never manifest a design to give offence. And besides, tho' you are angry and have very good reasons for it, there is no occasion of remaining always so. It is great nonsense for two people that must always be friends at heart, from the very nature of things—from their congeniality of feelings and pursuits, pretending to be otherwise. For me, I have just one principle on which I invariably act, unless I love and approve of *a man* I hold no intimacy or communication with him, but *I always take a poet as he is*.

"I am highly delighted with your two last little poems. They breathe a vein of poetry which you never once touched before, and there is something in *The Siege of Corinth* at least, which convinces

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me that you have loved my own stile of poetry better than you ever acknowledged to me. Some of the people here complain of the inadequacy of the tales to the poetry. I am perfectly mad at them and at Mr. Jeffery [*sic*] among the rest for such an insinuation. I look upon them both as descriptive poems, descriptive of some of the finest and boldest scenes of nature and of the most powerful emotions of the human heart. Perdition to the scanty discernment that would read such poems, as they would do a novel, for the sake of the plot; to the disgrace of the age, however, be it spoken, in the light romantic narrative which our mutual friend Scott has made popular, this is the predominant ingredient expected, and to a certainty the reviewers will harp upon the shortcoming of it in your poems as a fault.

"If you ever see Murray, give my kindest respects to him. He has, as you said, dealt very fairly with me and very friendly, though as yet he has made no profit of me, which is in general the bookseller's great inducement to friendship. I would fain have a neat cheap 12mo edition of my principle [*sic*] poems this spring, for I have much need of it, and the poems have likewise some need of it to give them some new impulse. I would have it in three vols., one of these to consist of original and hitherto unpublished poetry. Mr. Scott thinks it would do extremely well. Pray, my Lord, what do you think? If you approve of it stand my friend with Murray as you formerly did, for without it I cannot get to London to see you, where I have a desire to be. In truth I have a literary scheme, unconnected with publishing, which has made me very anxious to be in London for a month or two the two last years; but my finances would never admit of it. I am always so miserably scarce of money and so good a fellow of the little that I have, that I am certain that, unless I take the first chance of the first tolerable sum which I receive, I shall never see the Metropolis. If ever I do reach it I intend to place myself principally under the patronage of your Lordship.

"Wilson is publishing a poem entitled *The City of the Palms*. It is in the dramatic form and a perfect anomaly in literature. Wilson is a man of great genius and fancy, but he is intoxicated with Wordsworth and a perfect dreamer of moons, ships, seas and solitudes. Were it not for this anti-hydrophobia (forgive my mangling of that long Greek word), I do not know what he might not be capable of.

"I have nothing, you see, of importance to say to you, my Lord, but may God bless you! You have changed your mode of life since I last addressed you, and are by this time sensible that it

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APPENDIX III.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MISS MILBANKE, 1813-14.

(See p. 137.)

1.—To Miss Milbanke.

4, Bennet St 25 Aug. 1813.

I am honored with your letter which I wish to acknowledge immediately. Before I endeavour to answer it, allow me—briefly if possible—to advert to the circumstances which occurred last autumn. Many years had occurred since I had seen any woman with whom there appeared to me a prospect of rational happiness. I now saw but one, to whom, however, I had no pretensions—or at least too slight for even the hope of success. It was, however, said that your heart was disengaged, and it was on that ground that L^y^ Melbourne undertook to ascertain how far I might be permitted to cultivate your acquaintance, on the chance (a slender one I allow) of improving it into friendship and ultimately to a still kinder sentiment. In her zeal in my behalf—friendly and pardonable as it was—she in some degree exceeded my intentions when she made the more direct proposal, which yet I do not regret, except in so far as it appeared presumptuous on my part. That this is the truth you will allow, when I tell you that it was not till lately that I mentioned to her that I thought she had unwittingly

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committed me a little too far in the expectation that so abrupt an overture would be received. But I stated this casually in conversation, and without the least feeling of irritation towards her or pique against yourself. Such was the result of my first and nearest approach to that altar, to which, in the state of your feelings, I should only have led another victim. When I say the first, it may perhaps appear irreconcilable with some circumstances in my life, to which I conceive you allude in part of your letter. But such is the fact. I was then too young to marry, tho' not to love; but this was the *first direct* or indirect approach ever made on my part to a permanent union with any woman, and in all probability it will be the last. L^y^ M. was perfectly correct in her statement that I preferred you to all others; it was then the fact; it is so still. But it was no disappointment, because it is impossible to impart one drop more to a cup which already overflows with the waters of bitterness. We do not know ourselves; yet I do not think that my self love was much wounded by the event. On the contrary, I feel a kind of pride even in *your rejection*—more I believe than I could derive from the attachment of another, for it reminds me that I once thought myself worthy of the affection of almost the only one of your sex I ever truly respected.

To your letter—the first part surprises me—not that you should feel attachment [but that it] should be "without hope." May you secure that hope with its object! To the part of your letter regarding myself I could say much; but I must be brief. If you hear of me, it is probably not untrue, though perhaps exaggerated. On any point in which you may honor me with an interest, I shall be glad to satisfy you—to confess the truth, or refute the calumny.

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I must be candid with you on the score of friendship. It is a feeling towards you with which I cannot trust myself. I doubt whether I could help loving you; but I trust I may appeal to my conduct since our *éclaircissement* for the proof that, whatever my feelings may be, they will exempt you from persecution; but I cannot yet profess indifference, and I fear that won't be the first step—at least in some points—from what I feel to that which you wish me to feel.

You must pardon me and recollect that, if any thing displeases you in this letter, it is a difficult task for me to write to you at all. I have left many things unsaid, and have said others I did not mean to utter. My intended departure from this country is a little retarded by accounts of Plague, etc., etc., and I must bend my course to some more accessible region—probably to Russia. I have only left myself space to sign myself,

Ever your obliged servant,

BYRON.

2.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Sep^tr. 6th 1813.

I look upon myself as a very facetious personage and may appeal to most of my acquaintance (L^y M. for instance) in proof of my assertion. Nobody laughs more, and though your friend Joanna Baillie says somewhere that "Laughter is the child of misery," I do not believe her (unless indeed in a hysteric), tho' I think it is some-

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except Home. With all my presumed prejudice against your sex, or rather the perversion of manners and principle in many, which you admit in some circles, I think the worst woman that ever existed would have made a man of very passable reputation. They are all better than us, and their faults, such as they are, must originate with ourselves. Your sweeping sentence "on "the circles where we have met" amuses me much when I recollect some of those who constituted that society. After all, bad as it is, it has its *agrémens*. The great object of life is sensation—to feel that we exist, even though in pain. It is this "craving void" which drives us to gaming—to battle—to travel—to intemperate, but keenly felt pursuits of any description, whose principal attraction is the agitation inseparable from their accomplishment. I am but an awkward dissembler; as my friend you will bear with my faults. I shall have the less constraint in what I say to you—firstly because I may derive some benefit from your observations—and next because I am very sure you can never be perverted by any paradoxes of mine. You have said a good deal and very well too on the subject of Benevolence systematically exerted; two lines of Pope will explain mine (if I have any) and that of half mankind—

> "Perhaps prosperity becalmed his breast;
> Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East."

By the bye you are a *bard* also—have you quite given up that pursuit? Is your friend Pratt one of your critics? or merely one of your systematic benevolents? You were very kind to poor Blackett which he requited by falling in love, rather presumptuously to be sure—like Metastasio with the Empress Maria Theresa. When you can spare an instant, I shall of course be delighted

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to hear from you—but do not let me encroach a moment on better avocations—— Adieu.

Ever yours,

B.

3.—To Miss Milbanke.

Septr 26, 1813.

My dear Friend,—for such you will permit me to call you—On my return to town I find some consolation for having left a number of pleasant people in your letter—the more so as I begun to doubt if I should ever receive another. You ask me some questions, and as they are about myself, you must pardon the egotism into which my answers must betray me. I am glad that you know any "good deed" that I am supposed ever to have blundered upon, simply because it proves that you have not heard me invariably ill spoken of. If true I am sufficiently rewarded by a short step towards your good opinion. You don't like my "restless" doctrines—I should be very sorry if you did; but I can't stagnate nevertheless. If I must sail let it be on the ocean no matter how stormy—any thing but a dull cruise on a land lake without ever losing sight of the same insipid shores by which it is surrounded.

"Gay" but not "content"—very true. You say I never attempt to justify myself. You are right. At times I can't and occasionally I won't defend by explanation; life is not worth having on such terms. The only attempt I ever made at defence was in a poetical point of view—and what did it end in? not an exculpation of me, but an attack on all other persons whatsoever. I should

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sort of quiet country gentleman, to how many people should I give more pain than pleasure? Do you think accusers like one the better for being confuted? You have detected a laughter "false to the heart"—allowed—yet I have been tolerably sincere with you and I fear sometimes troublesome. To the charge of pride I suspect I must plead guilty, because when a boy and a very young one it was the constant reproach of schoolfellows and tutors. Since I grew up I have heard less about it—probably because I have now neither schoolfellow nor tutor. It was however originally defensive—for at that time my hand like Ishmael's was against every one's and every one's against mine. I now come to a subject of your inquiry which you must have perceived I always hitherto avoided—an awful one—"Religion." I was bred in Scotland among Calvinists in the first part of my life which gave me a dislike to that persuasion. Since that period I have visited the most bigotted and credulous of countries—Spain, Greece, Turkey. As a spectacle the Catholic is more fascinating than the Greek or the Moslem; but the last is the only believer who practises the precepts of his Prophet to the last chapter of his creed. My opinions are quite undecided. I may say so sincerely, since, when given over at Patras in 1810, I rejected and ejected three Priest-loads of spiritual consolation by threatening to turn Mussulman if they did not leave me in quiet. I was in great pain and looked upon death as in that respect a relief—without much regret for the past, and few speculations on the future. Indeed so indifferent was I to my bodily situation, that, tho' I was without any attendant bu' a young

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would not allow the last to be sent for—worth all the rest as he would have been in attendance at such a time, because—I really don't know why—unless it was an indifference to which I am certainly not subject when in good health. I believe doubtless in God, and should be happy to be convinced of much more. If I do not at present place implicit faith in tradition and revelation of any human creed, I hope it is not from want of reverence for the Creator but the created, and when I see a man publishing a pamphlet to prove that Mr. Pitt is risen from the dead (as was done a week ago), perfectly positive in the truth of his assertion, I must be permitted to doubt more miracles equally well attested; but the moral of Christianity is perfectly beautiful—and the very sublime of virtue—yet even there we find some of its finer precepts in the earlier axioms of the Greeks—particularly "do unto others as you would they should do unto you" —the forgiveness of injuries and more which I do not remember. Good night; I have sent you a long prose. I hope your answer will be equal in length—I am sure it will be more amusing—You write remarkably well—which you won't like to hear, so I shall say no more about it.

Ever yours most sincerely,

BYRON.

P.S.—I shall post-scribble this half sheet. When at Aston I sent you a short note for I began to feel a little nervous about the reception of my last letter. I shall be down there again next week and merely left to escape from the Doncaster Races—being very ill adapted for provincial festivities—but I shall rejoin the party when they are over. This letter was written last night after a two days journey with little rest and no refreshment (for eating on the road throws me into a fever directly);

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you will therefore not wonder if it is a meagre performance. When you honor me with an answer, address to London. Present my invariable respects to Sir R. and L^y^ Mil. and once more receive them for yourself. Good morning.

4.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Novr 10th 1813.

Your opinion of my "reasoning powers" is so exactly my own, that you will not wonder if I avoid a controversy with so skilful a casuist,—particularly on a subject where I am certain to get the worst of it in this world, and perhaps incur a warmer confutation in the next. But I shall be most happy to hear your observations on the subject. If any body could do me *good*, probably you might, as, by all accounts, you are a mistress of the practise as well as theory of that benevolent science (which I take to be even better than your *mathematics*). At all events it is my fault if I derive no benefit from your remarks. I agree with you quite upon mathematics too, and must be content to admire them at an incomprehensible distance, always adding them to the catalogue of my regrets. I know that two and two make four, and should be glad to prove it too, if I could,—though, I must say, if by any sort of process I could convert 2 and 2 into 5, it would give me much greater pleasure. The only part I remember which gave me much delight were those theorems (is that the word), in which, after ringing

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5.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Novr 10th 1813.

I perceive by part of your last letter that you are still inclined to believe me a gloomy personage. Those who pass so much of their time entirely alone can't be always in very high spirits; yet I don't know,—though I certainly do enjoy society to a certain extent, I never passed two hours in mixed company without wishing myself out of it again. Still I look upon myself as a facetious companion, well reputed by all the wits at whose jests I readily laugh, and whose repartees I take care never to incur by any kind of contest,—for which I feel as little qualified as I do for the more solid pursuits of demonstration.

* * * * *

I by no means rank poetry or poets high in the scale of intellect. This may look like affectation, but it is my real opinion. It is the lava of the imagination whose eruption prevents an earthquake. They say poets never or rarely go *mad*. Cowper and Collins are instances to the contrary (but Cowper was no poet). It is, however, to be remarked that they rarely do, but are generally so near it that I cannot help thinking rhyme is so far useful in anticipating and preventing the disorder. I prefer the talents of action—of war, or the senate, or even of science,—to all the speculations of those mere dreamers of another existence (I don't mean religiously but fancifully) and spectators of this apathy. Disgust and perhaps incapacity have rendered me now a mere spectator; but I have occasionally mixed in the active and tumultuous departments of existence, and in these alone my recollection rests with any satisfaction, though not the best parts of it.

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6.—To Miss Milbanke.

29th Novr. 1813.

No one can assume or presume less than you do, tho' very few with whom I am acquainted possess half your claims to that "superiority" which you are so fearful of affecting. Nor can I recollect any expression since the commencement of our correspondence, which has in any respect diminished my opinion of your talents,—my respect for your virtues. You wrong yourself very much in supposing that "the charm" has been broken by our nearer acquaintance. On the contrary, that very intercourse convinces me of the value of what I have lost, or rather never found. But I will not deny that circumstances have occurred to render it more supportable.

You will think me very capricious and apt at sudden fancies. It is true I could not exist without some object of attachment, but I have shown that I am not quite a slave to impulse. . . . But however weak (or it may merit a harsher term) I may be in my disposition to attach myself (and as society is now much the same in this as in all other European countries it were difficult to avoid it), in my search for the "ideal,"—the being to whom I would commit the whole happiness of my future life,—I have never yet seen but two approaching to the likeness. The first I was too young to have a prospect of obtaining, and subsequent events have proved that my expectations might not have been fulfilled, had I ever proposed to and received my idol. *The second*—the only woman to whom I ever seriously pretended as a wife—had disposed of her heart already, and I think it too late to look for a third. I shall take the world as I find it, and have seen it much the same in most climates. (More fiery in the East—a mixture of

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languid habits and stormy passions.) But I have no confidence, and look for no constancy, in affections founded on caprice, and lucky conformity of disposition without any fixed principles. How far this may be my case at present, I know not, and have not had time to ascertain.

I have been scribbling another poem, as it is called—Turkish as before—for I can't empty my head of the East—and horrible enough, tho' not so sombre quite as the *Giaour* (that unpronounceable name), and for the sake of intelligibility it is not a fragment. The scene is in the Hellespont—a favorite *séjour* of mine, and, if you will accept it, I will send you a copy; there are some Mussulman words in it which I inflict upon you in revenge for your "Mathematical and other superiority."

When shall we meet in town? by the bye you won't take fright when we meet, will you? and imagine I am about to add to your thousand and one pretendants? I have taken exquisite care to prevent the possibility of that, tho' less likely than ever to become a Benedick. Indeed I have not seen (with one exception) for many years a Beatrice, and she will not be troubled to assume the part. I think we understand each other perfectly and may talk to each other occasionally without exciting speculation. The worst that can be said is that I *would* and you *won't*, and in this respect you can hardly be the sufferer and I am very sure I *shan't*. If I find my heart less philosophic on the subject than I at present believe it, I shall keep out of the way; but I now think it is well shielded—at least it has got a new suit of armour—and certainly it stood in need of it.

I have heard a rumour of another added to your list of unacceptables, and I am sorry for him, as I know that he has talent, and his pedigree assures him wit and

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good humour. You make sad havoc among "us youth." It is lucky that Mad. de Stael has published her anti-suicide at so killing a time—November too! I have not read it for fear the love of contradiction might lead me to a practical confutation. Do you know her? I don't ask if you have heard her?—her tongue is the perpetual motion.

7.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

Feb. 19, 1814.

I am at present a little feverish—I mean mentally—and as usual on the brink of something or other, which will probably crush me at last, and cut our correspondence short, with everything else.

8.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

March 3rd 1814.

I thank you very much for your suggestion on religion. But I must tell you, at the hazard of losing whatever good opinion your gentleness may have bestowed upon me, that it is a source from which I never did, and I believe never can, derive comfort. If I ever feel what is called devout, it is when I have met with some good of which I did not conceive myself deserving, and then I am apt to thank anything but mankind. On the other hand, when I am ill or unlucky, I philosophize as well as I can, and wish it were over one way or the other—without any glimpses at the future. Why I came here, I know not. Where I shall go to, it is useless to inquire.

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9.—To Miss Milbanke.

[EXTRACT.]

March 15th 1814.

. . . yet there are several opinions of yours I want to request [?] Though I have 2 or 3 able, and, I believe, very sincere friends, there is something preferable to me in the delicacy of a woman's perceptions. Of this at least I am sure—I am more liable to be convinced by their arguments.

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APPENDIX IV.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RECOLLECTIONS OF BYRON.[1]

(See p. 193, *note* 1.)

MY first acquaintance with Byron began in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the *Edinburgh*, that I remember

1. "A few passages at the beginning of these recollections," says Moore, "have been omitted, as containing particulars relative "to Lord Byron's mother, which have already been mentioned in "the early part of this work. Among these, however, there is one "anecdote, the repetition of which will be easily pardoned, on "account of the infinitely greater interest as well as authenticity "imparted to its details by coming from such an eye-witness as Sir "Walter Scott. 'I remember,' he says, 'having seen Lord Byron's "mother before she was married, and a certain coincidence rendered "the circumstance rather remarkable. It was during Mrs. Siddons's "first or second visit to Edinburgh, when the music of that wonder-"ful actress's voice, looks, manner, and person, produced the "strongest effect which could possibly be exerted by a human being "upon her fellow-creatures. Nothing of the kind that I ever wit-"nessed approached it by a hundred degrees. The high state of "excitation was aided by the difficulties of obtaining entrance, and "the exhausting length of time that the audience were contented "to wait until the piece commenced. When the curtain fell, a "large proportion of the ladies were generally in hysterics.

"'I remember Miss Gordon of Ghight, in particular, harrowing "the house by the desperate and wild way in which she shrieked out "Mrs. Siddons's exclamation, in the character of Isabella, "Oh my "Byron! Oh my Byron!" A well-known medical gentleman, "the benevolent Dr. Alexander Wood, tendered his assistance; but "the thick-pressed audience could not for a long time make way "for the doctor to approach his patient, or the patient the physician. "The remarkable circumstance was, that the lady had not then seen "Captain Byron, who, like Sir Toby, made her conclude with "'"Oh!" as she had begun with it.'"

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remonstrating against it with our friend, the editor, because I thought the *Hours of Idleness* treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained some passages of noble promise. I was so much impressed with this, that I had thoughts of writing to the author; but some exaggerated reports concerning his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to intrude an opinion which was uncalled for, induced me to relinquish the idea.

When Byron wrote his famous Satire, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was having written a poem (*Marmion*, I think) for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Lord Byron paid me, in several passages, so much more praise than I deserved, that I must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such subjects, not to sit down contented, and think no more about the matter.

I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, at the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first cantos of *Childe Harold*, and the other splendid productions which Lord Byron flung from him to the public with a promptitude that savoured of profusion. My own popularity, as a poet, was then on the wane, and I was unaffectedly pleased to see an author of so much power and energy taking the field. Mr. John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season; and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention my wish to his Lordship, which led to some correspondence

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peculiar habits and a quick temper, and I had some doubts whether we were likely to suit each other in society. I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met, for an hour or two almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of a considerable intimacy with this distinguished individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought, that if he lived a few years he would alter his sentiments. He answered, rather sharply, "I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I "will turn Methodist." I replied, "No; I don't expect your "conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather "look to see you retreat upon the Catholic faith, and dis-"tinguish yourself by the austerity of your penances. The "species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach "yourself must exercise a strong power on the imagination." He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgusts, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician on principle.

Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him

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the fine poem of *Hardyknute*,[1] an imitation of the old Scottish Ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1815, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched, with me at Long's, in Bond Street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good humour, to which the presence of Mr. Mathews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Scott of Gala, and I set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts: I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed in the *Iliad;* for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver.[2] It was full of dead

1. Lockhart says that on the blank leaf of his copy of Allan Ramsay's *Evergreen*, Sir Walter Scott has written, "*Hardyknute* "was the first poem that I ever learnt—the last that I shall forget." —*Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 83.

2. *Iliad*, vi. line 235. In a second edition of Berguer's lines to Scott (see Byron's letter to John Murray, April 9, 1815, *note* 1; and *Trifles in Verse, etc.*, by Lionel Thomas Berguer, Edinburgh, 1817, p. 84), the following note is appended to stanza xxi. :—

"From all that I read in the newspapers, and heard in society, at "the time, I always understood that Lord Byron had presented Mr. "Scott with a silver *cup*, or goblet: and such, I know, has been the "very general impression. I have, however, seen this interesting gift.

"It is a massive, cylindrical urn, not much unlike a sarcophagus, "which, in fact, it might be called—standing on a solid, square "pedestal, as I should guess, from four to six inches in thickness: "the urn and the pedestal being one entire piece. On removing "the lid, a very neat dark blue bag is discovered, in appearance "resembling a young lady's satchel, but not in its contents. It is "mounted on a most magnificent stand, by Bullock. On the three "presenting sides of the base, are the following inscriptions :—

"(*First side.*)

"'THE BONES CONTAINED IN THIS URN
WERE FOUND IN SOME ANCIENT
SEPULCHRES WITHIN THE LONG WALLS
OF ATHENS IN THE MONTH OF
FEBRUARY 1811.'

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men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus: "The bones contained in this urn were "found in certain ancient sepulchres within the long walls of "Athens, in the month of February, 1811." The other face bears the lines of Juvenal—

"Expende—quot libras in duce summo invenies!
—Mors sola fatetur quantula sint hominum corpuscula."
Juv. x.

To these I have added a third inscription, in these words: "The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott." There was a letter with this vase, more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones,—but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station,—most gratuitously exercised certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity.

We had a good deal of laughing, I remember, on what

"(*Second side.*)

"'GIVEN
By Lord Byron
TO
WALTER SCOTT
APRIL
1815.'

"(*Third side.*)

"'EXPENDE—QUOT LIBRAS IN DUCE
SUMMO INVENIES!
MORS SOLA
FATETUR QUANTULA
SINT HOMINUM
CORPUSCULA. JUV. 10.'

"(*Fourth side.*)

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the public might be supposed to think, or say, concerning the gloomy and ominous nature of our mutual gifts.

I think I can add little more to my recollections of Byron. He was often melancholy,—almost gloomy. When I observed him in this humour, I used either to wait till it went off of its own accord, or till some natural and easy mode occurred of leading him into conversation, when the shadows almost always left his countenance, like the mist rising from a landscape. In conversation he was very animated.

I met with him very frequently in society; our mutual acquaintances doing me the honour to think that he liked to meet with me. Some very agreeable parties I can recollect, —particularly one at Sir George Beaumont's, where the amiable landlord had assembled some persons distinguished for talent. Of these I need only mention the late Sir Humphry Davy, whose talents for literature were as remarkable as his empire over science. Mr. Richard Sharp and Mr. Rogers were also present.

I think I also remarked in Byron's temper starts of suspicion, when he seemed to pause and consider whether there had not been a secret, and perhaps offensive, meaning in something casually said to him. In this case, I also judged it best to let his mind, like a troubled spring, work itself clear, which it did in a minute or two. I was considerably older, you will recollect, than my noble friend, and had no reason to fear his misconstruing my sentiments towards him, nor had I ever the slightest reason to doubt that they were kindly returned on his part. If I had occasion to be mortified by the display of genius which threw into the shade such pretensions as I was then supposed to possess, I might console myself that, in my own case, the materials of mental happiness had been mingled in a greater proportion.

I rummage my brains in vain for what often rushes into my head unbidden,—little traits and sayings which recall his looks, manner, tone, and gestures; and I have always continued to think that a crisis of life was arrived in which a new career of fame was opened to him, and that had he been permitted to start upon it, he would have obliterated the memory of such parts of his life as friends would wish to forget.

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APPENDIX V.

LETTERS FROM LEIGH HUNT.

1. On Byron's *Ode to Napoleon*, see *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 409, and vol. iii. p. 66.

"Surrey Jail, April 2, 1814.

"MY DEAR BYRON, (to fall in with your very kind and acceptable mode of addressing me),—You leave me little to do on this occasion, except to thank you for the trouble you have taken in noticing my venturous remarks. There certainly is a feeling among men of spirit in general, which leads them to prefer this desperate flash-out of a man's career to his quieter and more patient extinction; but is not this feeling among the numerous and dangerous errors, which the world chuse to palm upon their own minds for the sake of looking bold in each others' eyes, and which, in fact, help to keep up all those evils of war and ambition, which, whenever it suits them, they nevertheless think themselves justified in resenting? The question is—Will it stand the test of truth and reason? Your Lordship has answered—no. Then what is the business of a man who aims at shewing himself superior to others, and not the common dupe of their prejudices, but to act as truth and reason require? To be sure, it is rather late in the day for Bonaparte to set up for a philosopher; but if he would do it at all, it is clear he must do it in this manner, and not, as it were, run his head impatiently against his hard fortune. The examples of Richard and Macbeth, though historical, are scarcely applicable, I think, in the present instance, for they are hardly to be considered as any thing but ruffians from first to last, and their sole object was the violent possession of a crown; whereas Bonaparte has had, or pretended to have, 'great views' for society at large; he has affected a certain great and speculative philosophy; and, perhaps, may have really juggled with his conscience by promising himself to do mighty things for us, as soon as he had demolished our principles and cut all our throats. He may, therefore, say to himself, 'My views for society have not succeeded. I am suddenly rendered powerless; but as my object

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do I do so? Because Palæologus had an honourable cause to maintain; and a submission to circumstances, with him, would have been a compromise with his honour; he would have given up a *good principle;* and this he had no right to do: virtuous example would have lost more by his patience than it gained by his desperation. Now, Bonaparte had no such cause to fight for; he was a legitimate monarch, it is true, because he was chosen by the people; but he had not acted his true part as a monarch, and could no longer be considered as fighting for his subjects; he had no *right* to imitate the useful desperation of patriotism; in him, it would have been mere useless bloodshed, and boyish or rather ruffianish obstinacy. Your picture, indeed, of what he *might* have been, it is almost too painful to contemplate; never had man such opportunities of true glory, or so wantonly threw them away. But perhaps his violent follies have been more useful to mankind in adding to their hard-earned experience; it is doubtful if the French would have obtained so much rational freedom, or the world such a prospect of peace and improvement, if we all had not gone our full round of suffering, and been taught, by main force, to *discern*. Come, if your Lordship wrote me a long letter, and thought fit to apologize for it, I think I have had my revenge.

"Pray, however, think no more of such apologies or of those for your not visiting me oftener. I know the thousand little things that prevent a man who is living out in the world from keeping engagements elsewhere; and I expect to have you some day or other, if I live. All that I must request of you in the mean time is not to write me letters full of kindness and candour, which make me more than ordinarily impatient to see the writer.

"Ever, my dear Byron, most sincerely your's,

"LEIGH HUNT.

"P.S.—The morning papers have just been brought me. Do you see what Bonaparte says?"

2. See p. 227, and *note* 1.

"Vale of Health, Hampstead, Monday, 30 Oct., 1815.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—If virtue consists in bestowing happiness, you must look upon yourself, if you please, as having been a most exemplary person when you wrote me your last letter and the notes to the manuscript. I shall suppress what I think of your explanation respecting the *English Bards*, lest you should suppose me pertinacious in paying compliments; but the fact is, it is so rare a thing to meet with a person who seems, as the phrase is, to jump along with all one's ideas, that one is in danger of paying nothing but compliments to one's self under the guise of ardently approving another. You must know I am a very great infidel in what is usually understood by the word 'merit;' but then I am as great a believer in things to be liked and admired, whether they are flowers, or fields, or fine qualities; and I like candour and manliness above all things, save and excepting womanliness.

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"I never thought of extending the knowledge of such explanations or of the work that gave rise to them beyond a few, a very few persons, who come about my fireside, and who know how to appreciate them; but pray give me to understand, whether I am licensed to do this, and whether you would object to a quotation from this edition of *E[nglish] B[ards]* once and away, if it happened to illustrate some position of mine. The truth is, I have made one already in an article for the Round Table, which was to have been in last Sunday's *Examiner*, and in which I have been differing, in one respect, from an essay of a Brother Knight on the Methodists and *Poets* (what a conjunction!), which said essay, by the way, as far as the former are concerned, has, I hear, made a great sensation. Perhaps I am chattering to you here of things you know nothing about; but I am aware that you read the *Examiner* sometimes, and so I guess you may see it always. You do not know, however, that in my quality of President of the order, I have had very gracious intentions towards you, as gracious as those of conferrers of knighthood in general, that is to say, polite and self-considerate. Have you a mind to be dubbed some day? But I will tell you all about *us* and *it*, when we meet.

"And now allow me to give you my hearty thanks for your observations on the MS. I shall avail myself of the objecting ones for alteration in some instances, and if I do not do so in the greater number, you will do me justice enough to believe that it is not from mere vain rejection, but in vindication of a theory which I have got on the subject, and by which it appears to me that the original part of my style—if the attempt to bring back an idiomatic spirit in verse can be so called—must stand or fall. At the same time, I have a great horror of the prosaic, and still more so of the eccentric; and if you will take the trouble, when I have the pleasure of seeing you again, of running over the marked passages with me once more, I trust that where I am stout in my defence, you will be equally so, if you see necessity, in your attack. Upon the 'obscurities' pray have no mercy, for if you tell me that such and such a line is not clear to you in the reading, I promise to have no mercy on it myself. It shall be the same with the 'occasional quaintnesses,' that is to say, if they are deviations from recognized and natural modes of speaking, and not merely from some of the politer forms of versification:—for here is the point in question; and I am vain enough to think that you, who are carried so instinctively, in your own poems, to native and undisguised emotion, will, of all writers, think with me before long. You have the complete thing in point of feeling and character—why not, always, in point of words? The plain matter is this: it appears to me that we often hurt the effect, in modern poetry, of very true feelings and descriptions by putting them in false language, that is to say, we accommodate ourselves to

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charm we speak of as finding in the Italian writers, particularly *Ariosto*, and in Ariosto too as contrasted with *Tasso*? Doubtless the greater part of it is in nativeness of feeling; but then this is completed and made to have its proper charm by nativeness of language. You will smile at my presumption—no, *you* will not, but an inferior poet might—when I say that my poetical ambition points to this kind of charm, and that I endeavour to think, first of what is natural and what I have observed of nature, and secondly, of such writers as Ariosto, or, if you will allow me to mention a name which might appear presumptuously spoken even to you, if my very love of nature were not sufficient to assure you that I spoke it with far-off reverence —as Shakspeare. The whole of *Lear* is a glorious specimen, particularly, perhaps, in the scene with Cordelia, and that speech, which always makes me sink within me—

"'Pray do not mock me,
I am a very foolish, fond old man,
Fourscore *and upward*,' etc.

"To take an instance, too, out of Ariosto, as contrasted with his translator Hoole. The latter, I allow, is a very poor creature in every respect; but Pope, I fear, in the instance before us, would have done as badly. You remember the exquisite description of Angelica's flight, in the first book. Among others there are these lines, in which one seems to go through nothing but leafiness and alarm—

"'Fugge tra selve spaventose e scure,
Per lochi inabitati, ermi, e selvaggi.
Il mover de le frondi e di verzure,
Che di cerri sentia, d'olmi, e di faggi,
Fatto le avea, con subite paure,
Trovar di quà e di là strani viaggi;
Che ad ogni ombra veduta o in monte o in valle,
Temea Rinaldo aver sempre a le spalle.'

Lib. i. stanza 33.

And again, in the next stanza, speaking of the flying fawn—

"'*Ad ogni sterpo che passando tocca,*
Esser si crede a l'empia fera in bocca.'

"See also one of those thousand natural little touches, both in idea and description, with which he enchants one, at stanza 76 of the same book, where Angelica makes much of Rinaldo's horse—

"'Con la sinistra man,' etc., etc.

"I do not know what Hoole has done for the latter (I have not my books by me), neither can I speak with certainty to his translation of the passage first quoted, though I am pretty sure he ventures to say nothing about Rinaldo's being at her shoulders. His translation of the second, I think, is thus: 'At every twig' (I will not swear, however, that he hazards every twig, but let us grant him this)—

"'At every twig she touches in her way,
She thinks the cruel savage *grasps his prey*,'

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Or,

"'Thinks the savage grasps his trembling prey;'

or some such thing. But if you think it necessary to excuse yourself to me for long letters, what should I do on my part?

"After all, what do you think of the situation in which I find myself with this poem of mine—this poem, which Moore encouraged in the commencement, and which Byron has flattered during it's progress? The booksellers have left me in the lurch with it, after playing me a dog's trick by which they have fairly walked off with the copyrights of the *Mask* and the *Feast of the Poets* for nothing. I will explain to you, if you will hear it, this pretty business, which people in the trade call as 'complete a take-in' as they ever witnessed, and which has of course left me to look very silly under the grave condolencies of all those who know it, or at least to feel so; for they pay me so many compliments upon my 'unsuspecting nature,' that I am bound to receive their consolations agreeably. The greatest comfort I feel is, that I shall be able to make a capital description of a knavish tradesman, if ever the thing falls in my way, and then the reader will say, 'Lord, what a knowing fellow this must have been! and how impossible to take *him* in!' But now does your Lordship remember a question you once put to me, when I had the honour of seeing you at Paddington, respecting the sale of the poem, and whether I had parted with it? (You see how I take off my hat, and fall into the reverential style, on the occasion.) In plain prose, my dear Byron, would it be quite agreeable to you still to mention to your bookseller that I have a poem of 1400 lines drawing to a close, and that I would come to terms with him about it? I say *still*, because I know the thousand things that sometimes intervene to alter a matter in this respect, and if the thing would be at all out of your way at present, I would put it to him at once myself. I had an objection, you know, to Murray, for the rogue's daring to dispute my political principles in a stage-coach; but I have since learnt not to expect the loftiest notions from booksellers; it is better to laugh down principles at once than to profess them, as these other men did, and have none; and in fine, I should like much, I confess, to be where you and my old friend Mitchell are. By the way, you must allow me to introduce Mitchell to you, when time is; he is a very manly minded, cordial fellow, under an address that at first seems short and phlegmatic, and is a most devout reader of your poetry.

"Your obliged and affectionate friend,

"LEIGH HUNT.

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3. See p. 247.

"Vale of Health, Hampstead, 7 Nov., 1815.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—I thank you very heartily for your recollecting me so quickly respecting Murray, and I can very safely add that the greatest part of my pleasure arises, not so much from your thinking of me with regard to *him*, as from your readiness to recall me to mind, let the occasion have been what it would. I am not sure whether I have been very intelligible here, but I am sincere, and curse heartily every day (in the *sub auditur* way) the vile sickly habits that keep me from you; but I see that I shall be the first, after all, to pay the visit,—at least since my coming here; and neither you, nor any one upon earth, can imagine how much I shall have had to get through, before I could do this. I could sometimes almost run my head against the wall at the very thought of it—if equally long habits of patience, and what is more, the credit, at my fireside, of possessing them, did not enable me to be a little more continent; but I have got a little better health at last; and, after sustaining the attack so long, must commence assailant in turn, and push my old enemies the Azure Fiends (a polite expression for Blue Devils), till the tide of victory carries me to Piccadilly. Excepting two places and on two evenings, I have *literally* never been from home since I left prison, but to visit a friend in the city, who married my wife's mother, and to whose house I have hurried now and then as from one part of my family fireside to another. Pray forgive these old explanations, which will shew you what I wish, if nothing else. I believe that nobody, but one who has been in prison for two years, and who was nervous and hypochondriac when he went there, can conceive what I have had to battle with in this respect. But friendship has already helped to make me better; and friendship, I think, will conquer even this weakness for me before I have done. When I am in the actual enjoyment of society, nobody can be merrier or more triumphant at heart. But enough of this. Murray has written to me, and anticipated a letter which I sent him yesterday. He is very polite and—what shall I say?—*proper*; and I must not forget to tell you the way in which he speaks of the kind things you appear to have said of my poem to him, which he calls 'tempting encomium.'

"You see I did not alter a certain anticipation I had made in my Round Table of yesterday, of the agreement of opinion which I thought you might entertain with me on the subject of it. I conceive, in fact, notwithstanding what you said in your last, that you and I think alike on the subject; I only differed with my brother member on the *original* poverty of spirits which he ascribed to the poets. The rest I am certainly not disposed to deny. At

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himself uses it, and most nobly. I only prefer the more natural way in general, and on subjects that most decidedly demand it.

"To conclude with a question, which will show you, after all, how much I value your introduction of me to Murray, notwithstanding what I say at the beginning of this letter,—shall you have any objection to his reading the MS. with your pencil-marks? My first impulse was to take them out, as I had already done with the first canto, which was going to press under the other bookseller; but my second is to put this question; and in this, I believe, I am the most unaffected.

"Ever affectionately your's,
"LEIGH HUNT."

4. See p. 258.

"Hampstead, Feb. 1, 1816.

"MY DEAR BYRON,—I give you hearty thanks for your letter. You, who have been out in the world a great deal, have learned to suppress your feelings, though you still let them escape, after your own fashion; I, who first was a hermit from luxury, then from *love*, and then from disease, can suppress mine too pretty well, but not to particular people, and accordingly, when I talk to *you* of friendship, and remember the more passionate parts of your works, I am a boy again. Do you see what a turn of egotism my solitude gives me? I must break it, if only on that account, not to mention my forgetting people whom every body starts to remind me of. There was I, writing to inform the world last week, and forgot in my list of Whigs to mention Lord Lansdowne and Sir James Macintosh, and Heaven knows whom. I believe I must fairly take lodgings in town, and commence lounger in St. James's St. Nor is this a mere joke, for in truth I have had very serious intentions of contriving to get near you somehow or other.

"I send you at last the 4th canto, having waited a considerable time for the second of the enclosed proofs, which the Printer unaccountably delayed. The book itself will follow in the course of a few days, I suppose, as I have now seen the Preface, and have only to look at the revise for some alterations and the Dedication. I sincerely hope that you may be as well pleased with the whole volume when it comes, as you have been with parts in MS.

"What you say about politics is quite worthy of your spirit, and cosmopolitism, taking that word in it's best and feasible sense. I knew what you tell me about your ancestors. Commodore Byron, too, is an old school-acquaintance of mine, and there is another that figures after your own heart, I should think, in *Bosworth Field*, a poem of Sir John Beaumont's, brother of Francis. Pray let me know if you have the works of the said Sir John; otherwise, I will copy out the lines for you in my next.

"I hope to talk with you further on that political business, and on what perhaps are destined to be the wonders of the reign of a *Queen*, if her individual spirit does not help to prevent them. Just

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now, I am in the agonies of seeing the hour hand approach to 4, at which time the post leaves Hampstead; but I cannot help thanking you again and again for the spirit of your whole letter,—apology, anticipations, and all. As to *losing*, I do not suppose that there would be much risk of that, let you act up as [MS. torn] you might to your sense of what was due to the world; but I rejoice to see that you do not forget that you are a patrician on the intellectual side of things as well as the aristocratic; and I certainly do think, in whatever proportion the convulsion may be, that the intellect of Europe, as it at present exists, in politics, religion, and every thing else, will not long stand the insult that has been put upon it by those wretched promise-breakers, the Allies.

"Ever, my dear Byron, your's affectionately,

"LEIGH HUNT."

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APPENDIX VI.

BYRON, SCOTT, AND MRS. HENRY SIDDONS.

(See pp. 234 and 238, *note* 1.)

ANOTHER incident connected with Byron's theatrical management is interesting, because it introduces a letter from Walter Scott. Lady Byron, and later Byron himself, had asked Mrs. Henry Siddons to accept an engagement at Drury Lane. The following was her reply :—

"Mrs. Henry Siddons returns her grateful acknowledgements to Lord Byron for his kind intentions in her favor for the ensuing Winter at Drury Lane Theatre. After the most serious deliberation, which a circumstance of so much importance to her little Family obliged her to take, her respect for Edinburgh and some highly valued Friends there, have compelled her to decline acting in London next Winter.

"Should, however, unforeseen events enduce her to quit the North, if Lord Byron will permit, she will write to him upon the subject, as it would ever be her wish to return to Drury Lane, and more particularly under the auspices of his Lordship and the present Committee.

"Saturday Morn., 22nd July, No. 8, New Ormond Street."

In the winter of the same year appeared a paragraph in a Scottish newspaper, from which the following passage, enclosed to Byron by Scott, is extracted :—

"We observe, with deep interest, that Mrs. HENRY SIDDONS is to make her first appearance, since the death of her husband, in the

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has made to the Edinburgh audience wholly thrown away. The sacrifice we allude to is this, and we pledge ourselves for the minute accuracy of the statement in every particular. When Mrs. SIDDONS was last in London, she was applied to by the committee of management for Drury Lane Theatre, in which her absence has long been heavily felt, to engage in that theatre upon certain terms; and before her answer could be obtained, she was again applied to, with the offer of a *carte blanche;* that is, she was requested to accept an engagement for one season, or for more than one, or for any number of nights she might fix; the pecuniary remuneration, in all and each of these cases, being left wholly to herself. To give this invitation all the grace it could possibly receive, it was made, in the first instance, through Lady BYRON, and, in the second, through her Lord. Mrs. SIDDONS received these applications as became her; but, decisively, though respectfully, declined them, 'because she could not accept them without failing in the duty which she felt herself to owe to the public of Edinburgh.' This statement requires no comment; and we repeat that we pledge ourselves for its accuracy in every particular."

Scott's letter refers to the above paragraph. The letter from the "Irish tragedian" is evidently from Maturin, whose play, *Bertram*, was, on Scott's introduction and by Byron's influence, accepted at Drury Lane.

"Edinburgh, January 5.

"MY DEAR LORD BYRON,—I had an early visit from a fair Lady this morning, who is in great anxiety lest a paragraph, which has appeared in one of our papers, should appear to Lady Byron or you to have been inserted with her knowledge, or with the presumptuous purpose of converting your kindness into the foundation of a theatrical puff. Mrs. Henry Siddons, who thinks on this and other subjects very like a lady, seems particularly distressed at the indiscreet zeal of the friend, who, in a sincere wish to serve her, has injudiciously and, as she thinks, indelicately brought into view circumstances of private attention, which, while she feels the honour attending them, are not proper to be paraded before the public. I had no hesitation to say that I thought it impossible your Lordship or Lady Byron would attach any consequence to this blunder of a good friend of mine, who is a zealous admirer of Mrs. Siddons and the Drama, as well as of your Lordship, and would, to my knowledge, be the last man upon earth to be guilty of disrespect to you or indelicacy to her.

"Having thus far pleaded my cause like a good Advocate, before I was in possession of facts, I have just got the paragraph, which I enclose, and, unless the thoughtless mention of Lady Byron's name, I think you will not find much to complain of, since it only represents your Lordship as anxious to do your duty in securing to the public of London an actress of Mrs. H. Siddons's eminence. However, she

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is unhappy lest your Lordship should misinterpret this unlucky paragraph into an abuse of Lady Byron's goodness and yours, and you will do a great kindness in reassuring her on the subject by a few lines addressed either to her or to me.

"I have got a most enthusiastic letter from our Irish tragedian, almost mad with gratitude for your kindness. Hogg, after playing a great part in the grand drama of football, which was enacted in the open air by 2000 performers, has retired to his cottage among the hills, and is there, I suppose, smoothed up with snow, and living beneath the wreaths like an Esquimaux. Jeffrey is well, drinking champagne and writing criticisms. I don't know any other person here that your Lordship cares for.

"My best respects attend Lady Byron, and I am always, my dear Lord, most truly yours,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"All good things attend you through 1816.

"Should you meet Lady Compton in Society, pray be acquainted with her: it is worth while, for she is a very clever young woman, and skilled in legendary lore."

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APPENDIX VII.

LETTERS OF JANE CLAIRMONT TO BYRON.

(See p. 347, and *note* 1.)

THE following undated letters, the originals of which are among the Murray MSS., explain the commencement of Byron's acquaintance with Jane Clairmont.

When Shelley eloped with Mary Godwin, in July, 1814, Jane Clairmont accompanied them to Switzerland; she returned with them to London in September, and lived with them in their various lodgings till May, 1815. In that month she left them to pay a long visit to Lynmouth during Shelley's stay at Bishopsgate. She probably returned to London in the autumn of 1815.

The date at which Byron's acquaintance with Jane Clairmont began is important, because to this intimacy has been attributed his separation from Lady Byron. That Byron and Miss Clairmont were strangers till August, 1815, is proved by Letter 5 (p. 431), for Shelley had not "turned three and "twenty" till August 4, 1815. That towards the close of the same year they were still strangers, is proved by Miss Clairmont's reference (Letter 5, pp. 431, 432) to *Alastor*, which was only begun after Shelley's voyage on the Thames in September, 1815. The poem was published in March, 1816, and, as she mentions (*ibid.*) "The Dæmon of the World," and the translations of Dante's Sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti (*ibid.*, p. 433) and from the Greek of Moschus, which were printed with *Alastor*, it is reasonably certain that she refers to the published volume. This fixes the commencement of her intimacy with Byron at a date subsequent to the arrangement of his separation. With such a date

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agrees her reference (p. 437) to Byron's approaching departure from England.

The following passage from Medwin's *Angler in Wales* (vol. ii. p. 187) thus describes Miss Clairmont:—

"At Florence I met several times the mother of this "child, then living *en pension*. She was a brunette, with "very dark hair, and eyes that flashed with the fire of intel- "ligence, and might have been taken for an Italian. Her "history was a profound secret. As she possessed con- "siderable talents—spoke French and Italian, particularly "the latter, with all its *nuances* and niceties—she was much "courted by the Russian coterie, a numerous and fashionable "one in that city. Though not strictly handsome, she was "animated and attractive, and possessed an *esprit de société* "rare among our countrywomen. She might be about "twenty-five or twenty-six, and supposing me unacquainted "with the particulars of her unfortunate connection with "Byron, never mentioned his name, or that of her daughter."

Jane Clairmont is probably the original of "Stella" in *Nightmare Abbey*, who suddenly appears in Scythrop's study. She is there described (chapter x.) as displaying in her conversation "a highly cultivated and energetic mind, full of "impassioned schemes of liberty, and impatience of mascu- "line usurpation. . . . She was intimately conversant with "the German language and literature; and Scythrop listened "with delight to her repetitions of her favourite passages "from Schiller and Göthe, and to her encomiums on the "sublime Spartacus Weishaupt, the immortal founder of the "sect of the Illuminati. . . . The lady spoke very ardently of "the singleness and exclusiveness of love, and declared that "the reign of affection was one and indivisible; that it might "be transferred, but could not be participated. 'If I ever "love,' said she, 'I shall do so without limit or restriction. "I shall hold all difficulties light, all sacrifices cheap, all "obstacles gossamer. But for love so total, I shall claim a "return as absolute, etc., etc.'" It will be noticed that, in

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I.—"E. Trefusis" to Byron.

"An utter stranger takes the liberty of addressing you. It is earnestly requested that for one moment you pardon the intrusion, and, laying aside every circumstance of who and what you are, listen with a friendly ear. A moment of passion or an impulse of pride often destroys our own happiness and that of others. If in this case your refusal shall not affect yourself, yet you are not aware how much it may injure another. It is not charity I demand, for of that I stand in no need: I imply by that you should think kindly and gently of this letter, that if I seem impertinent you should pardon it for a while, and that you should wait patiently till I am emboldened by you to disclose myself.

"I tremble with fear at the fate of this letter. I cannot blame if it shall be received by you as an impudent imposture. There are cases where virtue may stoop to assume the garb of folly; it is for the piercing eye of genius to discover her disguise, do you then give me credit for something better than this letter may seem to portend. Mine is a delicate case; my feet are on the edge of a precipice; Hope flying on forward wings beckons me to follow her, and rather than resign this cherished creature, I jump though at the peril of my Life.

"It may seem a strange assertion, but it is not the less true that I place my happiness in your hands. I wish to give you a suspicion without at first disclosing myself; because it would be a cruel addition to all I otherwise endure to become the object of your contempt and the ridicule of others.

"If you feel your indignation rising, if you feel tempted to read no more, or to cast with levity into the fire, what has been written by me with so much fearful inquietude, check your hand: my folly may be great, but the Creator ought not to destroy his creature. If you shall condescend to answer the following question you will at least be rewarded by the gratitude I shall feel.

"If a woman, whose reputation has yet remained unstained, if without either guardian or husband to control she should throw herself upon your mercy, if with a beating heart she should confess the love she has borne you many years, if she should secure to you secresy and safety, if she should return your kindness with fond affection and unbounded devotion, could you betray her, or would you be silent as the grave?

"I am not given to many words. Either you will or you will not. Do not decide hastily, and yet I must entreat your answer without delay, not only because I hate to be tortured by suspense, but because my departure a short way out of town is unavoidable,

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2.—"G. C. B." to Byron.

"Sunday Morning.

"Lord Byron is requested to state whether seven o'clock this Evening will be convenient to him to receive a lady to communicate with him on business of peculiar importance. She desires to be admitted alone and with the utmost privacy. If the hour she has mentioned is correct, at that hour she will come; if not, will his lordship have the goodness to make his own appointment, which shall be readily attended to though it is hoped the interview may not be postponed after this Evening?

"G. C. B."

3.—Byron to "G. C. B."[1]

"Ld B. is not aware of any 'importance' which can be attached by any person to an interview with him, and more particularly by one with whom it does not appear that he has the honour of being acquainted. He will however be at home at the hour mentioned."

4.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"I have called twice on you; but your Servants declare you to be out of town. Perhaps the kindest favour I can confer on you is to make my letter short and my demands slight, since you are overwhelmed with affairs and cares. May I beg you then, if it is not too difficult, to procure from some of your theatrical friends an account of what instructions are necessary for one who intends entering that career. What are the first steps to be taken? Are the difficulties of manner and figure to be overcome? Is it absolutely necessary to go through the intolerable and disgusting drudgery of provincial theatres before commencing on the boards of a metropolis? Who is the best master in the art of reciting?

"I believe I ought to have made a long paragraph first of *thanks* and *gratitude;* from this I forbear. I have no doubt you are perfectly indifferent whether I feel it or not; you have secured to yourself the applause and admiration of the world, and any offering of mine could scarcely present a gratifying increase. Besides it would seem as if I thought you were to be won to oblige me by praise rather than by the desire of doing good.

"My style is harsh and my sentiments ungracious. Will you

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affection, hide within themselves the warmest feelings. It is not the sparkling cup which should tempt you but the silent and capacious bowl.

"I half suspect that you believe I am an impostor, and that you shun me. Did my tale appear extravagant to you, or, if you gave it credit, did my conduct appear so palpably foolish as to render me the object of contempt? Let the world rail as it will, one consolation I still hold. My actions are not the result of momentary temptation, the impulses of passion; my judgement may be erroneous but as I have no other guide I ought not to be blamed for abiding by its decision. With regard to the romance of my story it is not so improbable. How many realities and characters do I not recollect of wonderful and strange. The German Weishaupt, the story of Eleanor Maria Schoning in Coleridge's Friend—can you read these and not think of mine as an every-day adventure?

"You think it impertinent that I intrude on you. Remember that I have confided to you the most important secrets. I have withheld nothing. Can I help therefore feeling the utmost anxiety with regard to your sentiments and opinion of me? If you believe me what I am not, you will make light of your promise; but if you regard me as unfortunate and mistaken, you may be tempted to keep it. Will you return an answer addressed to me at 13, Arabella Row, Pimlico?

"CLARA CLAIRMONT."

5.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"13, Arabella Row, Pimlico.

"I am extremely obliged to you for the reference to the Honble D. Kinnaird; but I have not yet accepted it, because I am considering. I certainly desire much to be independant; the theatre presents an easy method—but such is my situation that I should not nor could appear under my own name. At present you are the only person acquainted with it, and I dare not apply to Mr. Kinnaird before I receive your approbation to this change, because, if you dissent, what an opinion might he not have of me! Now pray tell me, is not this a falsehood I have a right to commit, since it only concerns myself, and it is perfectly evident can do no injury. You know my story; you are ignorant of no one particular; surely then, if you have at last unwillingly allowed me that which is so justly my due, you are a competent judge. Ought I to write to Mr. Kinnaird or call? You are not surprized at these questions.—I do not know what is right in these cases.

"The 'Demon of the World' is an extract from the poem entitled *Queen Mab*. The latter was composed at the early age of twenty; although it bears marks of genius, yet the style is so unpoetical and unpolished that I could never admire it. Shelley is now turned three and twenty, and interested as I am in all he does, it is with the greatest pleasure I receive your approbation. *Alastor*

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is a most evident proof of improvement; but I think his merit lies in translation. The sonnets from the Greek of Moschus and from Dante are the best. If you think ill of his compositions, I hope you will speak; he may improve by your remarks. It was Shelley who sent you *Queen Mab;* I know not wherefor.

"I wish I was mistress enough of language to explain myself; perhaps when I shall have spoken as plainly as I can, you will misinterpret me. Do you know from the fear I entertain of your believing me mad, I endeavour to write as short and laconic sentences as I can, which must needs give my letter a strange appearance. I am so afraid you think me intruding and troublesome. I believe I am going to ask you a question which it is the fate of all literary men to be teized with. I have written half of a novel or tale (now I know your lips are turned up with contempt and indeed I do not wonder at it); perhaps you will give me Pope's advice 'to keep my piece ten years.' I am now wavering between the adoption of a literary life or of a theatrical career. Perhaps for neither am I fitted. Shelley used frequently to express a good opinion of my literary talents; but his affection might blind him, or perhaps he was afraid to say rude things. But you, who can care little in this case for any thing but the truth, might by your opinion decide my resolutions. One thing I am afraid of—you rather dislike me and may therefore be a little prejudiced on the wrong side, but that can at least do very little harm. I feel so awkwardly I can do nothing by myself, and am obliged to sollicit a stranger, whom, I fear, is already overwhelmed with affairs. Will you really and truly believe me, when I declare that, though I say nothing about it, yet I am often quite surprized at your gentleness and kindness, and feel most entirely grateful?

"You need be under no apprehensions with regard to my changing my name. You may justly fear that it would not be creditable to yourself were my real name ever discovered. I have no friends except one, and he never frequents the theatres; besides I shall in the end inform him of my intention, though I shall grant him no power to alter it. I shall live an entirely recluse and solitary life; I am too hasty, too intolerant to enter into society; their foibles afflict me and when my endeavours to amend what I see, fail, I feel too melancholy for endurance. I do not desire happiness, for I remember in moments of the most exquisite delight how much they have failed from my expectations. If you recollect your own sensations accurately, you may remember that it is not in the actual possession of the object we wish for that our happiness consists; but in the changing from the state of wishing to the state of possession. Let me then live to myself; let me live as if this world were but an introduction to a lasting scene of repose—a disagreeable necessity

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"'*From Dante Alighieri to Guido Cavalcanti.*[1]

"'Guido, vorrei, che tu ed Lapo ed io
Fossimo presi per incantamento
'E messi ad un vassel, che ad ogni vento
Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio.
Sicché Fortuna, ad altro tempo rio
Non ci potesse dare impedimento
Anzi, vivendo in noi sempre talento,
Di stare insieme crescesse il disio.
'E Monna Vanna, e monna Bice poi,
Con quella in il numer delle trenta,
Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore;
'E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore.
'E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
Siccome io credo che sariamo noi.'

"I believe this is quite correct but as I transcribe it from memory I am not certain. 'Anzi, vivendo in noi sempre talento, di stare insieme crescesse il disio'—is a blessing which I think the goodness of God ought to have bestowed upon married people, since he has imposed such an evil on the world. I wonder how Dante, with such a peculiarly unpleasant countenance, could have thought of such a pleasant way of passing life. Do you remember his inscription over the gate of Hell—

"'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.'

I think it is a most admirable description of marriage. The subject makes me prolix. I can never resist the temptation of throwing a pebble at it as I pass by.

"Believing in the sincerity of all I have addressed to you, and pardoning all my tiresome explanations, giving me credit for more good than appears, will you return me a speedy answer, as the time

1. In Dr. Moore's edition of the *Opere di Dante Alighieri* (1897, p. 173), Sonnetto xxxii. is thus given—

"Guido, vorrei che tu e Lapo ed io
Fossimo presi per incantamento,
E messi ad un vascel, ch'ad ogni vento
Per mare andasse a voler vostro e mio;
Sicchè fortuna, od altro tempo rio
Non ci potesse dare impedimento,
Anzi, vivendo sempre in un talento,
Di stare insieme crescesse il disio.
E monna Vanna e monna Bice poi,
Con quella ch' è sul numero del trenta,
Con noi ponesse il buono incantatore;
E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore;
E ciascuna di lor fosse contenta,
Siccome io credo che sariamo noi."

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draws near when I must decide. For your very great kindness I must ever be grateful; but sincerity on your part will enhance the favour. Pray speak ill of me. I had almost said I should be pleased by it."

6.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"Friday Evening.

"Pardon my writing to you again. I sent you yesterday a long letter and your answer is not yet arrived. It is my anxiety to receive that answer which makes me thus troublesome. If it were not for the reliance I place in the kindness of your temper, I should not dare treat you so. I entreat you to return me an answer by my messenger. If you knew how happy and cheerful it makes me to hear from you, I am sure you would not fail since I am not at least ungrateful for your attention."

7.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"There is little in your lordship's stern silence to embolden me to lay before you my production; but however I may be wrong. If you had said you were too busy to look at it, I should have understood; but your silence places me in a dilemma; it may arise from your affairs and then I am tiresome; or, it may be occasioned by negligence, which to me at least is as bad. Will you judge candidly and impartially? Will you make allowance for my years? I do not expect you to approve—all I wish to know is whether I have talents, which, if aided by severe study, may render me fit to become an author. I had half resolved to correct and revise it; but I afterwards thought if you saw it just as it was, written at intervals, and in scraps, you would be a better judge. A jeweller you know prefers the unpolished stone.

"My intention was this—To draw a character committing every violence against received opinion—one, educated amidst mountains and deserts, who knew no other guide than herself on the impulses arising from herself;—who, notwithstanding the apparent enormity of her actions, should however appear highly amiable, full of noble affections and sympathies;—whose sweetness and naïvete of character should draw on her the pity rather than the contumely of her readers, who, kindly attributing her errors to the neglected state of her education, and the unfortunate circumstances which first attended her entrance into the World, might imperceptibly be led

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opinions and Papa's and Mama's good advice. But Atheists might see and understand my meaning. I would be exactly like a diamond, who to the right reflects purple and to the left pink. Gibbon's fifteenth and sixteenth chapters are most admirable models of this kind, and, by an intimate acquaintance with his style and manner, I should hope to follow, though in a more humble path.

"Perhaps, though I have the power to conceive, I have not the talents to execute such a task. I am not vain enough to believe that at present my talents are equal to it; but it is natural for me to entertain the fond hope that one day they may. It is at present in a very rude state; perhaps the whole of the first part should be re-written; the tale is too abruptly begun; I am aware that the first sentence rather tempts one to throw the book down than to continue; but this I should alter.

"If you glance over the manuscript, may I request that it will be as soon as possible, at least as is convenient to you? It is not certainly for me who am the obliged to lay down rules to you.

"I have not applied as you directed me to the Hon. D. Kinnaird for a very palpable objection afterwards presented itself. It would be a useless waste of time; all Mr. Kinnaird could do for me is to tell me the first necessary steps, this you have been so kind as to promise to perform. I am not far advanced enough to claim his attention; when I am I shall claim his attention; at present the attempt would be premature. I am sure this is nothing but reasonable. No person can call this Madness.

"My next request is extremely selfish—I was going to beg you to make your Commentaries long and explicit.—Q. 'If it is so selfish why then do you make it?' A. 'Because it is a case in which I must be selfish and I need not add insincerity.' Will you address to me at 13, Arabella Row, Pimlico."

8.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"You bid me write short to you and I have much to say. You also bade me believe that it was a fancy which made me cherish an attachment for you. It cannot be a fancy since you have been for the last year the object upon which every solitary moment led me to muse.

"I do not expect you to love me; I am not worthy of your love. I feel you are superior, yet much to my surprize, more to my happiness, you betrayed passions I had believed no longer alive in your bosom. Shall I also have to ruefully experience the want of happiness? shall I reject it when it is offered? I may appear to you imprudent, vicious; my opinions detestable, my theory depraved; but one thing, at least, time shall show you that I love gently and with affection, that I am incapable of any thing approaching to the feeling of revenge or malice; I do assure you, your future will shall be mine, and every thing you shall do or say, I shall not question.

"Have you then any objection to the following plan? On Thursday Evening we may go out of town together by some stage

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or mail about the distance of ten or twelve miles. There we shall be free and unknown; we can return early the following morning. I have arranged every thing here so that the slightest suspicion may not be excited. Pray do so with your people.

"Will you admit me for two moments to settle with you *where?* Indeed I will not stay an instant after you tell me to go. Only so much may be said and done in a short time by an interview which writing cannot effect. Do what you will, or go where you will, refuse to see me and behave unkindly, I shall never forget you. I shall ever remember the gentleness of your manners and the wild originality of your countenance. Having been once seen, you are not to be forgotten. Perhaps this is the last time I shall ever address you. Once more, then, let me assure you that I am not ungrateful. In all things have you acted most honourably, and I am only provoked that the awkwardness of my manner and something like timidity has hitherto prevented my expressing it to you personally.

"CLARA CLAIRMONT.

"Will you admit me now as I wait in Hamilton Place for your answer?"

9.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"Saturday Morning.

"Will you be so kind as to admit me Sunday Evening at seven—alone? Is it convenient? I do not like calling of a morning; you have so many people with you. Will you also be so good as to answer my request by the messenger who waits? I cannot go to the play, much as I wish it, for Shelley declares he could not endure it; so I must be content."

10.—Jane Clairmont to Byron.

"Thursday Morning, 13, Arabella Row, Pimlico.

"I write to you thus early that you may form no engagement. I shall be with you, Saturday Evening at ½ past seven. Now pray read this letter entirely. You have already been extremely kind; you intend to be more so: it will cost you little to complete my wishes, which are decidedly averse to the appointment being kept in your house. You certainly cannot wish to betray either yourself or me to the Servants; an unexpected visitor, a letter, or a message may arrive at a most unwelcome moment; circumstances, if they shall not appear conclusive, will at least seem suspicious: surely

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to any thing rather than coming to your's. My messenger will wait while you consider and settle in your own mind every thing. Where I shall meet you—how and when? Pray, I entreat you do not let it be at your house. It is the last favour you could do me. On Monday you set out for Italy and I—God knows where.

"I have decided my fate in my own mind. Do not delay our meeting after Saturday—I cannot endure the suspense; after walking my colour might be high and I might look, as you said, in health; but when I am alone, and left to my own thoughts, I become the most miserable and nervous of beings. Good God! how inexplicable a person I must seem to you. On Saturday a few moments may tell you more than you yet know. Till then I am content that you should believe me vicious and depraved. Do you know I cannot talk to you when I see you? I am so awkward and only feel inclined to take a little stool and sit at your feet. This is how I always feel towards the person I love. When I behold them, nothing gives me half so much delight as to kneel down by them and hiding my head, to think about them.

"My dear Lord Byron, you call me 'a little fiend.' I thought it so criminal to doubt any thing you said that I was much impressed by this appellation. In the course of the Evening I asked Shelley if he thought I was of a gentle disposition. I give you his exact words. 'My sweet Child, there are two Clare's—one of them I should call irritable if it were not for the nervous disorder, the effects of which you still retain: the nervous Clare is reserved and melancholy and more sarcastic than violent; the good Clare is gentle yet cheerful; and to me the most engaging of human creatures; one thing I will say for you that you are as easily managed by the person you love as the reed is by the wind; it is your weak side.'

"I do not report this through vanity; I know Shelley is too fond of me not to be indulgent, yet I think it an honorable testimony to that part of my character you have accused, that the man whom I have loved, and for whom I have suffered much, should report this of me. Some time hence you will say the same about my temper. Oftentimes I wish there was a God that I might teize him with eternal sollicitations for your happiness. Now pray answer me kindly, and do not put any little sarcastic speeches in it; but, if you stand in need of amusement and I afford it you, pray indulge your humour; I had rather any thing than contradict you. Farewell: I hope you will be able to grant my request. I am sure you deserve to be happy, and that you may, is the most earnest and constant wish of

"CL. . . CL. . . .

"May I request you to bring my letters on Saturday that they may be committed to the flames?"

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APPENDIX VIII.

STENDHAL'S ACCOUNT OF BYRON AT MILAN.

(See p. 379, and Galt's *Life of Lord Byron*, pp. 345–356.)

HENRI BEYLE (1783–1842), after his return from the Russian campaign (1812), travelled in Italy. At Milan, in 1816, he met Byron, and in the following pages, as translated by Galt, gives his impressions, under his pseudonym of "Stendhal:"—

"The following account of Lord Byron, at Milan, before he fixed his residence at Venice, is interesting. It is extracted from *The Foreign Literary Gazette*, a periodical work which was prematurely abandoned, and is translated from the French of M. Stendhal, a gentleman of literary celebrity in France, but whose works are not much known in this country:—

"'In 1817 a few young people met every evening at the Theatre de la Scala, at Milan, in the box of Monsignor Ludovic de Brême, formerly chief almoner of the ex-king of Italy. This Italian custom, not generally followed in France, banished all ceremony. The affectation that chills the atmosphere of a French saloon is unknown in the society of Milan. How is it possible that such a sentiment can find a place amongst individuals in the habit of seeing each other above three hundred times in the course of a twelvemonth? One evening a stranger made his appearance in Monsignor de Brême's box. He was young, of middling stature, and with remarkably fine eyes. As he advanced, we observed that he limped a little. "Gentlemen," said Monsignor de Brême, "this is Lord Byron." We were afterwards presented to his Lordship, the whole scene passing with as much ceremonious gravity, as if our introducer had been De Brême's grandfather, in days of yore ambassador from the Duke of Savoy to the court of Louis XIV. Aware of the character of the English, who generally avoid such as appear to

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not been spoiled by any romances on the subject. A fine-looking man, with a military appearance, happening to be of our party, his Lordship naturally concluded that he was the hero; and accordingly, in addressing him, relaxed considerably from the natural coldness of his manner. The next day, however, Byron was undeceived. Changing his battery, he did me the honour to address me on the subject of Russia. I idolized Napoleon, and replied to his Lordship as I should have done to a member of the legislative assembly who had exiled the ex-emperor to St. Helena. I subsequently discovered that Lord Byron was at once enthusiastic in favour of Napoleon, and jealous of his fame. He used to say, "Napoleon and myself are the only individuals who sign our names with the initials N. B." (Noel Byron). My determination to be cold offers some explanation for the marked kindness with which, at the end of a few days, Lord Byron did me the favour to regard me. Our friends in the box imagined that the discussion which had taken place, and which, though polite and respectful on my part, had been rather warm, would prevent all further intimacy between us. They were mistaken. The next evening his Lordship took me by the arm, and walked with me for an hour in the saloon of the Theatre de la Scala. I was gratified with his politeness, for which, at the bottom, I was indebted to his desire of conversing with an eyewitness on the subject of the Russian campaign. He even closely cross-questioned me on this point. However, a second reading of *Childe Harold* made amends for all. His progress in the good graces of my Italian friends, who met every evening in Monsignor de Brême's box, was not very rapid. I must confess that his Lordship, one evening broached rather a whimsical idea—that, in a discussion which had just been started, his title added weight to his opinion. On that occasion, De Brême retorted with the well-known anecdote of Marshal de Castries, who, shocked at the deference once paid to D'Alembert's judgment, exclaimed, "A pretty reasoner truly! a fellow not worth three thousand francs a year!" On another evening Lord Byron afforded an opening to ridicule, by the warmth with which he denied all resemblance between his own character and that of Jean Jaques Rousseau, to whom he had been compared. His principal objection to the comparison, though he would not acknowledge the fact, was that Rousseau had been a servant, and the son of a watchmaker. We could not avoid a hearty laugh, when, at the conclusion of the argument, Byron requested from De Brême, who was allied to the oldest nobility of Turin, some information relative to the family of Govon, in whose service Jean Jaques had actually lived. (See *Les Confessions.*) Lord Byron always entertained a great horror of corpulency. His antipathy to a full habit of body might be called a fixed idea. M. Polidori, a young physician who travelled with him, assured us that his Lordship's mother was of low stature and extremely fat. During at least a third part of the day, Byron was a dandy, expressed a constant dread of augmenting the bulk of his outward man, concealed his right foot as much as possible, and endeavoured to render himself agreeable in female society. His vanity, however, frequently

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induced him to lose sight of the end, in his attention to the means. Love was sacrificed;—an affair of the heart would have interfered with his daily exercise on horseback. At Milan and Venice his fine eyes, his handsome horses, and his fame, gained him the smiles of several young, noble, and lovely females, one of whom, in particular, performed a journey of more than a hundred miles for the pleasure of being present at a masked ball to which his Lordship was invited. Byron was apprized of the circumstance, but, either from *hauteur* or shyness, declined an introduction. "Your poets are perfect clowns," cried the fair one, as she indignantly quitted the ball-room. Had Byron succeeded in his pretensions to be thought the finest man in England, and had his claims to the fashionable supremacy been at the same time disputed, he would still have been unsatisfied. In his moments of dandyism, he always pronounced the name of Brummel with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy. When his personal attractions were not the subject of his consideration, his noble birth was uppermost in his thoughts. At Milan we often purposely discussed in his presence the question, "if Henry IV. could justly pretend to the attribute of clemency, after having ordered his old companion, the Duke de Biron, to be beheaded?" "Napoleon would have acted differently," was his Lordship's constant reply. It was ludicrous to observe his respect wavering undecided between acquired distinction and his own nobility, which he considered far above that of the Duke de Biron. When the pride of birth and personal vanity no longer usurped undue sway over his mind, he again became the sublime poet and the man of sense. Never, after the example of Madame de Staël, did he indulge in the childish vanity of "turning a phrase." When literary subjects were introduced, Byron was exactly the reverse of an academician; his thoughts flowed with greater rapidity than his words, and his expressions were free from all affectation or studied grace. Towards midnight, particularly when the music of the opera had produced an impression on his feelings, instead of describing them with a view to effect, he yielded naturally to his emotions, as though he had all his life been an inhabitant of the south.'

"After quoting a passage from Moore's recently published *Life of Byron*, in which the poet obscurely alludes to his remorse for some unexplained crime, real or imaginary, M. Stendhal thus proceeds—

"'Is it possible that Byron might have had some guilty stain upon his conscience, similar to that which wrecked Othello's fame? Such a question can no longer be injurious but to him who has given it birth. It must be admitted, that during nearly a third of the time we passed in the poet's society, he appeared to us like one labouring under an access of folly, often approaching to madness. "Can it be," have we sometimes exclaimed, "that in a frenzy of pride or jealousy he has shortened the days of some fair Grecian slave, faithless to her vows of love?" Be this as it may, a great man once

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posterity will learn whether his remorse was founded in guilt, or in the affectation of which he has so frequently been accused. After all, is it not possible that his conscience might have exaggerated some youthful error? . . . One evening, amongst others, the conversation turned upon a handsome Milanese female, who had eagerly desired to venture her person in single combat with a lover by whom she had been abandoned: the discussion afterwards changed to the story of a prince who in cold blood had murdered his mistress for an act of infidelity. Byron was instantly silent, endeavoured to restrain his feelings, but, unequal to the effort, soon afterwards indignantly quitted the box. His indignation on this occasion was evidently directed against the subject of the anecdote, and in our eyes absolved himself from the suspicion of a similar offence. Whatever might be the crime of which Byron apparently stood self-accused, I may compare it to the robbery of a piece of riband, committed by Jean Jaques Rousseau during his stay at Turin. After the lapse of a few weeks, Byron seemed to have acquired a taste for the society of Milan. When the performances for the evening were over, we frequently stopped at the door of the theatre to enjoy the sight of the beauties who passed us in review. Perhaps few cities could boast such an assemblage of lovely women as that which chance had collected at Milan in 1817. Many of them had flattered themselves with the idea that Byron would seek an introduction; but whether from pride, timidity, or a remnant of dandyism, which induced him to do exactly the contrary of what was expected, he invariably declined that honour. He seemed to prefer a conversation on poetical or philosophical subjects. At the theatre, our discussions were frequently so energetical as to rouse the indignation of the pit. One evening, in the middle of a philosophical argument on the principle of *utility*, Silvio Pellico, a delightful poet, who has since died in an Austrian prison, came in breathless haste to apprize Lord Byron that his friend and physician, Polidori, had been arrested. We instantly ran to the guard-house. It turned out that Polidori had fancied himself incommoded in the pit by the fur cap of the officer on guard, and had requested him to take it off, alleging that it impeded his view of the stage. The poet Monti had accompanied us, and, to the number of fifteen or twenty, we surrounded the prisoner. Every one spoke at once; Polidori was beside himself with passion, and his face red as a burning coal. Byron, though he too was in a violent rage, was, on the contrary, pale as ashes. His patrician blood boiled as he reflected on the slight consideration in which he was held. I have little doubt but at that moment he regretted the wall of separation which he had reared between himself and the ultra party. At all events, the Austrian officer spied the leaven of sedition in our countenances, and, if he was versed in history, probably thought of the insurrection of Genoa, in 1740. He ran from the guard-house to call his men, who seized their arms that had been piled on the outside. Monti's idea was excellent: "*Sortiamo tutti; restino solamente i titolati*" ["Let us all go out; let those only remain who are titled personages"]. De Brême remained, with the Marquis de Sartirana, his brother, Count Confalonieri, and

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Lord Byron. These gentlemen having written their names and titles, the list was handed to the officer on guard, who instantly forgot the insult offered to his fur cap, and allowed Polidori to leave the guard-house. In the evening, however, the doctor received an order to quit Milan within twenty-four hours. Foaming with rage, he swore that he would one day return and bestow manual castigation on the governor who had treated him with so little respect. He did *not* return; and two years afterwards a bottle of prussic acid terminated his career;—at least, *sic dicitur*. The morning after Polidori's departure, Byron, in a *tête-à-tête* with me, complained bitterly of persecution. So little was I acquainted with *i titolati*, to use Monti's expression, that in the simplicity of my heart I gave his Lordship the following counsel: "Realize," said I, "four or five hundred thousand francs; two or three confidential friends will circulate the report of your death, and bestow on a log of wood the honours of Christian burial in some snug retired spot—the island of Elba, suppose. An authentic account of your decease shall be forwarded to England; meanwhile, under the name of Smith or Wood, you may live comfortably and quietly at Lima. When, in process of time, Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood becomes a venerable gray-headed old gentleman, he may even return to Europe, and purchase from a Roman or Parisian bookseller a set of *Childe Harold* or *Lara*, thirtieth edition, with notes and annotations. Moreover, when Mr. Smith or Mr. Wood is really about to make his exit from this life, he may, if he pleases, enjoy one bright original moment: thus may he say: 'Lord Byron, who for thirty years has been numbered with the dead, even now lingers on this side of eternity:—I am the man: the society of my countrymen appeared to me so insipid, that I quitted them in disgust.'" "My cousin, who is heir to my title, owes you an infinity of thanks," coldly replied Lord Byron. I repressed the repartee which hovered on my lips. Byron had a defect in common with all the spoiled children of fortune. He cherished in his bosom two contradictory inclinations. He wished to be received as a man of rank, and admired as a brilliant poet. The *Elena* of Mayer was at that time the performance most in vogue at Milan. The public patiently endured two miserable acts, for the pleasure of hearing a sublime *sesteto* in the third. One day, when it was sung with more than ordinary power, I was struck with the expression of Byron's eyes. Never had I seen any thing so enthusiastic. Internally, I made a vow that I never would of my own free accord sadden a spirit so noble. In the evening, I recollect that some one alluded to the following singular sonnet of Tasso, in which the poet makes a boast of incredulity:—

"'Odi, Filli, che tuona . . .
Ma che curar dobbiam che faccia Giove?
Godiam noi qui, s'egli è turbato in cielo.
Tema in volgo i suoi tuoini . . .

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"'Hear'st thou, Phyllis, it thunders?
But what are Jove's acts to us?
Let us enjoy ourselves here; if he be troubled in his heaven,
Vulgar spirits may dread his thunder.
Let the world perish and fall in ruins: I care not,
Except for her who pleases me best;
For if dust I shall be, dust I was.'

"'"Those verses," said Byron, "were written under the influence of spleen—nothing more. A belief in the Supreme Being was an absolute necessity for the tender and warm imagination of Tasso. He was, besides, too much of a Platonist to connect together the links of a difficult argument. When he composed that sonnet, he felt the inspiration of his genius, and probably wanted a morsel of bread and a mistress." The house in which Lord Byron resided was situated at the further extremity of a solitary quarter, at the distance of half a league from the Theatre de la Scala. The streets of Milan were at that time much infested with robbers during the night. Some of us, forgetting time and space in the charm of the poet's conversation, generally accompanied him to his own door, and on our return, at two o'clock in the morning, were obliged to pass through a multitude of intricate, suspicious-looking streets. This circumstance gave an additional air of romance to the noble bard's retreat. For my part, I often wondered that he escaped being laid under contribution. Had it been otherwise, with his feelings and ideas, he would undoubtedly have felt peculiarly mortified. The fact is, that the practical jokes played off by the knights of the road were frequently of the most ludicrous description—at least to all but the sufferers. The weather was cold, and the pedestrian, snugly enveloped in his cloak, was often attacked by some dexterous thief, who, gliding gently behind him, passed a hoop over his head down to his elbows, and thus fettered the victim, whom he afterwards pillaged at his leisure. Polidori informed us that Byron often composed a hundred verses in the course of the morning. On his return from the theatre in the evening, still under the charm of the music to which he had listened, he would take up his papers, and reduce his hundred verses to five-and-twenty or thirty. When he had in this manner put together four or five hundred, he sent the whole to Murray, his publisher, in London. He often sat up all night, in the ardour of composition, and drank a sort of grog made of hollands and water—a beverage in which he indulged rather copiously when his Muse was coy. But, generally speaking, he was not addicted to excessive drinking, though he has accused himself of that vice. To restrain the circumference of his person within proper limits, he frequently went without a dinner, or, at most, dined on a little bread and a solitary dish of vegetables. This frugal meal cost but a franc or two; and on such occasions Byron used, with much apparent complacency, to accuse himself of avarice. His extreme sensibility to the charms of music may partly be attributed to the chagrin occasioned by his domestic misfortunes. Music caused his tears to flow in abundance, and thus softened the

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asperity of his suffering. His feelings, however, on this subject, were those of a *débutante*. When he had heard a new opera for upwards of a twelvemonth, he was often enraptured with a composition which had previously afforded him little pleasure, or which he had even severely criticised. I never observed Byron in a more delightful or unaffected vein of gaiety than on the day when we made an excursion about two miles from Milan, to visit the celebrated echo of *la Simonetta*, which repeats the report of a pistol-shot thirty or forty times. By way of contrast, the next day, at a grand dinner given by Monsignor de Brême, his appearance was lowering as that of Talma in the part of Nero. Byron arrived late, and was obliged to cross a spacious saloon, in which every eye was fixed on him and his club foot. Far from being the indifferent or phlegmatic personage, who alone can play the dandy to perfection, Byron was unceasingly tyrannised by some ruling passion. When not under the influence of nobler failings, he was tormented by an absurd vanity, which urged him to pretend to every thing. But his genius once awakened, his faults were shaken off as a garment that would have incommoded the flight of his imagination: the poet soared beyond the confines of earth, and wafted his hearers along with him. Never shall I forget the sublime poem which he composed one evening on the subject of Castruccio-Castracani, the Napoleon of the Middle Age. Byron had one failing in common with all poets—an extreme sensibility to praise or censure, especially when coming from a brother bard. He seemed not to be aware that judgments of this nature are generally dictated by a spirit of affectation, and that the most favourable can only be termed certificates of resemblance. I must not omit to notice the astonishing effect produced on Lord Byron by the view of a fine painting of Daniel Crespi. The subject was taken from the well-known story of a monk supposed to have died in the odour of sanctity; and who, whilst his brethren were chanting the service of the dead around his bier in the church at midnight, was said to have suddenly lifted the funeral pall, and quitted his coffin, exclaiming, "*Justo judicio Dei damnatus sum!*" We were unable to wrest Byron from the contemplation of this picture, which produced on his mind a sensation amounting to horror. To indulge his humour on this point, we mounted our horses in silence, and rode slowly towards a monastery at a little distance, where he shortly afterwards overtook us. Byron turned up his lips with an incredulous sneer when he heard, for the first time, that there are ten Italian dialects instead of one; and that amongst the whole population of Italy, only the inhabitants of Rome, Sienna, and Florence, speak the language as it is written.

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conversation with Silvio Pellico gave the tone to Byron's subsequent poetical career. He eagerly demanded the name of the bookseller who sold M. Buratti's works; and as he was accustomed to the expression of Milanese bluntness, the question excited a hearty laugh at his expense. He was soon informed that if Buratti wished to pass his whole life in prison, the appearance of his works in print would infallibly lead to the gratification of his desires; and besides, where could a printer be found hardy enough to run his share of the risk? An incomplete manuscript of Buratti cost from three to four sequins. The next day, the charming Contessina N. was kind enough to lend her collection to one of our party. Byron, who imagined himself an adept in the language of Dante and Ariosto, was at first rather puzzled by Buratti's manuscripts. We read over with him some of Goldoni's comedies, which enabled him at last to comprehend Buratti's satires. One of our Italian friends was even immoral enough to lend him a copy of Baffo's sonnets. What a crime this had been in the eyes of Southey! What a pity he was not, at an earlier period, made acquainted with the atrocious deed! I persist in thinking, that for the composition of *Beppo*, and subsequently of *Don Juan*, Byron was indebted to the reading of Buratti's poetry. Venice is a distinct world, of which the gloomy society of the rest of Europe can form no conception: care is there a subject of mockery. The poetry of Buratti always excites a sensation of enthusiastic delight in the breasts of the Venetian populace. Never, in my presence, did black and white, as the Venetians themselves say, produce a similar effect. Here, however, I ceased to act the part of an eye-witness, and here, consequently, I close my narrative.'"

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APPENDIX IX

A FRAGMENT OF A NOVEL BY BYRON.

DURING a week of rain in June, 1816, Byron, Shelley, Mary Shelley, and Polidori read together a collection of German ghost-stories in a French translation (*Fantasmagoriana, ou Recueil d'histoires d'apparitions, de spectres, revenans, etc.* Traduit de l'Allemand par un Amateur. Paris, 1812, Lenormant et Schoell, 2 tomes, 12mo). The thought occurred, apparently, to Byron that each should write a ghost-story. "You and I," said he to Mrs. Shelley, "will "publish ours together." The results were the following fragment by Byron, first published in 1819 with *Mazeppa;* Polidori's recollections of the story, published by him in the name of Byron (*The Vampyre*, a tale by the Right Hon. Lord Byron. London. 1819); and Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, published, in 1818, with a Preface by her husband, and reprinted, in 1831, by Colburn and Bentley as No. ix. of their *Standard Novels.* The following extract from Mrs. Shelley's Preface (pp. vii.–xi.) to the last-named edition gives a full account of the circumstances in which her own novel and Byron's fragment were composed :—

"In the summer of 1816, we visited Switzerland, and became the neighbours of Lord Byron. At first we spent our pleasant hours on the lake, or wandering on its shores; and Lord Byron,

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hands. There was the *History of the Inconstant Lover*, who, when he thought to clasp the bride to whom he had pledged his vows, found himself in the arms of the pale ghost of her whom he had deserted. There was the tale of the sinful founder of his race, whose miserable doom it was to bestow the kiss of death on all the younger sons of his fated house, just when they reached the age of promise. His gigantic, shadowy form, clothed like the ghost in *Hamlet*, in complete armour, but with the beaver up, was seen at midnight, by the moon's fitful beams, to advance slowly along the gloomy avenue. The shape was lost beneath the shadow of the castle walls; but soon a gate swung back, a step was heard, the door of the chamber opened, and he advanced to the couch of the blooming youths, cradled in healthy sleep. Eternal sorrow sat upon his face as he bent down and kissed the forehead of the boys, who from that hour withered like flowers snapt upon the stalk. I have not seen these stories since then; but their incidents are as fresh in my mind as if I had read them yesterday.

"'We will each write a ghost story,' said Lord Byron; and his proposition was acceded to. There were four of us. The noble author began a tale, a fragment of which he printed at the end of his poem of *Maseppa*. Shelley, more apt to embody ideas and sentiments in the radiance of brilliant imagery, and in the music of the most melodious verse that adorns our language, than to invent the machinery of a story, commenced one founded on the experiences of his early life. Poor Polidori had some terrible idea about a skull-headed lady, who was so punished for peeping through a key-hole —what to see I forget—something very shocking and wrong, of course; but when she was reduced to a worse condition than the renowned Tom of Coventry, he did not know what to do with her, and was obliged to despatch her to the tomb of the Capulets, the only place for which she was fitted. The illustrious poets also, annoyed by the platitude of prose, speedily relinquished their uncongenial task.

"I busied myself *to think of a story*—a story to rival those which had excited us to this task. One which would speak to the mysterious fears of our nature, and awaken thrilling horror—one to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart. If I did not accomplish these things, my ghost story would be unworthy of its name. I thought and pondered—vainly. I felt that blank incapability of invention which is the greatest misery of authorship, when dull Nothing replies to our anxious invocations. *Have you thought of a story?* I was asked each morning, and each morning I was forced to reply with a mortifying negative.

"Every thing must have a beginning, to speak in Sanchean phrase; and that beginning must be linked to something that went before. The Hindoos give the world an elephant to support it, but they make the elephant stand upon a tortoise. Invention, it must be humbly admitted, does not consist in creating out of void, but out of chaos; the materials must, in the first place, be afforded: it can give form to dark, shapeless substances, but cannot bring into being

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the substance itself. In all matters of discovery and invention, even of those that appertain to the imagination, we are continually reminded of the story of Columbus and his egg. Invention consists in the capacity of seizing on the capabilities of a subject, and in the power of moulding and fashioning ideas suggested to it.

"Many and long were the conversations between Lord Byron and Shelley, to which I was a devout but nearly silent listener. During one of these, various philosophical doctrines were discussed, and among others the nature of the principle of life, and whether there was any probability of its ever being discovered and communicated. They talked of the experiments of Dr. Darwin, (I speak not of what the Doctor really did, or said that he did, but, as more to my purpose, of what was then spoken of as having been done by him,) who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case, till by some extraordinary means it began to move with voluntary motion. Not thus, after all, would life be given. Perhaps a corpse would be re-animated; galvanism had given token of such things: perhaps the component parts of a creature might be manufactured, brought together, and endued with vital warmth.

"Night waned upon this talk, and even the witching hour had gone by, before we retired to rest. When I placed my head on my pillow, I did not sleep, nor could I be said to think. My imagination, unbidden, possessed and guided me, gifting the successive images that arose in my mind with a vividness far beyond the usual bounds of reverie. I saw—with shut eyes, but acute mental vision,—I saw the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of a man stretched out, and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life, and stir with an uneasy, half-vital motion. Frightful must it be; for supremely frightful would be the effect of any human endeavour to mock the stupendous mechanism of the Creator of the world. His success would terrify the artist; he would rush away from his odious handywork, horror-stricken. He would hope that, left to itself, the slight spark of life which he had communicated would fade; that this thing, which had received such imperfect animation, would subside into dead matter; and he might sleep in the belief that the silence of the grave would quench for ever the transient existence of the hideous corpse which he had looked upon as the cradle of life. He sleeps; but he is awakened; he opens his eyes; behold the horrid thing stands at his bedside, opening his curtains, and looking on him with yellow, watery, but speculative eyes.

"I opened mine in terror. The idea so possessed my mind, that a thrill of fear ran through me, and I wished to exchange the ghastly image of my fancy for the realities around. I see them

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would frighten my reader as I myself had been frightened that night!

"Swift as light and as cheering was the idea that broke in upon me. 'I have found it! What terrified me will terrify others; and I need only describe the spectre which had haunted my midnight pillow.' On the morrow I announced that I had *thought of a story*. I began that day with the words, *It was on a dreary night of November*, making only a transcript of the grim terrors of my waking dream."

Of his own Fragment Byron says, "I began it in an old "account-book of Miss Milbanke's, which I kept because it "contains the word 'Household,' written by her twice on the "inside blank page of the covers; being the only two scraps "I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the "Deed of Separation."

"June 17, 1816.

"In the year 17—, having for some time determined on a journey through countries not hitherto much frequented by travellers, I set out, accompanied by a friend, whom I shall designate by the name of Augustus Darvell. He was a few years my elder, and a man of considerable fortune and ancient family: advantages which an extensive capacity prevented him alike from undervaluing or overrating. Some peculiar circumstances in his private history had rendered him to me an object of attention, of interest, and even of regard, which neither the reserve of his manners, nor occasional indications of an inquietude at times nearly approaching to alienation of mind, could extinguish.

"I was yet young in life, which I had begun early; but my intimacy with him was of a recent date: we had been educated at the same schools and university; but his progress through these had preceded mine, and he had been deeply initiated into what is called the world, while I was yet in my novitiate. While thus engaged, I heard much both of his past and present life; and, although in these accounts there were many and irreconcilable contradictions, I could still gather from the whole that he was a being of no common order, and one who, whatever pains he might take to avoid remark, would still be remarkable. I had cultivated his acquaintance subsequently, and endeavoured to obtain his friendship, but this last appeared to be unattainable; whatever affections he might have possessed seemed now, some to have been extinguished, and others to be concentred: that his feelings were acute, I had sufficient opportunities of observing; for, although he could control, he could not altogether disguise them: still he had a power of giving to one passion the appearance of another, in such a manner that it was difficult to define the nature of what was working within him; and the expressions of his features would vary so rapidly, though slightly, that it was useless to trace them to their sources. It was

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evident that he was a prey to some cureless disquiet; but whether it arose from ambition, love, remorse, grief, from one or all of these, or merely from a morbid temperament akin to disease, I could not discover: there were circumstances alleged which might have justified the application to each of these causes; but, as I have before said, these were so contradictory and contradicted, that none could be fixed upon with accuracy. Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil: I know not how this may be, but in him there certainly was the one, though I could not ascertain the extent of the other—and felt loth, as far as regarded himself, to believe in its existence. My advances were received with sufficient coldness: but I was young, and not easily discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every-day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them.

"Darvell had already travelled extensively; and to him I had applied for information with regard to the conduct of my intended journey. It was my secret wish that he might be prevailed on to accompany me; it was also a probable hope, founded upon the shadowy restlessness which I observed in him, and to which the animation which he appeared to feel on such subjects, and his apparent indifference to all by which he was more immediately surrounded, gave fresh strength. This wish I first hinted, and then expressed: his answer, though I had partly expected it, gave me all the pleasure of surprise—he consented; and, after the requisite arrangement, we commenced our voyages. After journeying through various countries of the south of Europe, our attention was turned towards the East, according to our original destination; and it was in my progress through those regions that the incident occurred upon which will turn what I may have to relate.

"The constitution of Darvell, which must from his appearance have been in early life more than usually robust, had been for some time gradually giving way, without the intervention of any apparent disease: he had neither cough nor hectic, yet he became daily more enfeebled; his habits were temperate, and he neither declined nor complained of fatigue; yet he was evidently wasting away: he became more and more silent and sleepless, and at length so seriously altered, that my alarm grew proportionate to what I conceived to be his danger.

"We had determined, on our arrival at Smyrna, on an excursion to the ruins of Ephesus and Sardis, from which I endeavoured to dissuade him in his present state of indisposition—but in vain:

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"We had passed halfway towards the remains of Ephesus, leaving behind us the more fertile environs of Smyrna, and were entering upon that wild and tenantless tract through the marshes and defiles which lead to the few huts yet lingering over the broken columns of Diana—the roofless walls of expelled Christianity, and the still more recent but complete desolation of abandoned mosques—when the sudden and rapid illness of my companion obliged us to halt at a Turkish cemetery, the turbaned tombstones of which were the sole indication that human life had ever been a sojourner in this wilderness. The only caravansera we had seen was left some hours behind us, not a vestige of a town or even cottage was within sight or hope, and this 'city of the dead' appeared to be the sole refuge for my unfortunate friend, who seemed on the verge of becoming the last of its inhabitants.

"In this situation, I looked round for a place where he might most conveniently repose:—contrary to the usual aspect of Mahometan burial-grounds, the cypresses were in this few in number, and these thinly scattered over its extent; the tombstones were mostly fallen, and worn with age:—upon one of the most considerable of these, and beneath one of the most spreading trees, Darvell supported himself, in a half-reclining posture, with great difficulty. He asked for water. I had some doubts of our being able to find any, and prepared to go in search of it with hesitating despondency: but he desired me to remain; and turning to Suleiman, our janizary, who stood by us smoking with great tranquillity, he said, 'Suleiman, verbana su,' (*i.e.* 'bring some water,') and went on describing the spot where it was to be found with great minuteness, at a small well for camels, a few hundred yards to the right: the janizary obeyed. I said to Darvell, 'How did you know this?'—He replied, 'From our situation; you must perceive that this place was once inhabited, and could not have been so without springs: I have also been here before.'

"'You have been here before!—How came you never to mention this to me? and what could you be doing in a place where no one would remain a moment longer than they could help it?'

"To this question I received no answer. In the mean time Suleiman returned with the water, leaving the serrugee and the horses at the fountain. The quenching of his thirst had the appearance of reviving him for a moment; and I conceived hopes of his being able to proceed, or at least to return, and I urged the attempt. He was silent—and appeared to be collecting his spirits for an effort to speak. He began—

"'This is the end of my journey, and of my life;—I came here to die; but I have a request to make, a command—for such my last words must be.—You will observe it?'

"'Most certainly; but have better hopes.'

"'I have no hopes, nor wishes, but this—conceal my death from every human being.'

"'I hope there will be no occasion; that you will recover, and——'

"'Peace!—it must be so: promise this.'

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"'I do.'

"'Swear it, by all that——' He here dictated an oath of great solemnity.

"'There is no occasion for this. I will observe your request; and to doubt me is——'

"'It cannot be helped,—you must swear.'

"I took the oath, it appeared to relieve him. He removed a seal ring from his finger, on which were some Arabic characters, and presented it to me. He proceeded—

"'On the ninth day of the month, at noon precisely (what month you please, but this must be the day), you must fling this ring into the salt springs which run into the Bay of Eleusis; the day after, at the same hour, you must repair to the ruins of the temple of Ceres, and wait one hour.'

"'Why?'

"'You will see.'

"'The ninth day of the month, you say?'

"'The ninth.'

"As I observed that the present was the ninth day of the month, his countenance changed, and he paused. As he sat, evidently becoming more feeble, a stork, with a snake in her beak, perched upon a tombstone near us; and, without devouring her prey, appeared to be steadfastly regarding us. I know not what impelled me to drive it away, but the attempt was useless; she made a few circles in the air, and returned exactly to the same spot. Darvell pointed to it, and smiled—he spoke—I know not whether to himself or to me—but the words were only, ''Tis well!'

"'What is well? What do you mean?'

"'No matter; you must bury me here this evening, and exactly where that bird is now perched. You know the rest of my injunctions.'

"He then proceeded to give me several directions as to the manner in which his death might be best concealed. After these were finished, he exclaimed, 'You perceive that bird?'

"'Certainly.'

"'And the serpent writhing in her beak?'

"'Doubtless: there is nothing uncommon in it; it is her natural prey. But it is odd that she does not devour it.'

"He smiled in a ghastly manner, and said faintly, 'It is not yet time!' As he spoke, the stork flew away. My eyes followed it for a moment—it could hardly be longer than ten might be counted. I felt Darvell's weight, as it were, increase upon my shoulder, and,

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already received some Mahometan tenant. We dug as deeply as the time permitted us, and throwing the dry earth upon all that remained of the singular being so lately departed, we cut a few sods of greener turf from the less withered soil around us, and laid them upon his sepulchre.

"Between astonishment and grief, I was tearless."

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